Whisperings of the Spirit

by Amanda Pyle Michener

and

My Heart Life

by Annie E. Michener

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Amanda Pyle Michener.

WHISPERINGS OF THE SPIRIT

BY

AMANDA PYLE MICHENER

AND

MY HEART LIFE

BY

ANNIE E. MICHENER

"And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams." — Acts ii. 17

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WHISPERINGS OF THE SPIRIT

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by
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PREFACE.

Guided through the Spirit's power
To do this work, not of an hour,
Through joy and gladness, grief or pain,
Ever this verse my time has claimed.
Obedient to the voice within,
Freely these lines I thus did pen.

A. P. M.

Wilmington, Delaware, 1894.

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REDEMPTION THROUGH THE BLOOD.

Wondrous redemption has been wrought through the blood,—
Wondrous redemption through the Son of God.
No evil thing cometh to take from His side;
No evil thing cometh where the blood's been applied.

He has plucked out the brand, He has cast from the fire,
He has set them upon a rock that is higher.
Not one wherever the blood's been applied
Will ever be turned away from His side.

Out of the burning fire they've been saved,
And naught can extinguish the light He gave.
From His wounded side the blood did flow
That will wash them and make them whiter than snow.

Not one of His sheep will ever be lost
As through this wilderness they are tossed;
Their great Shepherd's eye is around their way,
Leading them home to endless day.

We do praise thee,
We adore thee;
We do praise thy
Glorious name.
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done
In heaven
On earth the same.

In the bright fields of Eden,
Pure and divine,
In the bright fields of Eden
Sweet flowers shine.

1875.

THE BELLS.

All over the earth the bells do ring,
While in heaven the archangels sing,
Sending forth through the courts above
The vibrations of eternal love.

The praises of Him through earth below
To the courts of heaven will go,
As the beautiful bells do ring,
Pealing praises to the heavenly King.

The sweet vibrations in the air
Tell of God's glory in the house of prayer;
So in His glorious courts above
They're sounding forth His wondrous love.

Oh, the glory that will be revealed to thee!
Oh, the blessings of the Trinity!

REST.

On that bright celestial plain
Where love eternally doth reign,
Among the ransomed and the blest,
Our lovely boy is now at rest.

Viewing glorious visions bright,
Dwelling now in endless light,
Rest and calm within the soul,
No more sorrow e'er shall roll
Across that peaceful breast.

Enclosed within the realms of light,
Expanding now in glory bright,
Fadeless are the joys above,
Fadeless is eternal love.

1875.

SEEKING.

Let love and purity
  Around thy pathway shine;
Seek the pure, the good,
  The holy, and sublime.

Let thy daily meditation be
To seek the glories of the Trinity.

Seek to win a pure
  And heavenly mind;
Seek to gain a pure
  And heavenly clime.

1875.

WE WILL MEET AGAIN.

We will meet again
  In that land of the blest;
We will meet again
  Where the saints are at rest.

There soul will be knit to soul
  In joys with our Saviour on high;
There soul will be knit to soul
  Where pleasures never die.

Life! what is life? A gift that
  God has given,
A holy gift revealed
  From heaven.

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY.

"There is a city whose builder and maker is God."

Oh, beautiful city, thy mansions are fair!
The good and the pure do ever dwell there.
Thy walls are of jasper, thy streets are of gold,
In thy fair realms are pleasures untold.

There on the wings of celestial light
The soul is enraptured in glory bright,
And filled with the radiance that shines around
Upon that pure and sinless ground.

The soul is enraptured with glory untold
As on through these realms new beauties unfold.
The purified saints and the angels on high
Dwell in a heaven and world of joy.

Our little boy is happy now;
A glorious crown upon his brow
He wears;
A holy palm within his hand
He bears;
He is happy now.

1875.

Jesus Christ will make thee whole,
He'll cleanse and purify thy soul;
He will from sin deliver thee:
Jesus Christ will set thee free.

While every child of God
His earthly cross must bear,
An emblem meet to him
Is given
To purify his soul
For heaven.

1875.

We will meet him in that celestial clime;
We will meet him with the pure and divine;
We will meet him on that bright, happy shore;
We will meet him where parting comes no more.

1875.

Beautiful visions with thee shall abide
From morning until even-tide;
Light, light to thee shall be given,—
Glorious joys revealed from heaven.

Break off the yoke of inbred sin;
Through the Spirit be made clean.
Thy Maker on this earth hath trod;
He will bring thee home to God.

"NO NIGHT THERE."

Beautiful city
  Built above!
Beautiful city
  Of infinite love!

Beautiful city,
  Pure and fair!
All are holy
  Who enter there.

Beautiful city,
  Clear and bright!
In thy fair realms
  There is no night.

WE ARE BORN TO LIVE FOREVER.

We are born to live forever,
To dwell on God's bright plain;
We are born to live forever
If eternal life we gain.
Oh, the sweet and happy thought,
Through His blood
We have been bought.

We are born to live forever
And dwell around the throne;
We are born to live forever
If we take Christ as our own.

1875.

On that bright, celestial ground
No sin nor sorrow there is found;
No death nor sickness there will be
Through a bright eternity.

1875.

Ever in thy God abide;
Cling close to His bleeding side;
He will open wide the portal
That leads to the life immortal.

1875.

Our darling little boy who died
Is now amid the glorified,
In the home where the ransomed rest,
In the home where the pure are blest.

Beautiful visions of God are before thee,
Leading thee on thy heavenly way;
Beautiful visions of God are before thee,
Leading thee home to an endless day.

1875.

BENIGHTED soul, cast thy care
On Him who will thy burdens share;
He will lighten every load
And bring thee safely home to God.

1875.

EVERY bird and leaf and tree
Are tokens of God's majesty.

ON Christmas-eve, 1879, I saw a vision of wondrous beauty, filling my soul with adoration. Oh, the glory of those beautiful palaces, inconceivable to mention, that appeared to the spiritual sight! While viewing the magnificence that filled my soul with peace, I beheld, as it were, beautiful angels; then I was lost in the rapturous sight.

HAPPY will our meeting be
In that land of liberty,
In our home in heaven above,
In that land of perfect love.

I WILL GUIDE THEE.

I WILL guide thee on thy
Journey here below;
I will lead thee through
This wilderness of woe.
I will lead thee on thy way
Up to everlasting day.

THAT sweet bud of promise
To us was given,
An emblem of purity
Destined for heaven.

She has a placid, a calm, pure mind;
She is to heavenly things inclined;
The Spirit of God is around her way,
Drawing her home to endless day.
There in beautiful visions of light
She will be clothed in pure, spotless white;
She will be clothed in the robes of heaven,
To her eternal life be given.

1879.

At the time the above lines came to me I was led away to behold a beautiful young girl, in spirit life, as it were. She was of a very fair countenance and delicate appearance, with brown hair, very graceful, tall, and slender. I will never forget her lovely form, apparently standing under a shady tree, in all her loveliness. While wondering at her beauty as she stood before my view, I awoke from a dreamy state that had come over me, to dwell on the scene I had witnessed, but could not call to mind at that time whom she resembled. A few years later my mind was awakened to the resemblance, but not until our own dear loved one had passed unto spirit life.

While lingering on a bed of sickness, I was led away to behold beautiful visions, carried through lovely scenery up, up, to view a glorious white plain, clear as crystal. I also saw at that time an angelic form, with long, light hair flowing over her shoulders, apparently reclining on a chair in my room, the sight of which I will never forget. Our little boy seemed near; although divided by that veil through which we all have to pass, our spirits are joined by that cord of love that death cannot separate.

1880.

I will open the fountain
Of life for thee,
From sin and uncleanliness
Will set thee free.

TAKE UP THY CROSS.

Take up thy cross,
Thy burdens bear;
Take up thy cross;
His glory share.

Take up thy cross
And dwell in light;
Take up thy cross;
With God unite.

Oh, his crown, it is most glorious!
With the Lord he reigns victorious.
There he is clad in beauty bright,
Dwelling in everlasting light.

The bells of heaven will chime
And the gloom will pass away;
The bells of heaven will chime;
There will dawn a brighter day.

A vision arose before my view. While gazing on the beauties with wonder, I was carried on farther and farther through those lovely scenes, in raptures of adoration and praise. While viewing the glorious sight, I beheld, as it were, one of very tall stature in a kneeling posture, and also heard beautiful singing; then, being led away into a quiet slumber, awoke not again until the singing of the birds.

June 14, 1881.

THE SUMMER LAND.

In the fair summer land
Sweet-scented flowers
Ever do bloom
And send forth their odor
Of rich perfume.

CALLED EARLY.

(In memory of the young authoress, Fannie L. Michener, who died at Christmas-time, 1882, at the age of sixteen years.)

All who knew her loved her well,
Could of her many virtues tell;
She, with her smiles so fair and bright,
Was children's pride and heart's delight.

Around her loving form they'd come,
And always in her heart find room;
She, with a child-like spirit, too,
With them their pleasures could pursue.

With her welcoming smiles and charms,
She drew the children to her arms;
With them, in all their childish glee,
Innocent sport and joy would see.

Entwining their love around her heart,
With them she always took a part;
None but a mother could watch with pride
Such a fair child grow by her side;

Growing in wisdom, truth, and love,
Preparing for her home above;
While upon the earth she grew,
Her daily life was pure and true.

By the Rose of Sharon blest,
She leaned her head upon His breast;
Love in all her life was wrought,
And purity in every thought.

With sweet and calm submission she
Passed into infinity;
The angel band was waiting near,
Her happy spirit thus to cheer.

Her mother standing near at hand :
"Oh, mother, do not grieve for me,
For I will ofttimes think of thee,
And ere long we'll all be there,
And then you will my glory share.

"There I'll know all thou fain would say,
Will not be from thee far away ;
And to thy side will sometimes come
To teach thee of my heavenly home.

"Oh, mother dear, grieve no more.
Think of me on that beautiful shore ;
Think of me ofttimes near thy side ;
Think of me as thy spiritual guide."

"HIS WAYS ARE PAST FINDING OUT."

I WAS led away in spirit to behold a most glorious vision of an innumerable multitude on the beautiful green banks of the heavenly plain ; and while yet my gaze rested on the celestial scene, my eyes were searching, as it were, for one who had passed from our view. I was then lost in ecstasies of joy.

September, 4, 1882.

SPRING.

THE birds are singing this fair morn,
Upon the fourth of April's dawn,
In eighteen hundred and eighty-three,—
Birds are singing on branch and tree.

The little birds around our door
Speak of times that have gone before,
When our loved ones were with us here
Our pleasure with us then to share.

The little birds will come again,
Will come to our door just the same,
When we, too, shall have passed away
Into the dawn of a brighter day.

The little birds will chant their lays
Just the same as in former days,
When we are called to the tomb
Robed in the garbs of earthly gloom.

When we are called to our home on high
To dwell where pleasures never die,
Our earthly robes then laid aside,
With God we'll evermore abide.

In the ranks of the higher life,
Delivered from all pain and strife,
Far sweeter music will be heard
Than the chanting of little birds.

1883.

SAFE AT HOME.

With thy brother safe in glory,
Safe around thy Father's throne,
Safe upon the heavenly strand,
Safe amid the angelic band,
Safe within celestial bowers,
Safe and free from earthly powers,
Safe beyond this mortal life,
Safe from bitter pain and strife,
Safe enclosed from grief and gloom,
Safe beyond the silent tomb,
God is thy eternal light,
Safe, for all around is bright.
Amid pure scenes of perfect bliss
Dwelling in endless happiness,
Breathing the pure ethereal air,
Angels thy companions fair;
Thou art safe in heaven on high,
Safe with God in endless joy,

Safe amid the glorified,
Safe amid the white and tried,
Safe upon the golden strand,
Safe amid the angel band.

1883.

A VISION.

WHILE I lay on my bed to pass the night in rest, being very sick at the time, I was filled with pleasure unspeakable. I hardly knew, as Saint Paul says, whether in the body or out of the body, I saw our dear little boy in all his loveliness in spirit life. Oh, the rapturous feeling that entranced my soul as I beheld his beautiful form, apparently at my bedside, looking with beaming countenance upon me. There were others around him, but my mind rested intently upon him. While I was thinking it was he I was lost in sleep.

September 1, 1883.

IN THAT WORLD OF LOVE.

THERE will be a bright to-morrow,
There will be an end to sorrow,
In that world of love.

The goal will be reached at last,
The bitter cup forever past,
In that world of love.

Our earthly deeds will there unfold,
Our every action there be told,
In that world of love.

In that bright land of liberty
Sweet harmony and peace will be,
In that world of love.

October 11, 1883.

They are waiting for us with the gates ajar;
They are waiting for us 'mid the angel choir;
They are looking for us, oh, the glorious boon!
They are looking for us to welcome us home.

"LEAD ME IN THE WAY I SHOULD GO."

Father in heaven, be thou my guide;
Let me never turn aside;
May my life be hid in thee,
Our Father, who dost all things see.

Thou art the life of every heart;
In thee, oh, let me have a part;
The light of thy love upon me shed;
The shadow of thy wings o'er me spread.

If we should gain this world beside
And did not have thee for our guide,
What would it profit to our soul
As age on age should o'er us roll?

Dear Father, oh, be thou my guide,
Nor let me ever turn aside
Into the wicked paths of sin,
Nor let the evil tempter in.

Keep me, dear Saviour, near thy side;
E'en at thy feet let me abide;
Fill my soul with heaven-born light
And make me precious in thy sight.

Teach me what thou'dst have me do,
And lead me all my journey through;
Teach me thy holy will to know
And in the path of life to go.

And open wide the way before
That leadeth to the heavenly shore,
That leadeth to thy home above,
That leadeth to the God I love.

November 21, 1883.

REST IN GOD.

THROUGH every sorrow that doth betide,
Rest in God the crucified;
Rest in the arms of His great love;
He will sustain thee from above;

He will thy guide and leader be
Through time and through eternity;
He will protect and watch thy way
And be thy everlasting stay.

Though the gates of sorrow open wide,
He will be ever near thy side,
To comfort and uphold thy hand
And bring thee safe to Canaan's land.

Though the way be weary thou shalt tread,
Blessings will rest upon thy head;
Behold the Lamb who died for sin!
Rest, oh, rest thy all in Him!

He the weary path hath trod,
Hath ope'd the way that leads to God;
Then rest thy all in Him on high,
For He in pity draweth nigh.

With loving eye and tender hand,
He'll ever near His children stand.
Rest, oh, rest in God's great power;
He will comfort every hour.

He'll lead thee all the weary way,
Will bring thee home to endless day;
Like the dove sent from the ark,
Rest on Him thy wandering barque.

Thou art now tossed on the angry waves,
Yet there may come far brighter days.
While the ark was on the billowy deep
God did neither slumber nor sleep.

It was guided by His almighty hand
And safely rested on the land.
While the mariner steers the barque,
Safely will arrive the ark.

Though thou art now in the watery deep,
The angels vigils o'er thee keep,
Will sustain and uphold thy hand
And will bring thee safe to land.

November 25, 1883.

In spirit I beheld a glorious vision of beautiful green scenery. My sight was carried away with this lovely vision. In the midst there arose a resplendent light, shining brighter than the refulgent rays of the sun; then I was lost to consciousness.

December 14, 1883.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE EVENING THAT FANNIE'S POEMS WERE SENT TO PRESS.

The hand that penned those lines so fair
Doth now the angels' glory share;
While she doth dwell in realms of light
Her work goes forth in beauty bright.

Although her work unfinished went,
It will bring to her heart content;
Well she knows in her home above
A blessing it will to many prove,

For it has not gone forth in vain,
But will ever for good remain;
Many will smile and bless the child,
Reading her sweet poems the while.

Thou wilt see her work go forth,
Will see it blest from west to north,
Will see it blest from sea to isle,
Will see them bless this loving child.

January 27, 1884.

Will they at the beautiful gates above
Be watching and waiting for us in love,
Watching and waiting for us to come
Unto their fair and beautiful home?

THE GLORIFIED BEINGS.

O the glorified ones in endless delight!
O the glorified ones! their armor is bright;
Unsullied and pure are the garments they wear,
Surrounded by glory which with God they share.

In the mystical visions in heaven above,
Enthroned in all glory, surrounded by love,
The glorified beings on those banks divine
Will ever through endless ages shine.

Our armor there will grow more bright
In those realms of pure delight;
The wide expansion of the soul
Through many mansions is uncontrolled.

The spirit that has been released
In those mansions of perfect peace,
Unconfined can develop there
In that beautiful world so fair.

Can there fulfil every pure desire
Upon those banks 'mid the heavenly choir,
Will grow in wisdom, knowledge, and love
In the endless courts above.

January 29, 1884.

A DREAM.

I BEHELD our child on a lovely plain where there were all kinds of beautiful green vines and flowers of every description. She was sitting under a magnificent vine with her little friend. I was a short distance from her with a group of young companions; D. and A. and their friend C. were among them. We were viewing the lovely scenery and flowers around us. When I was about to return home, I called, "Fannie, come and go with me." She said, "No, mother, I do not want to go." She was still sitting under the beautiful vine. I was looking at her lovely form as she sat there, and longed to have her come with me, when I awoke.

INFINITE God's children are,
Shining as a morning star,—
Shining in His courts above,
In wisdom, truth, and love.

IN SPIRIT.

OUR love perpetually will grow;
Together in spirit we will go,
Free from all strife.
Upon that great and broad domain,
Upon that wide and endless plain,
Through love divine,

Thy soul can through the realms of love
Attract us to thyself above,
And draw this heart of mine
To purer scenes of perfect bliss,
Where we may find eternal rest
In that life divine.
Upon that pure, ethereal plain,
Where peace and plenty ever reign,
There grow immortal flowers.
We will meet thee there again
Beyond the tomb;
We will meet thee there again
In immortal bloom.

THOU art the giver
Of all life,
The giver of all good;
Freely flowed for us
Thy life-giving blood.

"HE DIED THAT WE MIGHT LIVE."

THE gates of heaven opened wide
When our dear Lord was crucified;
The vaults of heaven loud did ring
In sympathy with Christ our King.

Down a line of centuries gone,
He died on the cross, blessed three in one;
He bled His mission to fulfil;
He bled to do His Father's will.

The great and mighty One above
Stooped to die for us in love;
Bowed His head our souls to save;
His precious life a ransom gave.

His precious blood He caused to flow
That we might His glory know;
The heavy cross He had to bear
That we might His glory share.

His mercy can the heart subdue
And make us gentle, pure, and true;
On the mediatorial throne
He still is pleading for His own.

He can fit us for mansions fair,
That in His kingdom we may share
The glory that for us was wrought;
Through His blood we have been bought,

January 29. 1884.

In a dream I beheld three beautiful young girls, one with long light hair reaching to her waist. I looked at them and said there were none as lovely as Fannie, and I looked up to the heavens in search of her. The sky wore a peculiar aspect in colors as I gazed upon it, and when I awoke, being cold, I drew the covering over my face. Oh, the beautiful, shining light that lit up even through all the covering. It was as the shining of the sun for brightness, and was tinged, as it were, with the finest of net-work. While I was yet viewing the lovely sight I was lost to consciousness.

January 30, 1884.

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

I love thy courts, O God;
I love thy temples fair;
I love thy courts, O God;
I love the house of prayer.

We thither to thy courts repair
That we may of thy glory share,
That we may learn of one so mild,—
Of Jesus Christ, the holy Child.

That we may learn of One above
Who ever watches us in love;
In God's house there is sweet repose
For them who of the Spirit know.

Those who would of the Spirit learn
Should to the house of God return;
The child of God will glory share
Who dwelleth in the house of prayer.

February 16, 1884.

SAVED THROUGH THE BLOOD.

HARK! do the vaults of heaven ring
And do the great archangels sing
When a soul from death is saved
And rests on Him whose life He gave?

From His home in heaven on high
He came to earth to bleed and die,
That through His all-atoning blood
We might be saved and brought to God.

The wide arches of heaven rung
When on the cross our Saviour hung,
And the earth did rend and quake
When the Son of God died for our sake.

The angels then did chant and sing
When He brought peace, good will to men,
And yet, with many centuries gone,
The song of love is going on.

He is withholding His hand still
For sinful man with His strong will;
Our sinful hearts must be subdued,
Washed, and cleansed in His precious blood.

'Tis death to him who shuns the light
And will not with his God unite.
He's pleading there for all to live,
And through His blood he will receive.

March 18, 1884.

"AND FIVE OF THEM WERE WISE AND FIVE WERE FOOLISH."

Will our lamps be trimmed and burning
When our Saviour calls us home?
Will our lamps be trimmed and burning
When the Bridegroom bids us come?

Can we in the hour of trial
Greet Him with a welcome smile?—
Not like the foolish virgins when
The bridegroom came to take them in.

Let us be as the virgins wise,
Prepare for our home in Paradise,
That when the hour of death shall come
He will bid us welcome home.

March 24, 1884.

From thy fair home, pure and divine,
Clinging thou art to this heart of mine,
Throwing around celestial light,
Making my pathway ever bright.

OUR HOME OVER THERE.

Oh, think of our home over there!
Think of our home so pure and fair;
Think of our home perfect and bright;
Think of our home with pure delight.

There many mansions our Saviour has made;
The great foundation Jesus has laid;
There with the purified and blest of earth
Shall we be found at our new birth.

Or will we forever be cast from His sight,
Away from all things that are perfect and bright?
If we dwell with God our Saviour below,
In knowledge and wisdom we ever shall grow.

Yes, while the ages of eternity roll
There'll be wide expansion for the soul;
In beauty and knowledge there we'll grow;
God's works and ways we then shall know.

1884.

CLOUDS.

MUST we live in years of sorrow and pain,
When all things seem to us in vain,
When there is for us no shadow of light,
When all is shrouded in darkness and night?
When will the clouds all pass away?
When will there dawn a brighter day?

April 25, 1884.

O MAN of Sorrows! art thou mine?
How can we slight such love divine?
Have thy sweet smiles o'er me been shed,
Through Jesus Christ the living Head,
And opened wide the way to God,
That I may there thy mansions tread,
Where fields of Eden ever bloom,
Spreading around their sweet perfume?
In thy fair courts, so long foretold,
Shall I be numbered with the fold?
O Man of Sorrows! can it be
There is such love in store for me?

April 29, 1884.

Oh, the beautiful thought, to know we still
Can commune and think of each other at will!
Who can hinder or divide the way,
That over my spirit thy power canst stay?
Thy spirit around my pathway will throw
Thy holy influence as through life I go,
To cheer and comfort when weary and sad;
The thought of thy home makes my heart glad.

May 6, 1884.

On the morning of May 14, 1884, I was led away in spirit to behold magnificent forests, and while my sight was riveted on the grandeur of these beautiful scenes, I was looking for the saints and angels, wondering if I could see them, when I awoke to know that the lovely vision had passed from my view.

LINES.

A touch of thy hand,
Thy smile or thy frown,
Can lift me up
Or cast me down.

The strength and beauty
I see in thy face
Is full of love
And winning grace.

There opened to my view beautiful visions. While I was yet beholding these glorious scenes and gazing upon them with rapture and pure delight, I seemed to be inquiring of some one of their magnificent grandeur, and still viewing the lovely landscapes that spread around, turning from one grand scene to another, it seemed more than my imagination could contain. While I was trying to view all the beauties that lay around me I awoke.

May 27, 1884.

Could the beautiful realms be opened before us,
And we the eternal worlds could see,
The beauties that God has there prepared for us
Would enrapture the soul and set us free.

DIAMONDS.*

A diamond is a costly thing,
And it success to thee will bring.
Diamonds are both pure and fair,
Shining with a lustre rare;
Through labor hard success will come
And this most precious work be done,—
Work more precious than jewels fair,
For it will grow in beauty rare.
Through perseverance comes success;
God will grant thee thy one request.
Diamonds are fair and very bright,
But far more precious will be this light:
It will come forth with great success,
In beauty grow, and many bless.
This precious work has been begun;
Through perseverance all things come;
Thou must not tarry by the way;
Fulfil thy mission day by day.

June 12, 1884.

ART THOU MINE?

O matchless love, pure, divine!
Gentle Saviour, art thou mine,—
Mine to heal the wounds that smart,
Mine to ease the aching heart?

* The vision of a diamond suggested the following a short time before sending our daughter Fannie's poems to press.

Mine in sorrow's darkest hour,
Mine to foil the tempter's power,
Mine when danger doth assail,—
Over all wilt thou prevail?

Thou who from death to life canst bring
When we are dead in guilt and sin,
Canst break the heart of stone and make
The temple pure for thine own sake.

Out of darkness and depth of sin
A temple thou canst make within,
A temple fair all garnished bright,
A temple precious in thy sight.

June 18, 1884.

COME TO JESUS.

Jesus will our leader be
Through time and eternity:
Come to Jesus.

Out of darkness into light,
All will then be glory bright:
Come to Jesus.

Come and His great knowledge know;
Perfect happiness will flow:
Come to Jesus.

He in love and pity then
Will wash away guilt and sin:
Come to Jesus.

Though our sins as scarlet be,
He can wash and set us free:
Come to Jesus.

His blood on Calvary did flow
That we might its merits know:
Come to Jesus.

His blood can wash and cleanse from sin,
Make us clean and pure within:
Come to Jesus.

Turn not aside this precious boon;
God in love sent His dear Son:
Come to Jesus.

To be a ransom for our sins,
That through His blood we might be cleansed:
Come to Jesus.

June 30, 1884.

EDEN.

In God's garden all was fair,
Beauty and innocence dwelling there;
A type of that world which is to come
In God's garden was begun.

All things pleasing to the eye
Before His children now did lie,
And while He in the garden stood
He pronounced His work both pure and good.

The angels to and fro did come
To see the glory He had done;
All things in the garden grew,
To make His children pure and true.

Love and innocence both dwelt there,
For they knew no earthly care;
The parents of generations to come,
In their fair and beautiful home.

What could now disturb their rest?
In God's garden they were blest,
Fresh from the hands of their Maker come,
In their fair and beautiful home.

God pronounced them pure and good
As in innocence they stood,
While all things pleasing to the eye
Did before them in possession lie.

All in the garden grew for their sake,
But the tree of knowledge they must not take;
And, in obedience to God's will,
Thought His commands they would fulfil.

When from their presence He did go,
The tempter bid them knowledge know;
Then was the sin of man's great fall
When they obeyed the tempter's call.

When God came in the cool of day,
They from His presence hid away,
Knowing once they had innocent been,
Brooding o'er them now was sin.

In the garden where all was fair,
Evil with them now had a share;
Forth from the garden they must go,
No more of purity to know

Till pain and death should o'er them pass
And they be saved through grace at last.
Out of the garden fair to see
Cometh sin and misery.

Forth from the garden man must go,
Now to work by the sweat of his brow;
Into the wilderness he went,
There of his evil to repent.

Would the Spirit to him be restored,
Would he again find favor with the Lord,
Through much tribulation and sorrow must go
Before he could conquer the evil foe

Who beguiled him from the garden away,
Causing him to disobey.
Then through many ages to come
Evil o'er the world was thrown.

God in the garden this promise made:
"The seed shall bruise the serpent's head."
Through righteousness all things restored
Within the garden of our Lord.

Sunday, July 20, 1884.

"EYE HATH NOT SEEN."

How sweet that land of pure delight
Where saints immortal shine,
Where all do dwell in glory bright
With pure and heavenly mind!

How beautiful that land must be
Within that life divine,
Where all is peace and purity
And all, O Christ, is thine!

How sweet that peaceful life must flow
Upon those banks so fair!
And none doth of its glory know
But those who enter there.

The pleasure of those worlds above,
The joy of life divine,
All tell of God's infinite love
Within that happy clime.

The breezes of the calm, still night
Speak of that world so fair;
It draws within our hearts a light
Of beauty dwelling there.

August 9, 1884.

I LONG TO DWELL WITH JESUS.

I LONG to dwell with Jesus,
To dwell in bliss above;
I long to dwell with Jesus
In pure undying love.

I long to dwell with Jesus;
All sorrows would be o'er.
I long to dwell with Jesus
And rest on heaven's shore.

PEACE.

COULD we enter that land of beauty
And there behold the realms of light,
Around us would be thrown a glory
That would bring us peace and quiet.
'Twould still the murmuring of our hearts,
Our souls would rest within,
Could we behold that land of beauty,
And be at peace with Him.

August 9, 1884.

A DREAM.

WALKING the streets of a city,
It seemed a home to find,
I came to the gate of a palace
Which opened to my mind.
I gazed at the beautiful garden
That lay before me there,
Rich with odorous flowers
Hanging in clusters fair.

The rose and lilac, in rich perfume,
In freshness there did bloom.
Passing through the garden,
I wandered around,
When lo! I came to a door
Of the palace I had found.
All manner of clinging vines
Were growing in clusters rare
Around that beautiful home
Which I had discovered there.
I stood and gazed in glad surprise
At the beauty before my eyes.
This home in richness was arrayed,
But to its inmates heed I paid.
I beheld the faces of friends I had known,
Now more beautiful grown;
I spoke to them of the splendor around,
Of the palace wherein they were found.
With satisfied hearts they seemed to dwell there,
In that home adorned with beauty rare.
There was one whom I loved I was seeking to find,
Who dwelt in that home pleasing to my mind.
Passing out through the beautiful garden I went,
Meeting more friends, a short time with them spent;
Still seeking the one I wished to see,
Till I found she was near unto me.
Then my heart was light and my joy was great;
Again I was near the beautiful gate
Where flowers did bloom
In their rich perfume.
A sweet little child in innocence there
I saw in that garden fair,
And, in great surprise,
It threw up its arms
At the lovely charms.
The flowers so fair
Enchanted it there,
And the beauty around
Held the babe spell-bound.
While viewing the scene,
I woke from my dream.

GUIDED.

O MY Father, can I not see
That thy great love is leading me,
Wandering down the path of life
Through many scenes of bitter strife?

Can I not see thy hand before
Leading me to the heavenly shore?
Though the paths be rough and steep,
Thou dost neither slumber nor sleep.

With an ever-watchful eye,
Thou wilt protect when danger's nigh.
O my Father, can I not see
Thy guiding hand is leading me?

BY AND BY.

WHAT will it matter by and by,
When we rise to worlds on high?
Our sufferings will all be o'er
When we land upon that shore
Of everlasting life.

No grief or pain will e'er be known,
But joy and light around the throne,
To fill the weary soul.

'Twill be a perfect state of bliss,
An endless life of happiness,
To rest the weary soul.

What will it matter by and by,
When we rise to worlds on high?
Pain and sorrow will all be o'er
When we rest upon that shore
Of everlasting life.

IN SPIRIT AND IN TRUTH.

Our thoughts in deep adoration and praise
To the King of Glory in thanks we raise.
Wisdom and knowledge to us He will give
Who seek Him in spirit and truth to live.

Then give God the praise,
And acknowledge His ways,
For the blessings to us
He has given.

We forever were lost,
On the great ocean tossed,
Till He drew us back
To heaven.

He, through His infinite wisdom and love,
Opened wide the gates to the courts above,
And leads us on to that land of song.

O give God the praise,
And acknowledge His ways,
For the blessings to us
He has given.

We forever were lost,
On the great ocean tossed,
Till He drew us back
To heaven.

August 11, 1884.

JERUSALEM.

"How often would I have gathered thy children together, and ye would not."

Our Saviour, when in the flesh He trod,
The pure and undefiled of God,
O'er Jerusalem did weep.
As a hen would gather her brood to her nest,
He would shelter them in His breast;
But, oh, they then His love did spurn;
Away from them in grief He turned;

The last call to them was given,
To draw them home and back to heaven.
Would they not hearken to His voice
And in His mighty love rejoice?
"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" He cries,
While tears of love stream from His eyes,
"I would gather thee unto my breast
If thou wouldst hearken to my request."
The last invitation to them had come:
Now they must meet their awful doom.
The Son of God did turn away:
He could no longer with them stay,
For o'er the city sin did abound;
The love for Him it was not found.
To his people He is saying now,
"O Jerusalem, why grieve me so?
Why will ye not God's voice obey?
Why from His love turn ye away?"
What more for man could He have done
Than to have sent His own dear Son?
In the flesh the Son of God
Upon this earth in sorrow trod.
Man has no cloak for his great sin.
Our Saviour died all to redeem;
All who will hearken to His voice
May in His tender love rejoice.

1884.

THE DRAWING NEAR OF GOD'S LOVE.

THE world it is dying.
O when wilt thou come,
The redemption of man
To save through the Son?

The moon arose in splendor so bright,
Beaming with an opalescent light;
Up from behind the hill-tops there came
In dazzling beauty a lambent flame.

The waters were sparkling ;
The star it arose,
To point to the city
Where the babe reposed.

This luminous light in splendor drew near,
The shepherds' hearts filling with fear.
They to the ground on their faces fall
While a voice from the splendor did call,—

"Fear not this sign that doth appear ;
Christ the King this night is here."
The dazzling light shed its glory round ;
The shepherds raised them from the ground.

The voice from afar they obey,
Following the star all the way ;
Leaving their flocks, they took their flight
Around the mountains with delight.

The wise men on their camels went,
Doubting nothing God had them sent.
The star did guide them on their way
To the spot where Jesus lay.

The phenomenon was drawing near,
The brilliant light their hearts did cheer,
Throwing its radiance o'er rocks and trees ;
Before its brightness men bowed their knees.

On to Bethlehem they went ;
Thus the angels them had sent.
In swaddling-clothes lying there
They found the babe pure and fair.

Drawing near, God's love they see.
Obedient still they would be ;
And the glad new song they sung,
For the great things He had done.

1884.

IN MEMORY OF A NIECE.

All desires of the soul will there be fulfilled
In that happy land on God's holy hill.
The beautiful saints there arrayed in light
Will gently lead thee with the pure to unite;

Will teach thee glory and knowledge to know,
On those fair banks where the pure waters flow;
Will gently take thee by the hand
And lead thee through that happy land.

The longings of the soul
Will there be satisfied,
In that beautiful land
On the other side.

August 22, 1884.

Separated from thee, dear one,
I daily closer to thee come.
The veil doth only lie between,—
I in this world, thou in the unseen;
Yet oft methinks the veil withdrawn,
That thou unto my side mayest come,
Mayest come to me in pain or grief,
Mayest come to bring me sweet relief.

1884.

The departed walk beside us day by day,
In spirit from us not far away,
Unfolding pure and heavenly powers
Amid this lower world of ours.

September 25, 1884.

BEAUTIFUL BELLS.

O THE bells, the beautiful bells,
  Vibrating through the air!
Calling the people from their homes
  To the house of prayer.

'Tis sweet to hear the cheerful notes
  Of songsters in the air,
But sweeter music thrills the heart
  In God's house of prayer.

Chanting forth the glorious songs
  That angels once did sing,
As swiftly borne upon the breeze,
  They welcomed heaven's King.

Through ages down those notes will thrill
  To touch the heart of man,
In unison with nature still,
  To learn His wondrous plan.

O the bells, the beautiful bells!
  They're telling of God's love,
While the gay songsters in the air
  To Him do faithful prove.

Thoughts to the heart of man should come
  To lift his very soul,
Through voice of bells, wherever rung
  They speak of love untold.

Sunday, October, 1884.

HEAVEN.

NEW beauties will there forever to our sight unfold,
  New beauties of eternal light,
As we are led on through the realms within the fold
  Of endless glory bright.

The great Giver of life above
Will shield us from all woe,
As on through the glorious courts of love
Eternally we'll go,
The beauties of His kingdom there
Forever to behold.
That in those mansions we shall share
Our Shepherd hath foretold.
New beauties will there before us rise
To fill the soul with bliss.
In our glorious home in Paradise
There'll be everlasting peace.
Eye hath not seen, our Saviour said,
Nor unto the heart of man hath come
The beauties for us He hath prepared
In our eternal home.

October, 1884.

We're travelling to Zion's hill;
We're travelling home each day.
Then let us strive to do His will
While here on earth we stay.

"UNTO THEE DO I CRY."

O God, keep us this day—
Keep us in the narrow way.
May thy blessings on us flow
As through this world we go.
In the book of God's kingdom
Has our name been enrolled,—
In the book of God's kingdom,
To the saving of the soul?
Have we gained acceptance
To that heavenly abode,
Or are we still wandering
Away from our God?

Have we chosen the path
That leads us from Him?
Or have we through His blood
Been redeemed,
And thus in the book of life
Been enrolled?
That is to the saving of the soul;
Then out of the depth of sorrow that's nigh
Jesus will raise us to worlds on high.

SHALL we meet beyond the river,
Where no sorrow e'er will come?
Shall we meet beyond the river
In our fair, eternal home?

TRUST.

OH, if I were but a child again,
And could repose on my mother's knee,
Look up to her for my every care,
As in childhood days it used to be!

But now I am a woman grown,
My childhood days forever flown;
Into the world I now must go,
To battle with life through weal or woe.

Will the path be rough or smooth to me
As I travel o'er life's restless sea?
When I was a child, on my mother's breast
I could lay my head and take my rest.

Confidingly I would look to her
For my support and every care;
Would nestle close by her loving side,
My all in her I would confide.

Out into the world as now I go,
Can I trust my heavenly Father so?
Can I pillow my head upon His breast,
And trust in Him my all to rest?

Will He lead me through billowy waves?
Will I always lift my heart in praise?
Is His hand so short, His love so still,
That He cannot lead us forth at will?

As we nestled on our mother's breast
So may His children come and find rest,
And in His love their all confide,
Nestling close to His bleeding side.

A Father of love and pity is He;
This would He have His children to see.
They may lay their cares upon His breast,
Where they can find eternal rest.

November 7, 1884.

I LOOK FOR THEE.

I LOOK for thee,
Sweet maiden fair,—
I look for thee
When flowers are rare.
I look for thee
When the zephyrs play;
I look for thee—
Thou art far away.

IN MEMORY OF HANNAH L. HOLLINGSWORTH.

(Died August 21, 1884, after a brief illness, during an absence from home.)

WHAT can we say to solace the bereaved mother for the loss of a beloved daughter, who, leaving her home in the bloom of health and beauty to visit a sister,

was suddenly prostrated on a bed of pain and death, thus bringing sadness to the hearts of many, especially to those of her household?

Of a lovely and gentle disposition, she won the hearts of all who knew her. The only daughter at home, kind and affectionate, she thus became a companion to her widowed mother, as well as helper and counsellor to her brothers.

As she went from their midst for a short time, they could not know that the Death Angel walked by her side, and that when she returned it would not be in the buoyancy of youth and beauty, but in the awe and stillness of death.

As they received her back to their arms they realized, in the language of a favorite hymn, that "Up to the beautiful city of God" one of their own number had been gathered.

This lovely girl, so suddenly taken from her dear home and many friends, was prepared to meet the stern messenger. At the early age of fifteen she dedicated her life to Christ and united with Red Clay Creek Church. Her sweet life daily showed how fully she was developing that beauty which fadeth not away.

None can sustain the mother, only sister, and brothers in such a bitter trial except God, who worketh all things together for good to them that love Him.

While we cannot see why He thus afflicts, we know that

> "God nothing does, or suffers to be done,
> But we ourselves would do, could we
> But see the end of all events
> As well as He."

Though she went home without any farewell message to her many friends, yet, standing around the open grave, they felt, as the sweet words floated over the summer air, that "Beyond the smiling and the weeping" she was waiting to welcome them.

> Stern death hath claimed a victim fair,
> E'en from our home hath taken his share;

Suddenly the summons came,
Bowed down our hearts in grief and pain,
For one so young, so pure and good,
Who had in health and beauty stood.
When God claims for Himself a dower,
Who can resist His mighty power?
She, so pure, guileless, and fair,
Her Father's mansion now doth share;
Our love for her could not restore,
And keep her from the heavenly shore.
He, from His mansions in the skies,
Sent His angels in disguise,
To hover round her here on earth
And draw her home to the heavenly birth;
To wean her from this earth below,
To a higher life in heaven to grow.
In her innocence and lovely charms
The Almighty called her to His arms.
Our powerful love, it could not stay,
Nor keep the angel Death away.
We now must bend beneath the rod,
And say, "Thy will be done, O God."

November 10, 1884.

ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE CHILD.

Our arms may ache, our hearts may break
For the form that is so still;
A void has come into our hearts
That never can be filled.

Our arms may ache, our hearts may break
Till God gives us back our own,
And in the realms of Paradise
We behold them round the throne.

Sunday, November 26, 1884.

"BETWEEN TWO HILLS A SEMINARY STOOD."

"Between two hills a seminary stood,
On this side field, on that side neighboring wood,"
Decked all around with beauty rare.
Thither to that lovely spot I did repair.

In youth my days were spent upon those hills.
Sweet recollection of the past my heart now fills,
And swells within my soul a joy,
Thinking of the times while I was yet a boy.

There nature spread her charms around,
And I in innocence and youth
Clung in all my joy and pride
To virtue, peace, and truth.

Between those hills where the seminary stood
All things in nature seemed to speak
Of that which was pure and good.

There, in my boyhood pride unruffled by a wave,
I learned to love the one I would have died to save;
In all her winning ways she was ever true to me.
There with her upon those hills what pleasure did I see!

She who was gentle, pure, and good,
Born of noble birth and blood,
Stood beside my manly form,
Trusting I'd shield her from harm.

I won her in her youthful pride,
And she in her lovely charms
Became my queen and bride.

Our school-days now were ended,
Our lives together blended;
Out into the world we then did go,
To battle with life through weal or woe.

Was honor stamped upon my brow?
Did I fulfil my every vow?
For thus it was with her when she
Gave the pride of her life to me.

To lean upon my manly arm,
To protect and shield from all harm,
Had I fulfilled the vows I made,
Or in the dust and ashes laid?

What! did the tempter touch my heart,
Poison within the better part?
Her pale, sad face would tell the tale
How o'er her heart my life prevailed.

For as I saw her fade away,
Her maiden pride crushed day by day,
It brought to mind the awful truth
That I had promised in my youth.

Oh, how my heart did smite me then!
To think that I had faithless been
To her so innocent and meek,
The color now fading from her cheek.

The angel Death, not far away,
Was bidding her no longer stay;
Her sorrows they were soon to cease.
But what of me? Could I find peace?

I who should have borne my part,
Not only crushed but broke her heart.
Thinking of all that's long since past
It grieves my heart full sore at last.

For she lies still beneath the sod;
Her pure spirit rests now with God.
Old age has come to me at last;
To-night I'm dreaming of the past,—

Wandering back to the happy time
When she and I were in our prime.
In beauty there the seminary stood,
On this side field, on that side neighboring wood.

November 26, 1884.

On the evening of November 29 I beheld many beautiful scenes. Magnificent grandeur lay before me, and, as I was viewing the beauties around, I saw, as it were, a river of pure water, clear as crystal. While I was gazing at the lovely scene, I was lost in slumber.

SAFE AT HOME.

If we had run our earthly race,
In heaven found our dwelling-place,
What harm could to us come?
Now, by the heavenly Master's side,
Our children are saved and glorified,
In their eternal home.
And not one ray of sorrow now
Can ever cross their lovely brow
In their fair home on high.
Within the rays of heaven's light,
They now are clothed in spotless white,
With Jesus ever nigh.

December 5, 1884.

On December 19, 1884, I was led away in spirit to view an innumerable multitude of beautiful beings, and many inconceivable beauties opened to my sight. While beholding these rapturous scenes, that filled the soul with joy, I was lost to consciousness.

TARRY NOT.

WHY grieve the great and holy One,
Why grieve God's dear, beloved Son?
Why turn from the great truth away
And in the paths of evil stray?

The day's far spent, and the night will come
Wherein man's work will all be done;
Then shall the Master to us say,
"Why did ye tarry by the way?"

December 20, 1884.

IN MEMORY OF GILBERT N. ROBINSON.

(Died January 5, 1885.)

"Death loves a shining mark."

DEATH, in his mysterious wanderings, has entered another home, and borne from its midst the youngest and dearest of the flock. Just entering into manhood, with all the brightness of life before him, he was called for a little while aside from the busy world to await the summons of the Master. After a protracted illness, which he bore with sweet resignation, for so God gives dying grace to His children, he said farewell to those who loved him, and entered the valley of the shadow of death without a fear.

"The less of this brief life the more of heaven."

And yet with what reluctance we see our loved ones enter the dark portal which hides from our view the gates of the Eternal City!

Just beyond this vale of tears,
Where there are unending years
And joys unknown,
Soon our dear ones we will meet
And our love will be complete
Around the throne.

Within those realms of endless light,
Where all is peace and beauty bright,
In heaven above,
No sorrow will disturb our rest,
But with our Saviour we'll be blest
In perfect love.

In that fair land where bliss is found,
And God's children with love are crowned,
Upon that shore
Our happiness will be complete
When our loved ones there we meet
To part no more.

OH, FOR THAT LAND WHERE FLOWS UNSEARCHABLE BLISS!

THITHER in spirit to that land we go,
Thither in spirit, its glory to know;
We can taste of the joys abiding there
Through the power of love and prayer.

The Queen of Sheba a long way did press,
Solomon's great wisdom to bring to a test;
And when she arrived, his knowledge to see,
His wisdom was more than she thought it to be.

She had heard of his power, wisdom, and fame;
But when to his palace and grandeur she came,
With flowers beautifully arrayed in her hand,
She communed with the king at his command,—

To bring his great wisdom to a test,
The beautiful flowers to him she did press.
Just for a moment he gazed on their charms,
And then he reached forth his noble arms

To open the casement, that he might see
Which of the flowers was sweet to the bee.
In came the insect, to the natural did go,
Resting on the one from which life did flow.

Now the Queen of Sheba laid down her store,
Doubting his great wisdom no more;
Greater far had it been than she thought;
Wonderful knowledge through him she'd been taught.

All her fair rubies she laid at his feet;
And now on her journey she must retreat;
With a satisfied mind she returned home
With far more wisdom than when she had come.

If the Queen of Sheba a long way did go
Solomon's wisdom and knowledge to know,
Is there not One far greater than he,
Whose wisdom we should seek to see?

He, like Solomon, our virtues will test;
He knows the secrets that lie in our breast.
Like the flowers, when to His kingdom we come,
Our virtue and life to Him will be shown.

And in His palaces the grandeur will be
Far greater than we expected to see.
We do not, like the Queen, to taste that bliss,
Have a long way to go its knowledge to test.

Each one can through the spirit discern,
And thus the great King's wisdom learn.
Can taste the joys abiding there
Through the power of love and prayer.

January 15, 1885.

"HE WAS A MAN OF SORROWS."

THE "Man of Sorrows" on earth once trod,
Jesus Christ the Son of God;
Obedient to His mother's will,
While God's command He did fulfil.

Was her pure love for him so great
That a share the Father could not take?
Yes, Mary, when upon her knee
The blessed Saviour there did see,

Sought guidance at the Father's hand,
To be taught at His command,
While in her arms the baby grew
In knowledge, wisdom, pure and true.

Her great love increased in strength
As on her pilgrim way she went,
Seeing her child in beauty grow,
Such knowledge of the Father know.

While on her lap He rested there,
She poured forth her silent prayer
That no great harm might ever come
To her own dear beloved Son.

As He in years and beauty grew,
So gentle, noble, pure, and true,
Oh, what comfort, joy, and pride
To have Him daily near her side!

The great, the good, the holy One,
The Father's dear-beloved Son,
Looked to her obedient still,
Striving to do His Father's will.

On that pure brow, holy and meek,
Sweet simplicity did speak;

He, so gentle, true, and good,
A pattern was for the brotherhood.

And into manhood thus He grew,
Just as other children do.
What great joy must hers have been
In the presence of the King!

A pattern of the Father wrought
Before her there in deed and thought,
What must have been her comfort now
To look upon His manly brow!

The mother of the holy One
Through sufferings for Him must come:
She sees him to Mount Calvary go,
God's love and mercy there to show.

While on Golgotha's hill He trod,
He bore the cross, the Son of God.
The "Man of Sorrows" before them stands
While the nails are driven through His hands.

What must have been her anguish now,
To see upon His precious brow
The crown of thorns they there had placed,
The purple robe they with Him graced!

What must that mother's grief have been
When she His look of pain had seen
And could not bring to Him relief!
Then her heart was torn with grief.

When in His presence she did come,
He said, "Woman, behold thy Son!"
Looking around in pity still,
To His disciple, "My place fill."

He looked upon that mother kind,
In His anguish, with love divine.
The disciple took her from that hour
Under his protecting power.

What love and pity there did flow
When He to Calvary did go,
The sins of the world on His brow,
Soon to be a conqueror now.

The "Man of Sorrows" before them stands
With the nails pierced through His hands,
That through the power of His blood
We might be born and brought to God.

The very sun itself was veiled
When His form to the cross was nailed,
While the host in heaven did bow
To see their King in glory now.

January 19, 1885.

WE'RE TRAVELLING HOME TO GOD.

He bids the weary sinner live,
For Jesus' sake new life will give:
We're travelling home to God.

He will lead them day by day,
All who come the narrow way:
We're travelling home to God

In the path where life is found,
Hoping to rest on heavenly ground:
We're travelling home to God.

February 5, 1885.

The beautiful saints and angels on high
Do unto God ever draw nigh;
In innocence, purity, peace, and love
Praises go forth to the throne above.

Let us turn our thoughts above
And place our minds on Him;
It is our blessed Saviour
That gives us peace within.

OUR BABY.

THAT baby face so pure and fair,
Such innocence implanted there,
That face, so fresh from God, is given
An emblem sweet, destined for heaven.

That precious gift to a mother lent
Will bring to her young heart content,
As growing in her arms the while
She sees each winning baby smile.

Thus the years will come and go,
Baby in mamma's arms will grow
To a winsome maiden fair,
With soft ringlets of golden hair.

And the mother then will smile,
With many blessings on her child,
Hoping in the years to come,
When she is a woman grown,

That she may be pure from guile,
Innocence cling round her child;
That purity God did impart
May still entwine around her heart,

And shine in beauty rich and rare,
Till in God's kingdom she will share
Fadeless beauty that cannot die,
In His glorious home on high.

Sunday, February 22, 1885.

ON AN INFANT.

THIS lovely babe, sweet and fair,
Has come to earth our joys to share.
What will its mission to us be?
Can any one its destiny see?

It is pure on its mother's breast,
Nestles close in her arms to rest,
While she looks on with loving smile,
Knowing God has lent this child.

This sweet babe which to her He's given
Will be hers 'mid the ranks of heaven;
This little one fresh from God on high
Will be her own beyond the sky.

February 24, 1885.

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

A YOUNG mother lingers on a bed of pain,
Her infant babe by her side the same;
She sees it suffer day by day,
Slowly wearing its life away.

The little sufferer is released at last:
Through the portal of death it has passed,—
Passed into infinite wisdom and love,
To develop in God's courts above.

The mother lingers yet awhile
Ere she can meet her new-born child,
That bud of promise God has given
A few months on earth to meet in heaven.

Her babe to her will be restored
Within the kingdom of our Lord.
The mother now in pain awhile
Lingers yet behind her child.

But with patience she doth bear
The sufferings she has to share.
At last the bonds of death do break,
And with her child she doth awake.

Her pain and sufferings now are o'er,
Her child to her God doth restore:

Again they are united there
In that bright land so pure and fair.

They, in that happy world of song,
Where love is ever flowing on,
Will grow in beauty upon that shore
Where death will trouble them no more.

February 25, 1885.

AROUND THE THRONE.

High on the eternal throne in glory
Many children stand,—
High on the eternal throne in glory,
A holy, happy band.

Safe amid those ranks in heaven,
Where pure eternal life is given,
Many children are now arrayed
In the beauty God hath made.

Unfolding in that world of love
In the knowledge of God above,
Faith hath now been lost in sight,
Beholding all God's glory bright.

1885.

A DREAM.

I kissed her forehead so pure and fair,
And smoothed the ringlets of her dark-brown hair.

I clasped that form in one long embrace;
Again and yet again I kissed that lovely face.

Those eyes, to me so dreamy and divine,
Filled with love and rapture this heart of mine.

Again my heart seemed lifted up
And perfect happiness o'erflowed my cup.

To think that she, so lovely, pure, and good,
Before me in innocence and beauty stood.

Clasping her in one long, dear embrace
And gazing with rapture on her sainted face.

What could be more soothing to my soul
Than once more my lovely child to behold?

Was it a phantom of the night,
Or her pure spirit clad in beauty bright?

Oh, yes, she was in spirit near,
My drooping heart with love to cheer.

That sweet smile and darling face
Will never from my heart be erased.

Years may elapse, but her spirit still
Can come and go at God's holy will.

THE LIVING FOUNTAIN.

Oh, come to that fountain
From whence life doth flow;
Oh, come to that fountain,
And Jesus you'll know.
The pure living stream
Will ever abide
That so freely flowed
From His bleeding side.

The wound that was opened
In freshness doth pour
That life-giving blood
As in days of yore.
So fresh is the fountain,
The stream so pure,
It through all ages
Will ever endure.

Redeeming God's people
And cleansing from sin;
All who will come
He's calling them in.
The pure, living stream
That ever will flow
Will wash and make us
Whiter than snow.

April, 1885.

HEAVEN.

THROUGH boundless space with God on high,
Where we will dwell in endless joy
When gathered safe within the fold,
There's no hinderance to the soul.

When the spirit takes its flight
To realms of everlasting light,
'Tis free to walk through plains above,
Free to dwell in that land of love.

He who can search the inner heart
And pierce us through in every part
Will forever guide our way
Through boundless space and endless day.

April 13, 1885.

THE glorified beings in endless delight
Do evermore there with the Saviour unite,
Enthroned in all glory, surrounded by love,
In the mystical visions of heaven above.

HAVE OUR HEARTS BEEN OPENED?

OH, the life-giving blood
That so freely did flow!
Do we its wonderful
Virtues know?

Have our hearts been opened
By the fountain of God
Flowing so?

Or are we still dead
In our trespass and sin,
The life-blood of Jesus
Not flowing in?
That fountain can wash us
Far whiter than snow;
Do we its wonderful
Virtues know?

Oh, may the cleansing spirit chide
My inmost soul, that I may hide
'Neath thy great protecting power
All my sins every hour!

A witness for thee I would be
Through time and in eternity.
Oh, wilt thou take this heart of mine
And make it clean, pure, and divine?

LET THY MIND DWELL ON THINGS ETERNAL.

The freshest flowers will soon decay,
So you and I must pass away;
Then why now grieve for things of dross,
Knowing this our earthly cross?

Ever to battle with the foe,
As through this wilderness we go,
Until the cross is laid aside
And with our God we do abide.

The conflict then will all be o'er
And we at rest for evermore,
Sweet peace abide within our heart,
Love reign supreme in every part.

April 14, 1885.

IN MEMORIAM.

Out from among his classmates,
Just in the bloom of youth,
He was taken from their midst,
A witness for the truth.

Of his heavenly home he talked
Before he passed away
Beyond the bounds of time
Into a brighter day.

The promises to him were given;
Early he sought the wealth of heaven.
When we ascend to worlds on high,
A peaceful death how sweet to die!

That glorious life before him rose
And filled his soul with love;
Trusting through the pains of death,
He went to heaven above.

Passing into that world so fair,
He bade his loved ones meet him there.
Faith's now forever lost through sight
Within the veil of God's pure light.

January 6, 1887.

CALL ON HIM.

Bow thy head and bend thy knee,
God's salvation thou shalt see;
He can protect when harm is near,
'Tis He alone that we should fear.

Strive to gain favor in His sight;
Do that which is pure and right;
While the oppression of man is near,
Seek still the more thy God to fear.

Though the enemy with his poisoned dart
Seeks to corrode and grieve the heart,
Peace to God's children there will be still,
Through love He leads them on at will.

May 12, 1885.

MY BABY.

My baby used to smile on his mother's knee
Just as thy baby smiles on thee,
And my love for him as strong did flow
As the love for thy baby thou dost know.

Into my eyes he looked smiles of love
Which seemed to me pure as God above.
When his little footsteps drew near my side,
What happiness would in my heart abide!

Or when his dear arms would round my neck twine
To imprint that sweet kiss that so often was mine,
It would fill my soul with the purest bliss
To lay my hand in that fair hand of his.

We see the bright flowers wither as we pass,
So was my baby too fair to last:
God looked upon his face so fair,
Saw grace and beauty dwelling there;

So while my baby smiled on his mother's knee
Just as thy baby smiles on thee,
The angels bent from their fair home above
With smiles of pure, undying love.

May 15, 1885.

AT EVEN-TIDE.

In the stillness of the night
Thou wilt come to me, my love;
In the stillness of the night,
When the summer breezes move,
Thy pure spirit will return
And hover round my side,—
Thy pure spirit will return,
Yes, at even-tide.

"AND HE HEALED THEM."

Jesus, when in the flesh He trod,
The pure and undefiled of God,
The blind restored, also the lame,
His healing power is still the same.

Does He not healing power possess
As when the throng did on Him press?
Have we that virtue ceased to know
That from His garments then did flow?

She who had been afflicted long,
Trembling, pressed through the eager throng,
That she might but His garment touch;
Her faith in Jesus was so much.

As He felt virtue from Him flow,
He turned upon the throng to know
Who touched the hem of His garment there
That they might His virtue share.

Knowing her cure had been complete,
She fell down prostrate at His feet;
And He spoke to her troubled soul:
"Woman, thy faith hath made thee whole."

In meekness here on earth He trod,
Working, doing the will of God,
And none unto Him ever came
But His pure sympathy did gain.

The widow's son He did restore
While him upon the bier they bore,
And at His touch the spirit came,
New life thrilling through his frame.

When the voice of Jesus spoke,
At His call the dead awoke;
Unto the bloom of health again
Soon was restored the son of Nain.

The Son of God o'er death prevailed
While He in flesh on earth was veiled.
The halt, the blind, the weak, the lame,
All to Him for mercy came,

And unto health He them restored,
The great, the good, the mighty Lord.
That mercy still will ever flow;
His healing power we may know.

His healing touch is still the same
As when He cured the blind and lame;
Through His servants He's working still
To do God's great and holy will.

May 22, 1885.

BABY.

Little dimples pure and sweet;
Eyes of violet-blue;
Chestnut hair around her brow,—
Hair of matchless hue.

Oh, winning smiles on baby's face,
What joy to our home they bring!
Innocence and matchless grace
Around our hearts do cling.

Grandma's little baby fair;
Dimpled cheeks, sweet and rare;
Eyes of pure violet-blue;
Chestnut hair of matchless hue.

1885.

If I could see thy face so fair,
My heart would falter nevermore;
My heart, that is so often sad,
Would then for evermore be glad.

REACH FORTH THY HAND.

Wondrous are God's love and power;
He will save in the evil hour;
He can subdue the angry sea,
And will He not watch over thee?

Reach forth thy hand and to Him cling;
Sweet comfort to thy heart He'll bring;
Great is His power, from above
He sends His messengers of love.

Stretch forth thy hand, for from on high
Infinite help is ever nigh;
Through Jesus Christ, the living Head,
Eternal love is o'er us spread.

June 12, 1885.

Many mansions in heaven will be;
Wilt thou prepare one, Lord, for me?
May I find there a home divine,
Where thy pure love will ever shine;
While endless ages forever roll,
Oh, may thy smiles rest on my soul!

Wrestle with God in silent prayer;
Hope and heaven are very near.
The gift of life He'll give to thee,
For God's salvation thou shalt see.
Lift thy heart to him in love
Sweet peace cometh from above.

1885.

"MY LIPS SHALL PRAISE THEE."

I love my Redeemer to praise,
To give thanks for His glorious ways,
In the presence of His glory to come
With the saints and the angels at home.

On the wings of celestial love
He bids them descend from the skies
To carry their message above
Home into Paradise.

To come into the presence of Him,
The great and glorious King;
In deep adoration and praise,
Give thanks for His wondrous ways.

He, the adorable One,
Permits His children to come
To partake of the feast of His love,
Never-failing source from above.

July 1, 1885.

OUR BABY.

Darling little baby fair,
With violet eyes and dark-brown hair,
What would we take for this rare pearl?
Not all the rubies in the world.

Sweet little ringlets cluster so
O'er a brow as white as snow,
And the lily face is fair:
Winsome beauty dwelleth there.

Those fair, soft arms cling to us;
Gentle is the loving touch;
We would not take for this fair pearl
All the rubies in the world.

July, 1885.

DO THE GATES STAND AJAR?

Do the gates stand ajar
On that beautiful shore?
Do the gates stand ajar for me?
Do the gates stand ajar
On that beautiful shore,
That I God's glories may see?

PEACE DWELLS ON THY BANKS EVER.

That city so fair
The ransomed will share
Who walk where their Saviour hath trod;
All clouds will be past,
Safe on that shore at last,
In tranquil repose with their God,
Amid pure scenes to roam,
Safe evermore at home.

July 28, 1885.

HE WILL LEAD US.

We are on our journey home;
By the smiles of God we'll come
Through this dreary land.

He is leading all the way
To a bright and endless day,
  Through this dreary land.

And His voice will be our stay
As He leads us on our way
  Through this dreary land.

His smiles will uphold us still
As He leads us on at will
  Through this dreary land.

TRAVEL on a little while here below,
Until to purer worlds than this
Thou art called to go,
Where swift feet may run yet never
Tire or be oppressed;
Travel on a little while, and thou
Too shalt there find rest.

July 29, 1885.

IN MEMORY OF ANNIE PYLE.

(Died June, 1885.)

SHE wears a crown of glory now,
A halo bright around her brow,
  All glory to her is known.

An endless life of happiness,
Increasing strength, and perfect bliss,
  In light around the throne.

In raptures of delight and love,
She dwells in heaven with God above
  In perfect peace of mind.

She dwelleth now in endless joy;
Nothing can her peace destroy,
  Upon those banks divine.

As the light of heaven doth shine,
So will they of perfect mind
Who gain those plains of love.

No sorrow there will e'er be known,
Or aught disturb their peaceful home
In that pure world above.

There, in the radiant joys of heaven,
Where pure eternal love is given,
They'll find a calm repose.

All longings of the heart are filled
Upon God's bright and holy hill,
Free from all grief and woes.

WAITING.

The Master at the door doth wait;
Oh, let him in ere it's too late!
He comes with His pleading smile
To win from death each wayward child.
He comes, He comes, He comes again;
Shall we thus in our sins remain,
And see the Spirit grieved away
To take His everlasting stay?
Oh, no; with Christ we'll take our choice,
And in His love we will rejoice.

1885.

Thy heart I claim; thy life is mine;
Thou shalt to heavenly things incline;
Thou shalt be led by the Spirit's power,
Growing in knowledge every hour.

I was pondering over the mysterious things I had passed through in this life, when suddenly there arose before me a resplendent light. I was carried away in spirit to behold many beautiful things. The light shone

as the brightness of the sun in glory, when suddenly there appeared a vast body of a large tree. I gazed on it with wonder for its very vastness, but its branches I did not perceive. Still drawn away, I beheld a vast plain. My mind was riveted on the glory around, when I was lost to consciousness. I also heard singing which was very cheering to my weary spirit.

August 2, 1885.

IN THE MANGER.

Jesus from the vaulted sky
Left His home and came to die;
No place for His earthly bed
But where the hornéd oxen fed;

Came to earth in His great power,
With nothing for His earthly dower.
Christ, the pure and holy One,
To a manger thus did come.

He came a pattern for the world to be,
To die for man and set him free;
Mary, meek and undefiled,
Was the mother of the holy Child.

The star of Bethlehem did go
Before wise men, the way to show;
Thus the Saviour's home they sought
And much riches with them brought.

A host of angels from on high
Filled with light the vaulted sky,
And the wise men at His feet
Laid their treasures fair and sweet.

Jesus lay there all at rest
Upon his gentle mother's breast,
While the angels from the skies
Looked down in sweet surprise.

In the stall where Jesus lay,
For His couch a bed of hay,
While the virgin mother slept
Angels their bright vigils kept.

The pure and holy Son of God
A few short years on earth thus trod.
Through hardships never known to man
Worked out God's wondrous plan.

October 20, 1885.

In a dream I beheld our lovely child. She was to me a ray of glory spreading celestial light on my drooping spirits. Her countenance, full of serenity and love, filled my soul with intense delight, and she, with all her winning nature, stood before me with anxious brow full of love. While yet her sweet smiles rested upon me, I awoke, with her influence around me still.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

Solomon, at God's command,
Built his temple fair and grand,
Overlaid its walls with gold,
Pleasing for the eye to behold.

Things in order there were laid;
For God's purpose it was made;
Solomon in work and skill
Sought to do God's holy will.

Solomon, at God's command,
Decked his temple fair and grand;
He o'erlaid its walls so fair
With pure gold and beauty rare.

That within those walls so grand
For God's glory it might stand,

Solomon much beauty wrought
Through his great power and thought.

Temples within God has given,
To be wrought and made for heaven;
A temple fair, not made with hands,
Eternal in heaven stands.

1885.

SEARCH GOD'S WORKS.

Search God's works; they are divine;
To the voice of truth incline.
The scales from our eyes will fall
If we obey our Saviour's call.

In the book of love divine
We'll find food to feast the mind,
To fill the hungry soul with love
And bring us blessings from above.

In the book of life divine
Spiritual food we'll find,
Food that will fill the soul with bliss
And bring to us true happiness.

Open the book and search it o'er;
Seek for the Lord we should adore.
Out of the depth of works divine
Peace and comfort we will find.

Waters of life will freely flow
If we seek His works to know:
In the book of love divine
There eternal life we'll find.

October 30, 1885.

Oh, could my spirit wing its flight
To the fair realms of endless light!

Oh, what a state of perfect bliss
Beyond this life for us there is,
When from this tenement of clay
To purer worlds we soar away!

New beauties there to feast the soul
As on the endless ages roll,
Time cannot soil nor sin can foil
The purposes of God.
Even on through ages still
His great plans he will fulfil.

November 6, 1885.

I FEEL THY SPIRIT.

I FEEL thy spirit, oh, so near!
A whisper I can almost hear.
Could I but touch thy lily hand,
From that far and better land!

My love was strong, and it is still
Drawn by thy pure and holy will.
In spirit now thou art so near,
A whisper I can almost hear.

THE HEART.

A WORD may pass to wound the heart
And thoughtlessly be given,
Yet none but God can heal the smart
And teach us to forgive them.

Oh, but to understand the heart!
'Tis better than wealth to know;
For wrong things often take a part,
Then the right 'tis hard to show,

The human heart is hard to learn,
And fathomless is the mind;
But next to God we should not spurn
True love that is pure and kind.

Sunday, November 22, 1885.

BELIEVEST THOU?

Believest thou, weary one,
That strength will come
Through the living Head?
Believest thou that He
Still is nigh,
Sending power from on high?

A word of kindness gently spoken
Will awaken hope within the soul,
And, though the heart be almost broken,
Peace again will have control.

NIGHT.

The shades of night have drawn around
And laid o'er nature a calm profound,
While the stars look down with twinkling light,
Casting a charm o'er the shades of night.

The dew has fallen o'er nature's face,
Sweet-scented roses to embrace;
The rippling waters float along;
The stars are sparkling in their song.

The streams that leap from the mountain side
Swift through fields and forests glide;
With mighty and majestic roar
Unto the ocean their waters pour.

The moon peeps out with her smiling face,
While the birds of the air to their nests do haste ;
But the rippling waters still float on
With sweet music in their song.

The beautiful lilies bow their head
While the gentle dew is o'er them spread.
The dying and the dawning light
Spreads o'er nature a mantle bright.

January 7, 1886.

THE CHIMNEY BIRD.

In the morning may be heard
The sound of the chimney bird,
While the robins on the tree
Are singing sweet and merrily.

Nature in her beauty around
Speaks of God in every sound :
The flowers as they bud and bloom ;
The breezes wafting sweet perfume ;

The humming-bird amid the bowers,
Sipping the sweets from the flowers ;
The little birds as they fly along,
Filling the air with their sweet song ;

The buzzing of the bees around ;
The chirping of the birds' sweet sound,
Bringing music in the air,
Telling us that God is near.

Thus each insect, bird, and bee
Fill the air with melody
Early in the dawn of light,
Or at the close and shade of night.

January 9, 1886.

OUR PET.

One-year-old grandma's pet,
A little fairy even yet,
With dimpled cheeks and hair of gold;
To-day she is just one year old.

Who knows the worth of baby fair,
Her sweet charms and beauty rare?
Grandma often in surprise
Looks upon her ways so wise.

Opening new her winning charms
Every day in mamma's arms,
Our household pet, how sweet to share
Each happy smile our queen doth wear!

Her little prattle and her ways
Remind me so of other days
When, with pure love and joy,
I nursed my own dear, darling boy.

And now our little pet so fair
In grandma's arms a place finds there.
Just one year old to-day, I ween,
Is our baby girl Francine.

February 12, 1886.

I lay down to rest, and what inconceivable beauties arose before me! As I gazed on the beautiful beings around me and listened to the sweet music that was audible to my hearing with exquisite joy and delight, I was lost to consciousness.

March 2, 1886.

A VISION OF LOVELINESS.

My heart doth rejoice in days that are gone,
A vision of beauty doth to me come;
That fair form, arrayed in a robe of white,
As in days that are past is with me to-night.

She stood at the gate in her lovely charms,
In her pure white robe and fair, rounded arms.
Oh, could I but feel those arms round me twine,
And think once more they would ever be mine!

Joy fills my soul at the thought of her now;
Oh, could I once more look on her fair brow!
Her vision of beauty enchants me to-night,
Filling my soul with the purest delight.

The dress that she wore, that sweet face so fair,
In my heart will ever find a place there;
A vision of loveliness as there she stood
Just entering the path of womanhood.

March 15, 1886.

MY FRIEND AND I.

Sweet recollection of the past
Doth my mind now fill.
Ofttimes when we walked o'er the banks
Down by the mill

In our school-days, as we wandered
Through those shady nooks so sweet,
My friend and I together pondered
When next we'd meet.

This friend whom I loved in my youth
Was full of kindness, grace, and truth.
For years we lingered side by side,
She my companion and my guide.

Our days were spent
In sweet content,
She by my side
A loving guide.

Daily our lives together grew;
I always found her good and true,
Looked up to her, and could depend
Upon my true and loving friend.

But time rolled on, and fate decreed
Separate lives we two must lead;
For years apart our paths have been,
And my dear friend I have not seen.

Time doth not change nor age efface
From me her form and winning grace;
Over a brow so white and fair
Hung a cluster of golden hair.

With a loving heart, kind and true,
She my nature could subdue;
Oft those large and dreamy eyes
Looked up to mine in sweet surprise.

While musing on the past to-day,
From me she seems not far away;
Like stars that in the heavens shine
Is friendship that is true and kind

Her influence, though years apart,
Brings sweet remembrance to my heart,
As memory draws me back to-day
To happy scenes now passed away.

March 25, 1886.

NEW LIFE.

New life o'er all the world did dawn
When Christ arose on Easter-morn;
He opened then for man the way
When he arose on Easter-day.

His work was done,
The ransom paid,
When in the grave
His form was laid.

He burst the bonds, came from the tomb,
Robbed the grave of death and gloom,
And in heaven all praises ring
In unison with Christ our King.

Well may we thus with songs and praise
In gratitude our voices raise,
Sweetest flowers as offerings bring
To Jesus Christ our Priest and King.

Easter-eve, 1886.

OUR ROSE-BUD.

Our rose-bud and blossom
How I long to see!
My sweet little creature,
Art thou thinking of me?

Is thy spirit within
Striving to hear
A voice that to thee
Once was so dear?

My dear little creature,
Though we are apart,
Sweet love is ascending
On wings from the heart.

Each throb of my heart
This night will be
Ascending on wings
Of love to thee.

Like the breath of the roses
In summer so sweet,
The air and the fragrance
Together do meet.

May thy little heart
To mine respond,
And the voice of the angel
Unto me come

With a token of love
That my heart will cheer,
And make all the clouds
At once disappear.

May the angel of love
Come to me now
And banish all sorrow
Away from my brow.

Though parted from thee,
My sweet babe, to-night,
Thy vision of beauty
Is my delight.

To others thy smiles
Now thou wilt lend,
And o'er thy fair brow
Their kisses descend.

Would not my heart
Now faint at the sight
To see our fair babe
Kissed by others to-night,

Winning her love
Away from us now?
Oh, could I but look
Upon her fair brow!

That deep look of pity
From eyes so true,
In innocent beauty
Of matchless hue,

In sadness rises
Before me to-night,
Wondering if she
Is peaceful and quiet.

The angel of love
On her will descend,
And the throbbing of hearts
To each other will blend.

Though parted now,
Away from her sight,
Our spirits are linked
With each other to-night.

Our sweet little blossom,
No lily more fair,
Is ever before me
With her charms so rare.

In my hours of sadness
She was my delight;
Her vision of loveliness
Is with me to-night.

Sunday eve, April 4, 1886.

WITHIN THOSE WALLS.

The prisoner in his cell all day
From the busy world is hid away,
Behind those bars of iron so strong,
Hid from his view the restless throng.

Thus from morning until night
Time speeds its onward flight;
The sun may rise and set again,
But to the prisoner 'tis the same.

No cheerful sound from nature's voice
To make the prisoner's heart rejoice,
That fills the soul with quiet rest
And brings a calm within the breast.

He in his cell no joy can see,
Longing for his liberty.
Justice must be satisfied,
And by the law he must abide.

Is there no hope for the prisoner found
In his dreary cell enclosed around,
Within those walls so strongly hid,
All nature's charms from him forbid?

Can the light of God not pierce within,
And make his cell a palace seem?
If he will on his Saviour call,
The shackles then will from him fall.

Thus is man a prisoner bound
Wherever guilt and sin are found.
Will he not strive to be set free,
That he may gain his liberty?

Through those prison walls of stone
The light of God can thither come,
To set the guilty prisoner free
And grant him his sweet liberty.

Then from morning until night
Time may wing its onward flight,
But like the rays of the sun that shine
Will be to him that gift divine.

April 21, 1886.

THE Man of Sorrows with many foes
A Conqueror through this world goes,
With love and mercy at His side,
Truth and justice for His guide.

THE HEALING SPRING.

THE healing spring freely
Doth flow;
Come to the fountain,
Oh, come!
And you will its
Virtues know;
Come to the fountain,
Oh, come!

The Shepherd of the flock
Is there;
Come to the fountain,
Oh, come!
If you are thirsty, you
Can share;
Come to the fountain,
Oh, come!

In the healing spring
Abide
Flowing waters from
His side;
Come to the fountain,
Oh, come!

All who are thirsty
He will supply;
The living stream
Is never dry;
Come to the fountain,
Oh, come!

All who will drink
A fresh supply
From the living stream
Will never die;
Come to the fountain,
Oh, come!

April 29, 1886.

Can thy pure spirit
Come to me now,
Casting the shadows
Away from my brow?
Filling my soul
With the purest of bliss,
Increasing strength
And happiness?

1886.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND, G. C.

Threescore years and ten
Are allotted to men;
Our journey's soon run,
A new life's begun.

While here on this side,
If God is our guide,
When He knocks at the door
To summon us o'er,

From faith unto sight
We enter into light;
The call will then come
To welcome us home.

God's child will be there
In mansions so fair;
The gates stand ajar;
He hath been called higher.

While on earth he trod
He lived near his God.
The veil is withdrawn ;
To his home he's gone.

The Master he loved
Has called him above
To the home of the blest,
Forever to rest.

1886.

LINES ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE LATHROP SCHOOL-HOUSE, KANSAS CITY.

The wind is raging, the clouds arise,
Disaster before their power lies ;
Rolling in fury on their way,
All things bend beneath their sway.

Fierce and heavy was the blow
That laid the Lathrop school-house low ;
The rain in torrents coming down
Brought disaster o'er the town.

Not long did the raging tempest last
As the cylone o'er the city passed :
It brought destruction in its power
In briefer space than one short hour.

Children from their homes did go,
A parting kiss fresh on the brow,
The bloom of youth upon each face
Soon to be clasped in death's embrace.

The dark clouds gather, like a pall
Low they hang, o'ershadowing all ;
The storm in fury wends its way
On land, on sea, makes no delay.

The raging wind its power spent
As through the realms of space it went,
Heeding not the mournful cry
Of perished hopes that in us lie.

O parents who in sorrow bow,
You scarce can realize it now:
The wind has ceased, the darkness fled,
And your dear ones are with the dead.

The sun shines out o'er nature's face,
Spreading its charms on awful waste;
Balmy breezes are playing around,
Those who mourn sorrow in the sound.

Those little ones, so fresh in youth,
Nipped in the bud of love and truth,
Are in their home beyond the skies
Where neither clouds nor sorrows rise.

The warmth of the sun o'er the earth is spread,
Kissing each flower as it bows its head;
Then sweet fragrance comes forth in bloom,
So will your children from the tomb.

May 18, 1886.

THEY WORSHIP EVER.

In that fair city,
Beautiful, bright,
In peace and love
God's children unite.

Blest in His kingdom,
Pure and divine,
Through endless ages
In glory they shine.

There with the Saviour,
All things complete,
They worship ever
Low at His feet.

ALL ALONE.

All alone she stands to-night
In a robe of perfect white;
Like a lily pure and fair,
All alone she's standing there.

In her innocence and grace,
With a smile upon her face,
In her sweet and winsome charms
Holds she up her rounded arms.

"All alone," says baby fair,
In her beauty standing there,
Soft and dainty, dimpled arms,
There is beauty in their charms.

A sweet picture to us shown
As she stands there all alone
In her innocence and grace
With a smile upon her face.

Eyes of blue and face so fair;
Flowing ringlets, golden hair;
Over shoulders fair and round
Hang those little ringlets down.

Standing all alone to-night
In a robe of perfect white,
Can the angels be more fair
Than our darling standing there?

June 18, 1886.

TARRY WITH ME.

Tarry with me, O my Saviour,
Tarry now!
Let not thy frown cast a shadow
O'er my brow;
Heal the wounds of a contrite heart,
Nor let thy love from me depart.

JESUS CHRIST, God's own dear Son,
In the flesh to earth did come.
Oh, the sweet and happy thought!
Through His blood we have been bought.

He for us the ransom paid
When His life on the cross was laid,
That through His atoning blood
We might be born and brought to God.

July 9, 1886.

LOSS OF THE SARAH CRAIG.

(Lines suggested on the loss of the schooner Sarah Craig, off Sandy Hook, July 30, 1886.)

THE morn was fair, all nature clad in
Bright array,
That bore the Craig along the coast and
Down the bay.
A merry group of people went,
With smiles of love and sweet content,
Parting with dear ones on the shore,
Perhaps to meet again no more.
Good-byes were said, and hearts were light,
The prospect of their journey bright.
The rippling waves enchantment lent
To the happy group as on they went,
Intending, as they sailed away
On the waters of the bay,
A few days to spend along the shore,
Bound in ties of friendship long before.
The very breezes seemed to speak
Of joy and happiness complete.
Could there be sorrow, oh, so near,
For hearts that were so full of cheer?
For those young hearts, so light and gay,
On that bright and peaceful day?
The pride and life of their parents' heart,
The cruel waves now claim a part.

A sweet maiden, young and fair,
Leaving now her father's care,
Parted from him on the shore:
"Papa, I may never see you more."
Father, those words of love to thee
Through innocence were meant to be;
Casting a shadow thus before
Of what would happen near the shore.
Out upon the ocean's breast
There was a calm before unrest;
The clouds along the vaulted sky
Soon in terror hovered nigh,
Filling all their hearts with fear,
For they saw great danger near.
The lightning sped along the sky,
The thunder rolling from on high.
All to the cabin haste away,
The captain's orders to obey;
Quickly again the men ascend,
Hoping a helping hand to lend.
One from the cabin did not come,
A mother's well belovéd son,
Staying the inmates there to cheer,
For all were filled with awful fear.
The storm doth rage, the winds arise,
Filling their hearts with great surprise.
One awful moment on end she stands;
The craft obeys the wind's commands;
The billows surge, the wind doth roar,
Deep darkness rests upon the shore.
The boat doth on her side now turn;
The waters down the hatchway run;
Those precious ones beneath the wave,
Naught could be done their lives to save;
Buried beneath the billowy foam,
From mortal hands no aid could come.
Who could conceive, in that dark hour,
The raging storm's destructive power?
The billows of the ocean's breast
Causing loved ones sore distress?

Those young and happy maidens fair,
Sad was the fate they thus did share;
A mother whose locks were touched with gray,
Found with hands upturned to pray;
A noble youth, a mother's pride,
The cruel waves snatch from her side.
No friend to soothe nor heart to cheer
Those dear loved ones; but God is near.
Amid the darkness and the gloom
The angel band did thither come.
While suffering in a watery grave,
No mortal hand to soothe or save,
His heavenly smile He o'er them bends,
And in that hour sweet comfort lends;
Ere the waters wild yet cease to foam
And those on deck their mates bemoan,
Through the darkness and the gloom
A heavenly light around is shown;
Separated from the waters there,
Angels' companionship they share.
The cruel waves could do no more;
God claims them now on His bright shore.
Oh, stricken hearts, who are sorely tried,
And from your homes such love denied,
On your sorrow and grief so wild
God looks down with a pitying smile,
And bids you turn your hopes above,
Where again you'll meet in endless love.

Fresh life forever flows
Through the Saviour's blood:
Fresh life forever flows
Through the Son of God.

On the night of October 22, 1886, a beautiful vision arose before me of an innumerable multitude moving along, both small and great. My soul was lost in adoration while my eyes rested on the inconceivable beauties that my spirit saw; and while I was yet beholding these beauties with deep adoration, I was lost to consciousness.

October 23, 1886.

"DO THEY GROW IN HEAVEN?"

Long years ago, on a glad summer day
Our dear little boy came in from his play.
This was the question he wanted to know,
Whether in heaven little children grow.

"Has Frankie grown, mamma, since he went there
To that happy land where all is fair?
Will he grow up and become a man
In that bright and beautiful land?

"There grandma and grandpa, too, have gone,
And many more that I have known."
Thus, looking up into my face,
He spoke with sweet child-like grace.

His eyes were full of thoughtful joy;
I see him yet, my darling boy.
He said, "I know a good many there
In that bright land where all is fair."

Even while our dear brown-eyed boy
Was dreaming of that world of joy,
An angel was lingering near
Soon to reveal things to him clear.

The question was asked, and he hastened away
Out on the green grass, back to his play;

With a heart full of love and innocent joy,
Blooming in health was our bright-eyed boy.

Only one day more had he thus to spend,
For his little life was soon to end:
The next day dawned a bright Sabbath morn;
The following, to a bed of pain he was borne.

His illness was brief, but very severe,
Revealing to him his question more clear;
His beautiful eyes beamed with love
While he talked of heavenly things above.

His little uncle years before
Had gone unto that peaceful shore;
With the hand of death on his brow so fair,
He saw him in a vision there.

Gazing with rapture and surprise,
He called "Frankie" from the skies.
Perhaps while the angels lingered near
Frankie among them did appear.

Thus he beheld the vision bright,
Filling his soul with sweet delight,
As they beckoned him away
To dwell in everlasting day.

While the gates of heaven opened wide,
The angels bore him from our side,
And there to him it now is known
Whether they grow around the throne.

November 12, 1886.

On the evening of December 24, 1886, while I lay on my bed, there arose before my mind beauties inconceivable. I was drawn away in spirit, as it were, up, up, to behold a magnificent landscape. While my eyes

were riveted on the beautiful landscape which lay before me, I was lost to consciousness. I also heard singing which was soothing to my weary spirit.

COME TO JESUS.

THOUGH your sins
As scarlet be,
He will wash you
In His blood
And set you free.

Oh, the drops of
Blood it cost,
The anguish, pain,
When on the cross
His fair brow was
Crowned with pain,
That we eternal
Life might gain!

1886.

MY BELOVED.

DID I worship thee, so fair of face?
Worship thy beauteous, winning grace?
Thy lovely form, that's now divine,
Still clings around this heart of mine.
Oh, could I but touch those finger-tips,
A kiss once more press to my lips!
When I think of thee in thy home divine,
It thrills this very soul of mine.
Those lily hands that were so fair,
What could in beauty with them compare?
Thy fair charms like ivy cling
And sweet remembrance to me bring

Of days gone by, when thee and I together clung,
One thought, one mind, within our home.
But now amid the realms of bliss,
In purer worlds by far than this,
A garland of love thou there dost twine
Forever around this heart of mine.

December 26, 1886.

THE SPIRIT BAND.

HARK, from the spirit land
Doth come a holy band!
With harps and music sweet,
They come our souls to greet,
Drawing near to soothe our care,
Fanning our brows with breezes fair.
Hark, the spirits! oh, they bring
Tidings from the heavenly King!
Music sweet is soothing now
Over a painful, burning brow.
Will we not with tender love
Welcome them from heaven above?

December 26, 1886.

A FAIRY ELF.

I KNOW a little girl that's fair,
With sweet blue eyes and light-brown hair,
A sweet face with many charms,
Dimpled cheeks and rounded arms.

With those eyes a-beaming bright,
Always dancing with delight,
Why, this charming little elf
Is a beauty in herself.

Her little hands are so sweet,
And those busy little feet
Prance about from day to day;
She's ever happy at her play.

December, 1886.

THE SPIRIT.

THERE is something that survives the shock of death
And lives right on;
It is the spirit then released,
To the heavenly mansions gone
To dwell evermore in endless day,
Where night upon the soul will ne'er descend again,
Neither will it feel the pangs of death or pain.

January, 1887.

O DEAR one! O fair one! where art thou now?
Art thou weaving a crown for my weary brow?
Come to my side, and leave it not late,
As the white-winged dove soars to its mate.

1887.

THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

IN my musings I turn to-day
To the scenes of my childhood where I used to stray.

Time has passed and change is wrought,
Filling within my soul the thought
Of by-gone days when I was young
And childish dreams around me clung;
The grand old homestead on the hill
With sweet thoughts my memory fills.

Years have passed and time has flown
Since a happy group of ten were known
To fill their place around the board,
With a father's blessing on them poured
And a mother's smiles to cheer their way,
Whom they loved to honor and obey.

The remembrance of the past doth cling
Around my heart and fresh memories bring;
Each little flower, brook, and tree
Brings back a world of joy to me.

BIRTHPLACE OF AMANDA PYLE MICHENER.

The lilacs in their rich perfume,
The sweet-scented roses when in bloom,
The snowballs hanging in clusters fair,
Bring thoughts to me both rich and rare;
Even to the old-time swing—
Charms for me around it cling.

There were the orchard and cherry-trees,
There stood the hives of busy bees;
The drooping willows hung o'er our spring;
Near by, to milk them, the cows we'd bring.

Could I but paint that picture grand,
'Twould hold a world at my command.

On the top of the hill near the hickory-nut tree,
A patch of flax in my mind I see,
Where ofttimes I have hastened away
To the fields, my father's word to obey.

O the clover, the beautiful clover!
When the fields were all in bloom;
I never can forget the path
Through which we used to come.
I loved to linger near those woods,
Pick berries from each vine,
Wild honeysuckles gather, too,
From nature wreaths to twine.

Each nook and corner of that farm
Holds in my heart some hidden charm.
'Twas there my father's steps did go,
To sow his seed, to reap, and mow,
And a dear mother filled her place
With beauty, tender love, and grace.

Among the number that filled the board
Three have been given to the Lord;
In my childhood hours, then,
I felt the sense of grief and pain;
Scarce do I remember our sweet sister babe
Who was taken from us and in the grave was laid.

The next was a fair young sister
Who daily with me grew,
A dear companion by my side,
Gentle, pure, and true.

A few years of pleasure and pain,
Then sorrow came to our home again:
A sweet little brother who was dear to me,
Whom in visions before me oft I see,
Was buried forever away from our sight;
He was our joy and heart's delight.
Sweet summers three he had spent with me,
I loved him well, and that little heart
Responded back with a full part.

I did not know my sorrow then
Was only opening into bloom.

A few short years of pleasure passed,—
My childhood days could not always last.
Still came changes many more,
Until there was left a group of four;
Brothers and sisters we know must start,
Each in the world to claim his part.

Time passed on a few years more;
With pleasure we sought our homestead door;
We saw our parents' locks turn gray
Until from us they passed away.
Even still in memory's hall,
One of the sweetest among them all
Is that of the homestead on the hill;
Oft fancy wanders there at will.

January 15, 1887.

THE POET SISTERS.

On Twentieth Street, some years ago,
Two sisters lived awhile,
And many dear, congenial friends
Their weary hours beguiled.

They drew about them, of brotherhood kind,
True men and women of genial mind:
Mutual companions oft did come
To visit their quiet and beautiful home.

Friends both talented and rare
Clustered round those women fair,
Found charms in them e'en fit to guide,
Beautiful pictures at their side.

With the presence of those sisters there
Sweet happiness their friends could share;
A pleasing sight unto the mind,
That home wherein true love did shine.

Their surroundings were
  Dainty and neat,
Where their thoughts flowed
  So freely and sweet.

From a humble home achievements they made,
At the feet of their country fame was laid.
In sweet communion they worshipped their God,
With untiring souls together they trod.

Nothing did their purpose foil,
Through weary days and years of toil;
Tireless their range and wide their scope,
Overcoming trials, firm in hope.

In her room o'er the library, where
Alice wove her sweet verses rare,
Were drapings of the choicest kind,
Wisely arranged to please her mind.

A painting o'er the mantel hung
Of "Early Sorrow," the while she sung;
A wind-beaten girl with yellow hair
And eyes of sadness was that picture fair.

This picture had been drawn by one,
An artist friend, who to their home did come.
Oft she gazed on that face so fair,
Sweet but sorrowful, with yellow hair.

Her desk of rosewood was finely made
Wherein her manuscript was laid.
Opposite, a painting of her father hung;
She to his memory fondly clung,

Phœbe's desk of rosewood hue
Was always a picture of neatness, too,
While on its shelves stood trinkets fair
And ornaments both rich and rare.

Near an alcove a chromo hung
  Of Whittier's "Barefoot Boy,"—
Hanging there, while her songs she sung
  Looking innocent and coy.

A table of mosaic work most rare
Adorned the parlor in the centre there.
This table made of work so fine
Like threads its edges did entwine.

This curious work, so finely laid,
Was by an Hungarian artist made;
Almost a lifetime on it he'd spent
Ere finishing to his heart's content.

Around this table, so richly wrought,
Communion with their friends they sought;
Many pleasant hours thus passed away
While their dear friends would with them stay.

'Twas in the fair Miami Valley
  Their early songs were sung,
And in their far-off city home
  Sweet thoughts of it would come.

These two true souls, as on they went,
Accepted all things with sweet content;
One with a tender, loving mind,
The other to rare wit inclined.

The verses of these sisters fair
Have o'er the land been sung,
Bringing peace and happiness
To many a humble home.

Far from their kindred these sisters sleep;
At last together are stayed their pilgrim feet;
The summer flowers in beauty bud and bloom,
The ocean chants a requiem o'er their tomb.

"God giveth quietness at last,
The common way that all have passed."

In beautiful Greenwood will be found,
Lying side by side, each low-made mound,
Until day and night shall fade away
And God removes that mortal clay.

Verses from their hearts did flow,
And sweet music with them go,
Until death checked the great refrain,
When in heaven they took it up again.

February 4, 1887.

THE spirit of our lovely boy
Has often hovered near,
To bring me comfort, peace, and joy,
And my drooping spirits cheer.

Thus as the years pass swift away
With never-ceasing flow,
Oh, may I ever day by day
Closer to him grow!

February 11, 1887.

THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

Lo! at the hour of midnight,
When nature in silence doth sleep,
A vision of wondrous beauty
Awoke me out of my sleep.
All manner of colors appearing
Before my sight did arise;
The beautiful light thus shining
Filled my soul with glad surprise.
Was it an angel from glory
That before my sight did appear?
Oh, is it not a sweet story,—
The light revealed so near?

March 19, 1887.

On January 1, 1887, the new year had scarcely been born, or the vibration of the bells passed away, when I lay down to take my rest. While my weary spirit was seeking repose, a beautiful form appeared, so near as to cause a strange sensation to pass from spirit to spirit. My voice was raised in ecstasies of joy, while suddenly an innumerable multitude appeared moving along. My eye still followed the beautiful throng until I passed away into a quiet slumber.

1887.

COULD I WEEP?

The fairest form that ever the sun shone on,
With grace and beauty rare,
Was my beloved who now is gone
Far from my reach and care.

Weep for thee, my own beloved!
Could I weep to give thee pain?
Could I wish to bring thee back
Unto this life again?

1887.

A SWEET babe from its mother's breast
Is taken to God's kingdom fair,
With His smiles upon it now
To grow in beauty there.

He plucked it from the snares of life
While yet no cloud had crossed its brow,
And with Him in the realms of glory
It is shining now.

MY BRIDE.

WILL I nevermore see my loving bride,
Will she never again stand by my side
Until the veil shall be withdrawn
And I into her presence come?
Her countenance doth before me rise
And fills my soul with sweet surprise.
Her noble brow, how pure, how fair!
Beauty and innocence dwell there.
Would I could see her beauteous face,
Once more that slender form embrace!
It fills my soul with purest bliss
To think that she I know now is
Enraptured with the throng of heaven,
From whence the truest light is given.
And doth she not with smiles divine
Still linger round this heart of mine?
Now her pure spirit beyond the veil
Oft o'er my spirit doth prevail.
And shall I cease to love her now,
With withered hand and wrinkled brow?
No, like a phantom of delight
She clings around my heart to-night;
And in spirit we walk, as when
She did in beauty o'er me bend,
To soothe my weary hours away
And make the darkest night as day.

My soul, with raptures of delight,
Is filled with love for her to-night.
Though time has fled and years gone by,
To me she ever still is nigh,
My pilgrimage on earth to cheer
And make my way to me more clear.
I've felt the pressure of that hand;
It seemed to me a loving balm;
And, as it were, with beaming eyes
She meets my soul in sweet surprise.
Time o'er our spirits has no sway,
And distance never can delay
The quick perceptions of the soul
When love's enchantments o'er it roll.
And as I pass away my years,
She still will soothe my griefs and fears
Until the veil be drawn aside
And I once more stand by my bride,
And then, with love pure and divine,
For evermore she will be mine.

September 3, 1887.

A VISION.

A VISION before my sight arose,
Filling my heart with calm repose.
All manner of scenery bright
Filled my soul with intense delight.
Velvety green on every side
Spread o'er the landscape far and wide.

Little children were at play
Where these scenes ne'er fade away.
There upon this lovely green
Majestic oaks were to be seen,
Spreading their foliage around
Upon this pure celestial ground.

1887.

"ARE THEY NOT ALL MINISTERING SPIRITS?"

SPIRITS are around thy way,
Leading thee from day to day,
Filling thy soul with love divine,
Developing this life of thine.
Amid pure scenes of perfect bliss,
Celestial peace, and happiness,
Thy soul shall find repose
When freed from grief and woes.
The spirits around thy pathway go
To guard and guide thy steps below:
Be passive in the arms of Him
From whence this life is flowing in.

1887.

WHAT joys to us will be made known
When we meet around the throne!
In ecstasies of love and joy
There we'll meet our darling boy.
And thou who wast so fair of face,
In all thy innocence and grace,
Wilt thou not then be near his side
To welcome us, our heavenly guide,
Through the spheres of endless love
To lead us in thy home above,
Where neither pain nor grief can mar
The faintest of thy pure desire?

1887.

EASTER MORN.

ON Easter morn He arose from the tomb,
Cast from earth every ray of gloom,
The soul-cleansing spirit to all He gave
Who will come through His blood and be saved.

1887,

O Father, take me by the hand,
Lead me through this barren land!
Open the way and to me show
The path that thou wouldst have me go.

FAITH TURNED TO SIGHT.

On those plains of love divine
Thy weary feet now rest;
Pain and sickness here were thine,
But there among the blest

Sweet faith has turned to sight
And joys unknown,
For those beholding now the light
Around the throne.

The fulness of their joy
Is now complete;
They ever dwell and worship
At His feet.

Beyond the bounds of time,
Beyond this mortal life,
There in that happy clime
They're free from grief and strife.

Through the realms of nature sweet is song,
Yet death has its claims as life moves on;
Oft the young must bend beneath its sway,
And the agéd must its laws obey.

THY MISSION.

Thy mission on this earth may be
The weak and feeble oft to see;
Then open wide thy store of love
That cometh from thy God above.

The faint and weary who are nigh,
Do not pass them heedless by,
But ever with a tender hand
Follow on at God's command.

September 22, 1887.

Oh, the rapturous bliss that filled the soul!
A beautiful vision I did behold,
While lying on my bed to rest,
With neither pain nor grief oppressed.
Oh, can I speak or even tell
The beauties that the eye beheld?
Was it a vision of glory bright,
To fill the soul with heavenly light?
Scenery fair spread around,
Majestic oaks on lofty ground.
The glorious view that did appear
Is more than my pen can make clear.
While gazing on the rapturous sight
My soul was filled with pure delight.
Unconsciousness then o'er me came:
The vision did not long remain.

1887.

The tired feet and weary hands
That rest upon the golden strands,
Made strong in life, from death set free,
Are sheltered through eternity.

PRAISE HIM.

Prayer and praise are comely
In His sight.
The angels rejoice ever
In that light.

On the evening preceding the departure to our new home I lay down to rest at the hour of midnight. Before sleep came upon me, there arose a beautiful vision of all manner of trees and all sizes of an inconceivable number. They spread over vast plains, green and fresh in appearance, clothed in a garb of beauty. While my eyes rested on this lovely scene, the following lines came into my mind:

Fruitful yet will be thy store:
Thy basket may be running o'er.
These trees that now before thee rise
Fill thy soul with great surprise,
Yet seed from them must be sown
That God will one day call His own.

September 23, 1887.

GIVE ME THINE HEART.

O my son, if thou wilt give
Me thine heart, believe, and live,
Break and eat the living bread,
On my body thou'lt be fed.

Drink the cup in memory, too,
Of the blood once shed for you;
Stamp its image on thine heart;
Never more from it depart.

1887.

World's, as it were, before me there,
In magnificent grandeur did appear,
Beautiful plains of perfect green,
While mountain-peaks were to be seen.

Majestic oaks and trees so fine
In beauty arose before my mind;
My soul was filled with this vision bright
Until sleep closed it from my sight.

December 22, 1887.

A REQUIEM.

FIVE winters in my life have passed,
And many changes o'er it cast,

Since she, the young and fair,
Within our home did dwell,
An inmate there.

The wind a requiem chants
O'er her tomb,
While summers five have passed
Through bud and bloom.

December 23, 1887.

BEAUTIFUL plains there spread around,
Majestic oaks on spiritual ground.
While meditating in calm repose
On the grandeur that before me rose,
Slumber came o'er me and hid the sight
Of the vision so full of light.

1887.

TO LIZZIE.

IN thy childhood days
To us thou didst come,
With sweet winning ways
To brighten our home.

Bringing smiles of love
To cheer all our way,
Thy dear presence was
As the light of day.

Since then years have flown,
With time changes come,
Yet still we welcome
Thy smiles to our home.

1888.

LOOK TO JESUS.

Oh, thou weary-hearted one,
Look to Jesus Christ the Son!
He will raise thy hopes on high,
Shelter thee when danger's nigh.

Follow to Gethsemane,
Lo! this agony for thee,
Pray that thy faith fail thee not,
Seeing thus His bitter lot.

See the anguish, grief, and pain,
That we eternal life might gain.
Touched by our sorrows is He,
His love's depth eternity.

January, 1888.

OUR DARLING.

O my sweet, beloved boy!
Could I clasp thy hand
In eternal joy,
It would lift this heart of mine,
Fill my soul with love divine.

Thy lovely form and noble brow,
Can I not see them even now,
As, musing on the past awhile,
I see thy sweet and winning smile?

Can angels think thee e'en more fair,
Although thy smiles they ever share?
With one long, loving look divine,
Hast thou entered this heart of mine.

And as the sun that shines afar,
So can I feel thy heavenly power,
In mystic visions from above,
Shedding forth eternal love.

Thy pure love, that is divine,
Clings, I know, to this heart of mine.
O our beautiful brown-eyed boy!
I love thee in eternal joy.

January 12, 1888.

OH, WHAT IS DEATH?

THE bud just opening into bloom
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Where new floods of celestial light
Will ever open to the sight,—
Oh, what joy within the soul
Those glories to behold!
When through worlds of endless light
The spirit takes its onward flight,
What can hinder then the way,
Released from this mortal clay?
Through boundless space and spheres unknown
The spirit there will seek its own;
No more to sin can ever turn,
But heavenly love and mercy learn.
New worlds of beauty there unfold
To feed and feast the hungry soul.
Oh, what is death but endless life
Beyond all mortal strife?

January, 1888.

I WILL lead thee to Eden bowers
Where grow immortal flowers.
There the heavy-laden will find rest
And in those bowers be blest.

WHILE on my bed I did repose
Wondrous beauty before me rose,
Celestial landscapes bright and green,
That enchanted my soul within;
The scene before me spread around
Until in slumber I was found.

February 11, 1888.

LOVE.

Love them? yes, we love them more
On that pure and heavenly shore;
Our love for them can never die;
It reaches far beyond the sky.
All the love that God has given
Can reach to the highest heaven,
Can reach beyond this lower earth,
Can reach up to the higher birth.
Our love can reach beyond the sky,
Can reach where pleasures never die,
Can reach to their home in heaven,
Whence eternal love is given.
Love that cometh from on high
Can never, oh, can never die!
That which cometh from above
Is lasting and is endless love.
Love which to a mother's given
Cometh from the courts of heaven.
Though death may break the bond in twain,
Her love the stronger will remain.
A mother's love will ever flow
And in the courts of heaven grow;
Even from her home on high
A mother's love can never die;
And when children from her go,
It reaches from the depth below
To their home in heaven on high,
Where endless pleasures never die.

1888.

Jesus sheds His smiles around
Where love and innocence are found.
The Spirit hovers near to seek
The life within that he would greet.
Hail the Spirit's quickening powers,
Whose love will surely kindle ours,
And open wide the way to God,
The way in which we all should tread.

February 12, 1888.

PURE AS THE SNOW.

THE snow is falling in fleecy white,
I wonder is baby's heart as light?
Has sorrow ever filled her breast,
Grief or pain given her unrest?
That fair brow, unsullied now
As the pure and driven snow,
Knows naught of sorrow, grief, or pain;
Oh, could it always thus remain!
Dear little one, just three years old,
All thy years may joys unfold;
May thy pathway shine as bright,
Thy little heart be ever light,
As in the years that thou hast seen
Under the sunshine's golden sheen.
May roses o'er thy pathway fall;
May the great God who rules o'er all
Shield thee ever from fear and harm
With His all-protecting arm.

February 12, 1888.

OUR BELOVED.

THE influence of thy holy love
Bids me seek thy home above,
Awakes within this heart of mine
Peace and joy that is divine,
Filling my soul with rapturous bliss,
Bidding me seek true happiness.
When in spirit thou art near,
My weak, feeble heart to cheer,
With thy peaceful look divine
Meet this sinful heart of mine,
Bringing sweet influence from that land
Where dwells a holy, happy band;
Oh, may I meet thy smiles with love,
When wafted from thy home above!

1888.

A VISION.

WHILE lying on my couch at night,
A vision full of love and light
Opened before my view,
Were any forms there that I knew?
Little children fair to see
Thronged the happy company,
Arising in splendor before my eyes,
Filling my soul with sweet surprise.
Both young and old I there did see,
Joining the throng in ecstasy;
Love o'erflowed this heart of mine,
Filling my soul with joy divine.

April 4, 1888.

NEAR THE WEEPING-WILLOW TREE.

PURE drops of water descend from the sky
Over the mounds where our treasures lie,
And the sun, like crystal, through clouds will shine
Over the spot that is divine.

While the angels quickly from heaven descend,
In beauty their vigils ever to lend,
In the deep, quiet stillness of the night
When the stars above are shining bright.

While the dew o'er the earth shall moisten their bed,
In God's kingdom their spirits are led;
There the fair lily in beauty may bloom,
And the rose may shed its sweet perfume
Over the spot that is so precious to me,
Near the weeping-willow tree.

May 24, 1888.

TRESSES.

LONG years it has been lying there,
A little tress of golden hair.
Those silken locks that once were mine,
Shall I e'er again them find?

Over shoulders that were brown
Hung those golden ringlets down,
And a cluster of dark-brown hair
Clung around a forehead fair.
Those locks of brown and golden hair
In celestial orbs are shining there;
To thee again will be restored
In the kingdom of our Lord.

1888.

ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER-IN-LAW, MARY JANE PYLE.

Thy weary days and nights are past,
Safe at home thou art at last;
Changed in the twinkling of an eye,
To ascend to worlds on high.

Released from pain and suffering now,
Wreaths immortal crown thy brow,
Where shades of glory spread around
Upon that pure and sinless ground.

There joy will swell within the soul
As on the endless ages roll;
Increasing beauties will arise
To fill the soul with glad surprise.

Pain will be over,
Yes, over forever,
When love fills the soul;
Sorrow and sickness
We'll know there never,
When we those beauties behold.

1888.

O my sweet one, my fair one,
Whom my soul did adore!
The mystical beauty
That spread thy brow o'er

Arises before me as
When thou didst stand
And reached forth in love
Thy lily-white hand.

May, 1888.

SPRING-TIME.

THE spring-time is coming,
When none shall be sad,
Fresh breezes blowing
To make His people glad.
Summer always will be there,
Where wafts the pure ethereal air,
In the heavenly places fair.

SEEK for peace and truth profound,
Attract the heavenly bodies round;
God will be near to shield thy way,
Will be thy everlasting stay.

UNTO NEWNESS OF LIFE.

ALL glory is opened to the soul that is led
To the banqueting feast, on God's love to be fed;
Shining with lustre will be that pure light
When it dawns on our spiritual sight;
A radiant beam will then ever flow,
That will teach us God's wisdom to know.
As the bud comes forth in beauty to bloom,
Unto newness of life have we come.
The beautiful lily that is to us fair,
As it shines in its glory, will seem more rare;
And to God's creatures, as before us they stand,
More willing we'll be to stretch forth a hand
To help and to lead them to that better land

Where flowers in beauty forever do bloom,
Spreading around their sweet perfume.
The spark which to us is infinite light
Will shine in God's kingdom gloriously bright.

June, 1888.

ON THE BREAST OF THE WAVES.

With the ebb and flow of the tide
A ship proudly sails o'er the ocean wide,
Bearing far away from my side
One in manhood's strength and pride.

Keep him safe, O ye angels!
A holy, happy band;
Keep him safe, O ye angels!
And bring him back to land.

Though the winds may beat and blow
And the sea may overflow,

Keep him safe, O ye angels!
From your realms on high;
Keep him safe, O ye angels!
When danger draws nigh.

Though upon the ocean deep
One in sorrow there may sleep,

Keep him safe, O ye angels!
Whisper peace to his soul;
Keep him safe, O ye angels!
While the wild billows roll.

Though the ocean heave and roar,
May the ship land safe on shore.

Keep him safe, O ye angels!
From yon far golden strand;
Keep him safe, O ye angels!
And bring him home to land.

September 3, 1888.

A DREAM.

On September 4, 1888, I dreamed that from the fingers of my left hand grew small branches, while my right hand was covered with sores. Hence the following lines:

Out of sore trials thou must come,
The love of God to show,
And those branches, one by one,
That from Thy hand did grow,
In future time to come
Their import then will show.
Be swift to see and slow to speak;
God would have thee near Him keep.
Sin, as sores, spreads through the land;
Go, ever lend a helping hand.

What of all this grief and pain,
When eternal life we gain!
Roses strewn around our path
That eternally will last.

"FOR HE CARETH FOR YOU."

Lord, let my burden rest with thee;
The end of all things thou canst see.
Oh, may I not take it again,
That it may give me grief or pain!
If thou dost think it best for me,
Oh, let it ever rest with thee!
Cheer this sad, weary heart of mine,
And never more let it repine.

Let not this day upon
Me close
Until my spirit sinks
In calm repose,
And sweet communion may I see,
Dear Lord, again with thee.

1888.

Thy spirit friends to thee will bring
Help to cheer in the hour of pain ;
Count it not bitterness or loss
To bear with Christ the heavy cross.

September, 1888.

We know not how our Lord will come,
When nor where ;
But for that day of final doom
Let us prepare.

Oh, may it then to us be said,
"Peace, be still."
With the love of Christ our Lord
We shall be filled.

1888.

Away in some far-off planet,
In fairer worlds on high,
Shining in celestial glory,
We'll meet them by and by.

1888.

"GOOD-BY, FLOWERS."

Two little maidens unknown to me,
By chance I happened one day to see ;
Swiftly onward rushed the train
When suddenly to a halt it came ;

Where on banks of grass so green
Beautiful wild flowers were seen.
When the cars passed on their way,
The younger, with a smile, did say,—

"Good-by, flowers," and the older one
Repeated the same as the cars moved on,
Quickly passing on their way
Before they more to the flowers could say.

One had long, light, curly hair,
The other a winning smile did wear.
The pleasing picture lingers yet;
'Tis one I will not soon forget.

November, 1888.

As the dying year passed from our sight,
Before me came a vision bright;
With pleasure I beheld the scene,
Opening to view fields of living green,
And I did behold a rocky plain of barren wastes,
Where no ethereal flowers grew;
And while my eyes with eagerness for beauty traced,
A vision before my view there came of living green.
In splendor arose this lovely scene:
Beautiful landscapes on every side,
Extending far and wide.
While I yet beheld the beauties round,
I sank into slumber sweet, profound.

December, 1888.

EVER MINE.

Though the stars in their ceaseless glory are spread,
And the sun, too, doth shine,
And time in its course from me has fled
Since I called him mine;

Though seasons to me have passed and gone
And their beauty has flown,
No change has effaced his fair form from my sight;
He who was my delight.

Like the gentle breezes that waft away,
He is with me to-day;
Those beautiful arms that around me did twine,
I still call them mine.

And that look of love that I once did adore,
Is to me as of yore.
Though time on its ceaseless wings may fly,
He will ever be nigh.

December 7, 1888.

O SPIRIT of blessedness, wing to us thy flight,
That will ever encircle our souls with light!
And when the dark shadows around us fall,
Oh, may thy power sustain us through all!

December, 1888.

WHAT ARE THE SONGS HE IS SINGING?

WHAT are the songs he is singing,
Surrounded by beings so fair?
In heaven the bells are ringing;
The music, oh, how rich and rare!

There, in deepest love and praises,
Low before the throne he doth bow;
And one tranquil thought his lay is,
For all glory surrounds him now.

1888.

"NO NIGHT THERE."

There is no night by the living stream;
Flowers are ever growing green.

Gentle breezes flowing on
In a song,
Making music on their way
Every day.
Garlands fair, very rare,
There may be,
Spreading light o'er the night
For you and me.

WHAT is it that I can see
In that look of purity,
Beaming love within thine eyes,
Filling my soul with surprise?
Can it be that thou dost find
Love within this heart of mine,
To meet thy soul divine?

1888.

A VISION before my mind arose
That sunk my spirit in sweet repose.
All grief was hid then from my sight
When I beheld the vision bright.
Worlds of beauty were to be seen
Before my eyes, of living green;
Soothing my spirit unto rest,
For grief had sunk within my breast.

1888.

LOVE.

I LOVED thee, I loved thee;
Oh, the depth of the word!
Thy voice within my soul
Sweet music stirred.
One glance from thy pure
And tender eyes
Would thrill my heart
With glad surprise.

Thou, so gentle, true,
Loving, and kind,
Lifted my soul up
Unto things divine;
Spreading around my
Path pure light,
Making all things
To me seem bright.

December 11, 1888.

THE LIVING STREAM.

Come to the fountain of pure living water,
Whence life doth flow.
Come to the fountain of pure living water
And Jesus you'll know.

There with thy Saviour forever abide
Close by His side.
Ever flowing with love is that fountain for thee;
Come and be free.

Strength and new life to thee He'll give;
Oh, come now and live!
Turn not away from this fountain so free
That is opened for thee.

Oh, come, drink of this stream,
And through Christ be made clean!
There forever abide
Close by His side.

April 10, 1889.

"HOLD THOU ME UP AND I SHALL BE SAFE."

Oh, for strength, that I may stand!
Hold me by thy mighty hand;
Keep thy weak and feeble child,
Help me in the hour of trial;

Shield me in the hour of woe,
Through all sorrow with me go.
When the enemy's at hand,
O dear Lord, help me to stand!
Oh, for strength, dear Lord, to bear
Every burden I must share!
May thy smiles be round my way,
Thy arm my everlasting stay.

April 10, 1889.

The angels are bending o'er my brow.
Hark! what is it I hear now?
A heavenly host is near at hand,
Calling me to that fair land.
Hark! 'tis celestial sounds I hear,
The angel choir is drawing near,
Bidding my soul in peace arise
To fairer mansions in the skies.

1889.

Keep a single eye to God,
Lean upon His holy Word;
He will guide thee by His hand
And lead thee through this dreary land.
Whatever may thy path assail,
O'er the foe thou wilt prevail.

1889.

Ye dear little ones, happy at play,
Angels are smiling on you to-day;
While in the realms of eternal joy
They enfold with love my darling boy.

May 3, 1889.

Open wide, dear Lord, the way
That brings me nearer day by day;
Cleanse from every sinful thought,
That through thy blood I may be bought.

Lovers' love and poets' pen
Glide along unto the end.

"SUFFER THE LITTLE ONES TO COME UNTO ME."

Thy little babe, so sweet and fair,
Entwined around thy heart its love;
Though cherished by a mother's care,
God called it home above.

Every hour to thee it seemed
Far dearer than the last;
Though thy strong love o'er it did lean,
Through death thou saw it pass.

Sweet summers five quickly fled,
Thy bud more tender grew;
As thou watched it day by day,
Thou saw it fade from view.

Soon thy sweet babe passed away
To that land so fair;
Thy love grows stronger day by day,
Until thou'lt meet it there.

1889.

DEAD—TEN THOUSAND DEAD—IN THE VALLEY OF THE CONEMAUGH, MAY 31, 1889.

All nature, in her living green,
With foliage fair was to be seen
On that wild, eventful day
When Johnstown was swept away.
The rain in torrents was falling fast,
Forcing its way with a heavy blast,

Raising the waters and tidal flow,
Swiftly onward see it go!
The elements in their anger rent,
Parted, and o'er the city spent
The fury of their raging power.
Oh, what an awful and trying hour!
The waters still are rising fast,
The wind is blowing a heavy blast.
Rise, mighty waters, roll on in your course,
Direful destruction lies in your great force.
The babe in its cradle knows not its woe,
Nor the heart-stricken mother; soon the anguish she'll know.
Rise, mighty waters; the angels arise
And spread forth their pinions from their home in the skies.
While viewing the scenes of sorrow below,
Forth from the arches of heaven they go.
Some frightened ones are heard to say,
"What if the dam should now give way?"
Hark! there's a signal coming through the town,
A horseman at lightning speed is hurrying down.
"Flee for your lives!" quickly he is heard to say;
"Danger is near at hand; soon will the dam give way!"
Some in consternation there did stand,
Saying, "Surely crazed must be this man!"
While others to the mountains do escape;
Yet thousands meet a sad and awful fate.
A mist o'er the city now is seen,
While moments few do intervene.
Hark! there's a roaring, a rumbling sound,
The rushing waters are coming down.
The helpless city of Johnstown lay
At the mercy of the flood when the dam gave way.
Oh, the awful moment, the crushing, the rushing, the rumbling sound
When this water came wildly down,
While thousands in a moment there
Were hurled by the rushing, roaring torrents in despair!
And this brave rider his sad fate doth meet
As he is hurrying on from street to street

To warn them of the danger nigh:
In one short hour see the city in destruction lie.
O'er such sorrow the angels well might weep
To see them struggling in the deep;
The helpless parted from their parents dear
When such great sorrow was so near.
Yet in that sad and trying hour
Were shown great courage, love, and power.
The mother sought her babe to save
While on the brink of a watery grave;
But oh, the awful impending doom!
Thousands must to their fate succumb.
Youth and old age together go
Through the surging waves, washed far below,
The current swiftly bearing them along
Until rescue to some doth come.
Thousands sweeping down the stream,
At the fatal bridge how dreadful was the scene!
Dear friends hurrying on to wait,
Hoping to rescue some from their sad fate;
But oh, the awful sight they now behold!
Their sorrow and anguish are increased tenfold.
Thousands wedged in the burning débris there,
Writhing in agony and deep despair;
Powerless dear friends are now to save
Their loved ones from a burning grave.
For acres the wreck is packed so tight
That dear ones are hid from mortal sight,
Some crying and pleading for help to come.
In that trying hour what could be done?
Far above the roar of the wild waters arose
Loud cries and sobs of anguish from the friends of those
Who in the débris were writhing in agony and pain;
From the hill-side loud lamentations came.
All human aid that could be shown was to them given;
Their cries now seemed to rend the vaults of heaven.
On the hill-side, in agony and despair,
Children are weeping for their parents there,
And parents for their children grieving just the same,
Their supplications to heaven seeming in vain.

No pen could paint the dreadful scene,
Nor time from the eye that picture screen;
For those who did the sight behold
Sorrow and anguish would fill the soul.
Their dear ones there are left to die,
Penned in the wreck from mortal eye,
Where no aid could to them come,
Save through the help of God's dear Son.

O ye angels that attend
To witness such a sight,
While your spotless robes of beauty blend
With pure eternal light;
Spread your heavenly beams around;
Seek the lost where they may be found.

A sweet little babe in its cradle lay,
By the surging billows washed away;
While an angel its passage notes,
On down the stream it safely floats
To the town of Pittsburg, where it arrives
And is rescued there with glad surprise.
In mercy through the raging storm
The helpless little thing was borne
With a happy smile upon its face,
Not chilled by death's cold, stern embrace;
While thousands perished near at hand
This little babe has reached the land.
Friends are hurrying to and fro,
Seeking their lost ones now to know.
A fair young girl at the morgue there lay
With many more on that sad day;
Perfect both in form and face,
While robes of the richest did her grace.
As she lay in beauty there,
With her long, dark, flowing hair,
Strangers now do pass her by.
"Oh, where is mine?" is the mournful cry.
No one claims that form so fair,
In beauty and innocence lying there.

Some have come and claimed their own,
But her fair form to none is known.
A little girl with golden hair,
Loved by all who knew her there,
When search was made for her around,
In a cellar she was found
With a smile upon her face,
Beautiful in death's embrace.
An heroic woman, far down the stream,
Firm at her post still stands,
With danger and death so near at hand.
Onward she sends the news below,
Quickly across the wires they go.
The waters now are rising fast,
Coming to her waist at last;
But with courage there she stays,
Facing death amid the waves.
Speedily the news she sends;
Soon her mission on earth will end.
The waters are closing around her fast;
Another message: "This will be my last!"
All is hushed, her voice is still,
No more her duty can she fulfil;
This noble woman, so true and brave,
At her post has found a grave.
A city, Phœnix like, may rise
Where now such desolation lies;
Again they may adorn the place
Where great destruction lieth waste;
Nature fair, in her living green,
O'er Johnstown may again be seen;
But ne'er can living friends forget
The grief and anguish which they've met.

June 14, 1889.

O MY love, so fair of face,
With matchless charms and winning grace!
Could I behold that brow so fair,
And smooth again that dark-brown hair!

"TRY, TRY AGAIN."

Our little boy with eyes of brown
And many ringlets hanging down;
His motto was in every need,
"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again."

"Time," so often he would say,
"Will bring its great reward."
When in innocence at play,
These were his loving words.

In his short life he did fulfil
This motto every day,
With energy and wondrous skill,
Even when at his play.

"Time will bring its great reward,"
Oft we heard the sweet refrain,
"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again."

July, 1889.

A DREAM OF THE PAST.

While sitting on the porch to-day,
My thoughts are straying far away
To the many changes that have passed
Through the years gone by at last.
All seems calm, fair, and serene
As the days were to me then;
Nature, in all her lovely charms,
Encircles me within her arms,
As when, under the blooming trees,
I sat among the busy bees,
With the birds chirping all around
And music sweet in every sound.

The time comes back to me again,
The past and future lie between ;
What of the past I know full well,
But of the future who can tell?

1889.

Quicken, O Lord, and keep from sin,
Create anew our hearts within ;
Make the spark of life to grow,
That we may more and more
Thy glory ever know.

THE SUMMER LAND.

In the beautiful summer land
Where fadeless fields do bloom,
In the beautiful summer land
For myriads there yet is room.
Flowing in for evermore
Are countless ones on that fair shore
Where the rippling waters sweet
Are ever murmuring at their feet.
There the gentle breezes
Waft their rich perfume
Through an endless noon.
Oh, in that bright summer land
Among the many may we stand !

THY FRIEND.

In the fair fields elysian there's one waiting for thee,
In the fair fields elysian when thy spirit's set free.

Think not of the times that are ended
Apparently now in thy sight,
But think your spirits will be blended
In pure eternal light.

Not a cloud will o'ershadow
The faintest hopes that are thine,
But on the plains in glory
She will ever call thee "mine."

Hand in hand there together
On those fair plains you will roam;
Naught can then mar the pleasure
Of your pure eternal home.

Think not of the times that are faded
Apparently now in thy sight,
But think of those glorious mansions
Where again your souls will unite.

1889.

We meet, we meet, so soon to part,
Scarce a pulsation of the heart may pass
To tell the pain
Ere we shall meet again.

1889.

THE BROKEN STEM.

The stem has fallen
From the rose-bud
That once they placed
In his hand.
Long years have passed
Since then:
Our boy would have
Grown to a man.

Low down in the frame
There it lies,
A reminder of other days,
Of our darling's prattling talk
And sweet, winning ways.

Oft with thoughtful brow
He would stand,
Speaking of things he would do
When he was a man.

November 7, 1889.

WHAT IS LOVE?

WHAT is love? It is a spark that comes from the essence. God is love.

That essence is spread through the universe and through all worlds hanging on His hands. It is boundless in its course, spreading and illuminating in its path; the divine ray that has been drawn from the great source of the universe, which will grow through all worlds and cannot die.

1889.

OUR SPIRIT FRIENDS.

O FRIENDS so pure and true! what could
Beguile your thoughts away
From helping and leading us up
To everlasting day?
With loving smiles you hover near
Around our path, our life to cheer.

1889.

LINGER NEAR.

O THOU pure and angel guide,
I feel thy presence near my side!
Hast thou not come to cheer my way,
To bring me light and with me stay?
Thy spirit life that is divine
Now can search this heart of mine.

What are days and nights to thee?
My inner life canst thou not see?
One pure smile or look of thine,
Will it not lift this heart of mine?
O my love, keep near my side,
And ever be my light and guide!
And when beyond this world of woe,
Through higher spheres still with me go.

December 23, 1889.

Many winters have passed away
Since thy fair form on Christmas-day
Graced our board.
There, upon those plains above,
Fairer is thy home of love
With the Lord.

December 23, 1889.

BELLS OF THE PAST.

THE far-distant sound of the bells I hear,
Their lingering tones to my heart are dear;
Ever will I cherish days that are past,
Though the tones of those bells no longer last.

The sound of those bells how I loved to hear!
Their soft cadence then was sweet to my ear;
That spot I yet see, how dear 'twas to me!
Surrounded by sweet scenes of the past
That will in my heart ever last.

February 2, 1890.

SPRING has come with all its gladness,
Robing the earth in green;
Many hearts are bowed with sadness,
While others may be seen
Enjoying the living gladness
Of the opening spring.

1890.

Go tell to a perishing world
What thy Saviour has done for thee;
Go tell to a perishing world
How from sin He has set thee free.

FRANCINE.

Five years our darling is to-day;
Five bright summers have passed away
Since her tender, loving smile
Oft has our weary hours beguiled,
And the music of her sweet voice
Has made our hearts with love rejoice.

Those blue eyes of matchless hue
Speak of innocence so true;
Little hands and pattering feet
Come with fond love us to greet.
Hers is a brow pure and fair,
Clustered o'er with golden hair.

Yes, just five years old to-day;
Five summers have passed away
Since a tiny cherub dear
Came with light our home to cheer.
Thus may it be through bud and bloom,
As five more years may go and come.

May our darling be glad and gay
Is grandma's wish for her to-day.
A little older then she'll be,
And fairer, too, I think, to see;
For "Blue eyed Sweetness" will be then
A little girl of summers ten.

Oh, may the years for her alway
Pass as a bright summer day!

February 10, 1890.

ETERNITY.

WHAT will our greeting be
On the shores of eternity?
Our loved ones we will meet
And their sweet faces greet.
Oh, what raptures will then fill the soul
When we again them behold!

The glory around the throne
Then to us will be known.
The light of God's countenance,
That is shed from on high,
Will forever be nigh.

Oh, glorious meeting!
Oh, happy greeting!

With the smiles of our Saviour
Greeting us there,
Oh, what will it be
For you and for me?

When those gates stand ajar,
And we are called higher,
Will the great white throng
Be marching along
In glory so brightly arrayed
That no heed to us will be paid?

The divine spark of love
There will flow,
And in heaven our friends
We will know.

Oh, glorious meeting!
Oh, happy greeting!

April 15, 1890.

A DREAM.

I SAW our darling child again;
To me with loving words she came;
Sweet verses from her heart did flow;
She strove to make us their import know.
Weak and feeble was her lily hand;
Scarcely could she make us understand.
Wondering, we listened to her there,
While sweet songs for us she did prepare.
As with kind and loving words she spoke,
I suddenly from my dream awoke.

May 3, 1890.

ALL our hopes hang on thy infinite love;
Oh, may thy blessings descend from above!
Be thou ever near to open the way
That at last will lead us to endless day.

1890.

LET THY LIGHT SHINE.

LET thy light shine day by day,
While here upon thy pilgrim way;
Though weary yet may be the task,
The harvest will be reaped at last.
This light to thee was not given
An idle tale, but sent from heaven;
Thy pen must work, and thither go,
God's love and mercy thus to show.

A VISION in splendor before me arose of vernal green;
With joy I gazed upon the lovely scene,
Spreading its beauteous green on every side
As far as the eye could reach or the sight guide.

1890.

REST.

Rest from thy burdens,
O weary one!
Life has begun.
Rest where palaces are fair,
For no sorrow dwelleth there.

Rest from thy burdens,
O weary one!
Rest where joy and peace
Are known.

OH, FILL MY SPIRIT!

Linger yet a little while;
Linger yet, my darling child.
From that far-off orb on high
Canst thy spirit now draw nigh
To fill my soul with longings sweet
And make my joy within complete?
In thy fair home, what is there?
Thy joy and beauty can I share?
Fill my spirit full of love;
Raise me to thyself above;
Teach my inner self to know
All the beauty thou canst show.
Linger yet a little while,
My dear and lovely child.

1890.

"WHAT IS MAN, THAT THOU ART MINDFUL OF HIM?"

What am I,
That I can look up
To thee so high?
A part of thyself,
To cling to thee

Through time and
All eternity.
While in this casket
Here I stay,
Though bowed with grief
From day to day,
Thou art my life,
My refuge then,
On whom I ever
May depend.
Thou wilt help in
The hour of need,
And bid my spirit
Upward speed
To that source whence
Love doth flow.
Our life, our strength,
Our refuge thou,
A safe retreat to which
We may forever go.

July 13, 1890.

TO LIZZIE S. S.

Like the sweet flowers
In their rich perfume,
Ever in thy heart
May my love find room.

My soul in raptures doth arise
To view the mansions in the skies;
I see within those walls so fair
Beautiful beings dwelling there,
Luring my soul away
To dwell in endless day.

1890.

WE BRING OUR CARES.

HELP us to bear, O God of love!
Until we reach our home above,
Where, in everlasting light,
No sorrow e'er our souls will blight.
Strengthen, O Lord, the inner man!
Guide us, through love, with thee to stand,
Up to thy home of endless bliss,
Where peace and plenty ever is;
Where sorrow never more can roll
To grieve or blight the weary soul.

1890.

LET thy mind dwell on things
That will not faithless prove;
Let thy mind dwell on pure
Eternal love.
Light from the pure celestial
Spheres will flow;
Ever shalt thou turn thy thoughts
From things below.

WAITING FOR THE MORNING.

ARE we waiting for the morning,
For the spring and dawn?
Are we waiting for the morning
That is hastening on?
When the daylight doth appear
Shall we then have naught to fear?
All things will clap their hands with joy
On that fadeless morn,
When sin no more can peace destroy
And righteousness will dawn.

1890.

JESUS IS CALLING.

On yon bright, celestial shore
Jesus is calling, calling evermore,—

"Turn, oh, turn! for I am nigh,
To draw you home to worlds on high,
Where shines a pure, eternal day;
My blood will wash all sin away.
Come, oh, come and sup with me,
From sin and bondage be set free!
The door is opened wide for all
Who will ever on me call.
See these hands, behold my side,
Where living streams ever abide.
Open still are they for thee,
Ever flowing my love will be,
Calling evermore for thee."

October 29, 1890.

IN A FEW SHORT YEARS.

God will wipe away our tears
In a few more years.
Oh, the change that to us will come,
When we're at home!
This world, with all its cares and strife,
Passed out of life,
What then will be our future bliss,
To see all this!
The record of our lives will there be seen —
What we have been—
Stamped on the image of the soul
As ages roll.
O helpless spirit, let each day
Be an upward way!
For God will wipe away our tears
In a few short years.

December 1, 1890.

O DEAREST one, if I to-day
Could to thy bowers flee away;
Behold thee in thy home so fair,
And with thee all the beauty share
That doth surround thee now!
Oh, what would be my joy to see
Thy fair and lovely brow;
Could I again thy beauty trace
And look upon thy smiling face!
Fair one, if I could see
Thee in thy home of liberty,
My joy would be so great that so
I would forever with thee go.

December 18, 1890.

TO ELLA.

MAY flowers thy pathway strew
As pure and fresh as those
That in Shenstone's garden grew,—
The garden of the poet,
The sweetest spot on earth.
May they richer there be strewn
In thy eternal birth.

ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOP.

ON a vast mountain-top
I seemed to stand,
Viewing, as it were,
The glory of the land.
On this wonderful height
A vast building stood;
And while I was gazing upon this great height,
Thinking how I could escape, if I would,
A thought quickly passed through my mind,

And my spirit was in an instant
To distant worlds inclined ;
And from that grand and wonderful height
My spirit seemed to take its onward flight.
Then, while the vision from me closed,
I sank in deep repose.

February, 1891.

WISDOM.

O INFINITE Wisdom ! O source of all power !
Thy gates are for evermore standing ajar.
O source of expansion, how wide is thy sway !
All beauty forever adorning thy way.
Thy gates are for evermore standing ajar,
O infinite Wisdom ! to call us higher.

April 24, 1891.

THERE'S ONLY A STEP BETWEEN.

OUR eyes have been heavy with weeping,
Our eyes have been wet with tears ;
For their vision of beauty fades not
From us with the passing years.

When the spring-time dawns in its glory,
Filling the fair earth with green,
With bright smiles they're hovering near us ;
There's only a step between.

May, 1891.

A VISION.

ERE my spirit sank in calm repose,
Lo ! before my sight vast mountains rose,
With peaks extending a wondrous height,
While landscapes in their splendor
Opened to my sight ;

With foliage of trees spreading
O'er those mountain-sides,
Where untold beauty
Evermore abides.
While wondering at this lovely scene,
Visions of beings passed between.
Soon my spirit sank in deep repose,
And slumber my eyelids closed.

1891.

OUR STRENGTH.

O THOU great Deliverer,
Help us on our way;
Let thy countenance o'er us
Shine from day to day!
Though the winds may fiercely blow
And the shades of night may fall,
O thou great Deliverer,
Who ruleth over all,
Give us strength,
That we may stand,
While passing on
To Canaan's land!
Lift us up when
We may fall,
O thou great Deliverer,
Who ruleth over all!

1891.

NOT lo, here! not lo, there!
Is the kingdom seen;
For the kingdom of heaven
Is found within.

ONE BY ONE.

One by one our children
Have passed from our side:
Death claimed the youngest,
The eldest is a bride.
May he whom she's chosen
To walk by her side,
Prove faithful and loving,
Her protector and guide.

May prosperity ever
Dwell near their side,
May she who has left me
To become his bride
Not forget mother
As she walks by his side.
May love's chain that has bound us
In the past still be round us.

1891.

LITTLE EVELYN.

Sweet little creature,
Perfect both in form and feature;
Thy baby face, so old and wise,
Fills our hearts with glad surprise;
Thy sweet smiles and dimples fair
With the angels must compare.
Fairer than the buds of May,
Thou art three weeks old to-day.
Do the angels from the skies
Watch o'er our dear babe so wise?
In the future what will be,
Darling babe, in store for thee?

June 20, 1891.

TO ANNIE.

ALONG thy path may clouds be few
That will arise,
And may the sunshine banish them
With sweet surprise.

A VISION of beauty before me came,
A vast plain of living green appeared in view,
Reaching onward and upward;
To the sight 'twas grand and new.
Oh, the glory of the shade that spread around,
And the foliage of lofty trees in groups
That did here and there abound!
Making the velvety green of those
Lovely landscapes inspire my very soul.
As I, in wonder, their beauty did behold,
Slumber sunk my spirit in repose,
And then the vision from me closed.

July 3, 1891.

GO FORTH.

CHILD of sorrow, child of woe,
I will lead thee where'er thou'lt go.
Thou shalt surely kiss the rod
And bow to God.
Behold the way, make no delay;
Why shouldst thou doubting stand?
His voice is near to give thee cheer;
Go forth at His command.

July 31, 1891.

AWAKE, O God, within my breast
The joys of pure, undying rest!
Let not my spirit be cast down,
For sorrow deep may win a crown.

Should sore trials be near at hand,
Oh, ever give me strength to stand!
And lift them from this heart of mine,
That only thee a place may find.

1892.

It will soon be over,
Yes, over forever,
And our souls to the realms
Of endless bliss will soar.
On those beautiful banks
Where peace dwelleth ever
We'll rest for evermore.

1892.

Nature, in her lovely charms,
To me is fair,
And the beauty of the heart
I, too, would share.

1892.

A VISION.

While my spirit was with grief oppressed,
My heart filled with keen unrest,
A lovely vision before me came,
And there awhile it did remain,
Spreading its beauty around.
Things that were inconceivable,
Upon spiritual ground,
Opened to my view,
Calming and filling my heart with peace,
Until my grief did in slumber cease.

January 19, 1892.

"CHOOSE YOU THIS DAY WHOM YE WILL SERVE."

From this day take thy stand;
Follow at God's command.
Let thy wavering cease;
There is work for thee to do;

There's a path not strange or new
That God would have thee take.
Let not thy heart be downcast;
He will keep thee to the last.
Shun not the light He has given,
Shining o'er the path to heaven;
In and through Him make thy way.
Cease, oh, cease from bitter strife!
Begin this day.
He bids thee now arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
Become a sacrifice
For Him through endless years.

February 23, 1892.

"PAPA, COME."

"Papa, come to this world of ours,
Where grow immortal flowers;
Where the shining angels stand,
Leading your boy by the hand
Through worlds where glory is arrayed,
All things pure that God has made;
Where joys eternally do reign.
Beyond all worlds, here is no pain;
On these banks of living green
Your little boy is now at rest.
Oh, may your footsteps here be seen,
By neither pain nor grief oppressed!
Papa, come to this home of ours,
Where grow immortal flowers."

I was impressed with a feeling of delight that our little boy was near when these verses came into my mind. May they not have faithful come to draw us to our babe's fair home?

February 24, 1892.

A FACE before my mind arose,
With whisperings low and sweet;
But slumber the dear voice from me closed,
With the words left incomplete.

March 27, 1892.

BEHOLD! a vision glorious, bright,
As if it were celestial light
Of bright clouds drifting by.
Wondering, I gazed upon the scene,
While beautiful clouds came floating on,
All pure and fleecy white,
Calming my spirit unto rest
Till it with sleep my eyelids pressed.

March 28, 1892.

CHIRP, little bird, on yonder tree;
Sweet is your song, oh, birdie free!
No thought of sorrow in your lay.
Sing, little bird, you're free to-day.

OH, fair young face that knows no guile,
May gladness round thy pathway smile.
Like little birds that sing and play,
May life be one bright roundelay.

STAR OF BEAUTY.

O STAR of beauty, star of might,
Keep my soul in peace and quiet!
And may thy brightness ever go
Before my pathway here below.
O may thy light forever shine
Into this poor heart of mine!

THE CYCLONE.

THE sun shines on, the days go by,
The stars look down from heaven on high,
While Nature, in her ruling course,
Is fulfilling her mighty force.
The cyclone rises in the sky,
In doleful darkness draweth nigh;
With swift and fearful force it flies;
Before its strength what danger lies!
To its fury all things must bend.
What awful doom comes in the end!
In a moment, by its mighty sway,
What sorrow in its course must lay!
Our hearts beat loud in great alarm,
While God is moving in the storm.
How weak and feeble then are we,
While His powerful strength we see!
The cyclone's direful course is spent,
Not heeding the path in which it went;
While Nature, in her calm repose,
Seeks to beautify her woes.
The sun sheds forth his beauteous light,
While the stars look down through shades of night.

November, 1892.

RAYS OF GLORY.

EFFULGENT rays of glory
  Appeared in view,
And my spiritual sight
  The beauty did pursue.
Clusters of fine trees
  Arose before me there,
With living green in richness
  Nothing with it could compare.
While viewing the grandeur of this scene,
A group of lovely beings came between.

Marching two by two, as it were,
In splendor I beheld them there.
While gazing on this glorious sight,
My soul sank in sweet repose;
Soon the vision from me closed.

November 18, 1892.

THE BIRDS.

The little birds I hear,
Their voice is sweet and clear;
  Freedom is their song.
They sing and play
A roundelay
  As the days go on.

The voice of God in Nature spoke,
And into life Creation woke.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Oh, ye merry girls and boys,
Many are your Christmas joys,
With your bright and happy faces,
All of you are in your places,
  Making life go on
Brighter for your happy smiles
  And your happy song!

Many years have passed away
Since, upon a Christmas-day,
  Two have graced our board.
Then, with bright and happy faces,
Our dear ones were in their places;
  Now they're with the Lord.

Old Santa Claus then used to come
With many presents to our home;
For, with sweet and smiling faces,
Little ones with joy and graces
Gathered, in their merry glee,
Around a pretty Christmas-tree.
Oh, we then prepared with joy
For our darling brown-eyed boy
And our queen, so fair of face,
Who did home with beauty grace!
What greater joy could there be
Than an unbroken band to see
Gather around the Christmas-tree,
Sharing one another's joys
With their little girls and boys?

December, 1892.

A VAST and barren waste I did behold.
Those groves of parched and withered leaves
Did no beauty to the sight unfold.
No ethereal green seemed to grow
Upon that dry and thirsty ground;
But, instead, tall, majestic trees,
With dry and withered leaves,
Stood silent all around.

1892.

I WILL take thee by the hand,
Lead thee on at my command.
A cloudy pillar before
Thy path will go.
Thy hand shall reap, and yet
Thy hand must sow.

OH, behold the rays of glory
Spreading in their celestial splendor!
Let thy midnight watches be
Ever to attend her.

1892.

COULD WE FORGET OUR OWN?

THE rose and lily soon would droop and die
If the sun should close its orb on high

And shut out the tender light
That gives them life within,
Making their beauty wither
As though it had not been.

Thus tender plants in nature
Would soon decay
If that great source of light from them
Should fade away.

If the light of love be withered,
Shall we droop and die?
Or shall we, like the planets
Fixed in yonder sky,

Stand ever firm and steadfast,
Unmoved by any blast?
Though planets could be shaken and overthrown,
What are we if we could e'er forget our own?

But He who bids them stand
Firm in their place
Bestowed on us that gift
Which cannot be effaced.

Though love may be withered
And seem to die,
Unlike the plant, it will reach
To worlds on high.

December 25, 1892.

A BRIGHT-SHINING star
Beams from afar,
Beckoning thee on.
As clear and as bright,
With as far-reaching light,
Should be thy life of song.

TIME.

"Our time is passing fast away,"
I heard a girl of seven say.
"Last night my playmates were with me;
The time came, they had to go, you see.
The time was slipping fast away,
Even while we were busy at play."
Forward, backward, to and fro,
Making gestures the while, you know,
She spoke of a friend who had passed away,
With a few days' illness, from sport and play,
Saying, "Time from her has passed away;
When God called she must obey.
No matter how strong the mother's love,
When His voice calls them from above,
She must then with her children part,
Though pain and grief should wring her heart."
Thus, while walking to and fro,
Making gestures the while, you know:
"Time on wings did swiftly go,
Waiting for none, and they must part,
Though it should break the mother's heart."
While busy feet went to and fro
Backward, forward, thus and so,
I was pondering in my mind
A moral in those lines to find.

December 27, 1892.

"IS THERE ROOM IN THE CHOIR?"

"Is there room in the choir
For me, mamma?"
I heard a sweet voice say.
Oh, bright blue eyes
And chestnut hair,
Fair as the buds of May!
Along thy pathway, dear,
May there be strewn

Sweet flowers that ever
Will bud and bloom,
And in the heavenly choir above
May thou find a place, my dearest love.

January 26, 1893.

TEN years have passed
Of wintry winds and snowy blast
Since thou, the young and fair,
Left thy home of earthly care.

Gentle breezes waft
Their sweet perfume,
Roses through the years
Bud and bloom.

"WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF."

NATURE'S mandate we must obey,
Fulfilling God's law day by day.
Just as the leaves do fade and fall,
We must obey our Father's call.

February 27, 1893.

EASTER.

O MORNING of beauty,
Adorned as a bride!
O morning of beauty,
Christ rose at thy side!
The birds sang sweetly
While the clouds bent their way,
And the arch of heaven
Re-echoed their lay.

The celestial heavens
Were moving along
When Christ arose
On Easter-morn.
The sweet-scented flowers
Sing a song of His love,
While breezes are wafting
Their praises above.
Bring your offerings and
Flowers so sweet,
Cast them humbly down
Low at His feet.
O morning of glory,
How pure it did dawn,
When Christ arose
On Easter morn!

1893.

Oh, the beautiful vision
That enraptured the soul,
Drawing the spirit
Away to behold,
Up, up, and onward, o'er
Plains of delight!
The spirit soaring through
Wonderful might.
The grandeur around
Enraptures the soul,
Led on by those joys
So sweet to behold.

March 15, 1893.

TO DAVID.

As the sweet scented roses,
From the warmth of the sun,
Open in beauty and bloom,
May the light of God's love
Be shed in thy heart,
To bud and bloom in every part.

"HE GIVETH POWER TO THE FAINT."

Oh, let not my weary heart faint!
Lift the veil from my soul,
That I may thy beauty behold.
Break the walls of my prison, O God,
That I thy glory may see!
Through the help of thy precious Word,
Be ever a follower of thee.
Quicken my soul to obey,
That I may make no delay.
The song of the singer hath come;
Oh, may thy word blossom and bloom,
And rest in the souls of some,
Drawing them to thy home!

1893.

O thou beautiful saint
From on high!
What am I,
To stand near thy soul?
May I forever
God's word obey,
And hasten away
His love to unfold.

April 6, 1893.

THE UNVEILING OF THE SOUL.

Oh, the unveiling of the soul!
To stand in that moment
And behold
The dawning of an endless day
That never again from the sight
Will fade away.
Breaking forth in effulgent glory,
The mystical splendor.
Who at the midnight watches
Would not attend her?

Radiant beyond all thought
Are those mystical visions
That for the soul hath been wrought.
The Godhead unveiled those glories,
When through the wine-press He trod,
That the soul in those mansions
Might behold the beauties of God.

April 29, 1893.

God of love, what am I,
That I can lift up my
Voice on high?
O thou, so great,
Lay me down low
At thy feet,
That I may wait!

1893.

Wondrous beauties before the soul arise,
Opening, as it were, the gates of Paradise;
Drawing the soul unto a calm repose
Until the eyelids close.

THROUGH THE MIST.

The past, like a shadow,
I feel stealing o'er me,
Bringing to view both
Sorrow and pain;
But through the mist
Of the clouds before me
Come joys of the past
That will ever remain.

May 29, 1893.

Lovely scenes did arise
Before the spiritual eyes,
Soothing and calming unto rest
The weary soul that was oppressed.

A beautiful picture came between,
When worn and weary the spirit seemed.
All manner of scenery fair,
Fresh and green, did there appear;
While lovely beings were to be seen
Upon that bright and living green.

June 21, 1893.

THROUGH much tribulation unto the kingdom we come,—
Come unto the kingdom of Father and Son;
The portals are open for all who obey.
Broad is the road to destruction and narrow the way
That leads unto life and endless day.

OH, the glorious plain that was
Revealed to my sight,
All clothed in green, filling
My soul with light!
Looming up in great height
Was a lofty plain,
Sloping in grandeur,
Before me it came,
Covered in beauty
With velvety green;
On this lofty mountain
Naught else could be seen.

July, 1893.

O THOU dear beloved boy!
What are the years of thy eternal joy?
Filled with love that is divine,
In that blessed home of thine,
What is now thy form of grace
In that pure and holy place?

I DREAMED of our beloved one. Oh, the exulting feeling of the soul to witness the presence of our loved ones, even in a dream! It fills our mind with love and an in-

tense desire to be with them in closer communion, and makes us anxious for the longings of the heart to be satisfied.

August 6, 1893.

A VISION.

A BEAUTIFUL vision, full of light,
In magnificent grandeur opened to the sight,
Drawing the spirit away unto worlds beyond,
Filling the soul full of love and song,
As the glorious sight appeared to the view.
Behold! a world of beauty spread in soft azure hue,
Where the verdure is beautiful and green,
Opening on all sides was to be seen,—
A world in all its freshness appearing in view,
And the spiritual eyes beheld all things new,
Until slumber hid the glorious sight,
And the spirit sank within the inner light.

WHY should those eyes of matchless blue
Ever be moistened with needless dew,
Or a tear fall on that cheek so fair,
Leaving its traces there?

From those wistful eyes of blue,
Oh, may the falling tears be few!
O'er those lily cheeks so fair
May tear drops seldom linger there.

August 23, 1893.

TO EVA.

LIKE the tender, clinging vine,
To thee I give this wish of mine:
May happiness thy cup o'erflow,
And peace with thee forever go.

Be calm and still,
Let love thy life's cup fill,
Seeking to know
And do God's will.

A PICTURE.

A lovely picture I see there,
Young and tender, sweet and fair,
And once I held in my embrace
One as pure and fair of face.

I held her, oh, so close, as though
She were my very own,
Looking forward to the years
Of happiness to come!

In babyhood we saw her grow
Gentle, winsome, pure, and true;
Through the time of her baby wiles,
Oh, what pure and tender smiles!

In her playful childhood days
What light to us was given!
To see her bright and childish ways
To us was like to heaven.

In her tender years we see
Such sweet simplicity;
On her brow the dew of youth,
On her lips the smiles of truth.

As the years pass swift away
O'er her fair young brow,
Fairer she grows each day,
In her girlhood now.

Like the rippling waters
Flowing on,
Singing her sweet and
Happy song.

When the shadows of those days
Around our lives are thrown,
'Tis sweet to think of her winning ways
And the joys that we have known.

While we held that picture fair
So close in our embrace,
Many were the pleasures planned,
Looking on her sweet face.

The golden morn was dawning
For our loved one even then,
Yet we might not see the glory
That upon her did descend.

Falling the curtain was
Slowly between
That was lifting her up from us
To the unseen.

September 12, 1893.

BABY NEWLIN.

Two years old to-day is our darling boy,
The light of mamma's heart and papa's pride and joy;
We look upon his face so fair,
With bright blue eyes and golden hair.

What a picture there we see!
Fairer than a lily, he.
With his sweet and winning way,
Charms to us he brings each day.

Oft those large and beaming eyes
Look upon us with surprise,

As if to read our every thought;
May we cherish the love he's brought.

In his innocence and youth
We gave him to the Lord;
Full of tender love and truth,
To be taught His holy Word.

O'er his little golden head
The baptismal service has been read;
The water fell as the morning dew,
To consecrate his life anew.

While the minister, in robes of white,
Tenderly holds this infant child,
The blessing from the realms of light
Descends on him the while.

And the Spirit seals on his fair young brow
The entrance to the kingdom now;
Thus, through faith, we see him blest,
That he may enter into rest.

September 18, 1893.

LITTLE GEORGE.

Over in the corner there
Sits a bright-eyed boy.
Who is it that grandma turns
To view with pride and joy
But little George, peeping
Very shyly round?
Among the little children
Him she now has found.

Looking sweetly on us,
With a winsome smile;
Is this bright eyed boy
Grandma's darling child?

Little George, I see you there
With your happy smile;
You're papa's and mamma's care,
Yet their sunshine all the while.

Do you see the little children
In groups around you stand
In the house of God,
Learning His command?
Many happy children among
Them there may be,
But the dearest one is my
Bright-eyed boy to me.

October 5, 1893.

THE GATES OF THE CITY.

We enter the gates away from all harm;
No evil can come to us there;
No sorrow or grief to give us alarm
In that beautiful garden, where
No sound of the midnight cry will arise
To disturb our peace in Paradise.
Oh, welcome, welcome to this city above!
Why wish to tarry so long?
There is pure joy and endless love;
Oh, come join this bright, happy throng,
Where no shade of sorrow o'er thy life will be cast,
Nor a void in thy breast be given!
Oh, enter the gates of the city,
There to dwell in the light of heaven!

October 10, 1893.

"MY PRAISE SHALL BE OF THEE."

How shall we sing thy praise,
O glorious One?
The voices of archangels raise
The tuneful song,

Filling those glorious mansions
With notes of their love!
Oh, the sound of the sweetest music
Wafts through courts above,

Filling the realms of glory,
Resounding everywhere,
Through the arches of heaven,
On the ethereal air!

October 10, 1893.

A VISION.

THE spirit, in rapture, views a lovely scene,
Beholding, as it were, a world of living green;
Led on and upward in ecstasies of light.
Words cannot reveal the glorious sight
As the curtain is lifted;
Beholding the shades of glory,
The sight is onward drifted,
Viewing the velvety landscapes spreading round
Upon this sinless ground.

LEAD us, dear Lord, all the way,
Keep us safe from day to day,
Each morn may thy love be new,
Making us more pure and true.

Teach us all thy holy will,
Lead us onward, upward still;
Guide our footsteps all the way,
Even up to endless day.

How bright the day doth dawn
When the mind is full of song!
The soul feels the spirit's power
Increasing in love each hour.

Upon a soilless ground
Stand tall and leafless trees,
Spreading their branches round,
While on this vast barren waste
Withered leaves are found.

FATHER.

While standing near thy side to-day
I think of summers passed away
That have crowned our brow with age.
I think of blessings that have come
As the swift years passed one by one
Plainly written on life's page.

I think of childhood's happy hours,
I think of youth and spring time flowers,
When my hand to thee was given.
I think of life in its fullest bloom,
I think of sorrow and the gloom,
When our children went to heaven.

I think of time before us still,
How God may lead us down life's hill
As the years move on apace.
And many joys we yet may know
As on life's journey still we go,
Ere we run our earthly race.

1893.

LOVE FLOWS ON.

Love flows on
As the rippling waters
In that land of song
Where the weary are
Nevermore oppressed;
In that land they find
Eternal rest.

BEFORE the sight a vision came:
A vast and wondrous plain
The eye did scan;
Its beauties cannot be portrayed
To heart of man;
While onward and upward, as it were,
A world appeared in view.
The beauties adorning this lovely place
Filled the heart with grace;
Landscapes in dress of living green
In beauty there were to be seen,
Filling the soul with raptures of delight,
Until slumber hid the view from sight.

November 3, 1893.

WHOSE is this lovely face I see,
That's born into infinity,
Looking with such a thoughtful brow
Upon me now?

1893.

PALACES of glorious light
Arose before the sight,
As it were, in a world beyond,
Where dwell pure love and song.

December 14, 1893.

LOVELY pastures of perfect green
Before the eye appear.
While viewing the beauteous scene,
Sweet slumber is near,
To close the light and withhold
The mystical might.

December 19, 1893.

CRYING FOR BREAD.

Ne'er has been known in this our land
Such sorrow to move the heart of man
As the people coming forth for bread,
For their little ones must be fed.
Man's stout heart knows not where to turn
Bread for his little ones to earn.
Helpless before the nation they stand,
Calling for bread throughout the land.
The voice is heard, the sound of the word
The nation's heart has stirred;
Succor daily to the people comes.
Many thousands, one by one,
Are supplied with a full store.
Through God's land riches pour,
Coming in from door to door.
Thousands of hearts are made glad,
And with warm clothing they are clad,
Strengthening each feeble hand
Throughout the land.
God's people, with their smiles of love,
A comfort to the helpless prove,
Stretching forth a willing hand
To aid the hungry in the land,
Feeding the destitute and poor,
Seeking some from door to door,
Until their basket's running o'er.
As the patriarchs of old
Stood firmly by the fold,
Pouring out their love to God
While here on earth they trod;
Thus God's servants of to-day
Have fed the many by the way,
Until the cry for bread doth wane
And lessened is the grief and pain
Thousands of souls have
Been happy made,
With the blessing of God
Upon them laid,

Because the "Food Fund"
Was opened wide
To feed the hungry tide.

April 18, 1894.

To the height of heights
Can the spirit climb,
Beyond the bounds of time,
Seeking the lovely sheen
In worlds of living green.
Oh, the rapturous sight
That doth the soul delight!

April 23, 1894.

Drop tenderly, O tear,
Upon that lovely cheek!
Slowly moisten those
Beaming eyes
And those long lashes
That o'er that lily cheek
So languishing lies.

IN THE DESERT.

I have walked through gilded halls,
I have walked in the shadow of pain;
Long in the depth of sorrow I have
Remained.

Through shady groves of delight,
In exquisite love and bliss,
I have also partaken of such
Joy as this.

Through the beautiful valley of peace
I have trod,
Which widens the path that leads
Us to God.

Low in the desert my spirit hath been,
Thirsting for waters my soul to redeem;
Calling aloud until within it was stirred,
And a voice from the region of glory was heard,

Lifting my soul on wings of delight,
Till the barren desert became crystal white.
Out of the depth of sorrow I came,
Away from the side of grief and pain.

Aside I turned where the lilies grew,
Moistened sweetly with the silent dew;
Along my path on the desert bare
Beautiful roses seemed smiling there,

Lifting their heads in bud and bloom,
They sent forth fragrance of rich perfume;
Fresh breezes, wafting through the air,
Lifted the heart in silent prayer.

Again my steps are clouded,
I know not which way to go;
Whether the thorn or lily
Along my path will grow.

The great desert before me
With scorching heat doth burn.
How can my soul within me
The thorn and thistle spurn?

Oh, will my steps be guided
In the path where the lilies grow,
That the way of thorn and thistle
I may not know?

Will the gentle dew from heaven
Cool my burning feet,
While on the sandy desert
My weary way I keep?

April 29, 1894.

JOY AND GLADNESS.

As each morn arises in beauty,
On wings of love, we behold
Awakening within the heart
Joy and gladness.
Like the sweet zephyrs when at play.
The morn shines bright and clear,
And so should end each day.
As the rippling waters pass in song,
Thus should the days go on.
Can the spirit rest within the circle
Which it each day may meet,
And at its close, in nature's calmness,
Find a sweet retreat,
To rest within the bosom of nature's wide expanse?
No, like the restless ocean, even in quiet slumber
May arise a cloud to check its true advance
And break in upon the quietness of the hour,
To disturb the sweet peace of the spirit's power.
Sweet hopes, long cherished, may be broken now,
As day unto day passes o'er our brow.
Great changes before our path may arise,
To awaken within the heart surprise,
Bowing it with grief and sadness,
Instead of joy and gladness.

June 17, 1894.

WILLIE.

Willie boy, with curls of brown
Falling o'er your shoulders down,
There's room in my heart to-day
For you with your winning way.

And your baby sister, too,
With her eyes of darkened blue,
Is a winsome little child
Clinging to our hearts the while.

A VISION.

One glimpse of untold beauty
Before the sight drew near,
Appearing to the vision
Beautiful and clear.
Words could not express
The grandeur of the scene
That was revealed to the view
In that world of green,
Filling the spirit with sweet repose
Until the eyelids closed.

September 15, 1894.

LIFE.

Life speaks in every sound
That is ever heard around:
In the waving of the trees,
In the fresh and gentle breeze,
In the zephyrs when at play;
Thus life passes on its way.
In the rosy light of morn
Life awakens with the dawn,
Throwing softly o'er nature's face
Shadows of light in each place,
Filling every nook and rill,
Passing on its journey still.
When the day-star takes its flight,
In the silence of the night,
Life is hastening on its way
At the close and dawn of day;
Thus departing from our sight,
Is each busy day and night.
Life is in the leafless trees,
In the dead and fallen leaves,
In the groves that cluster round,
Casting shade upon the ground.

In the lovely forest grand
Life is stretching forth her hand ;
On the mountain-peaks so high
Beauty opens to the eye.
Life with joy the heart doth thrill,
As we view each nook and rill.
From the insects' chirping sounds
Music through the air resounds.
In the forests may be heard
The sweet singing of the bird.
In the blossoms of the trees,
In the silence of the breeze,
In the shadows cast around,
In the wind's low, mournful sound.
Life is hidden in the deep ;
Treasures from its depth we seek.
Thus life ever passes on,
Radiant with light and song.

September 20, 1894.

SWING BACK THE GATES.

Oh, swing back the gates of the city,
Ye beautiful saints on high ;
Swing back the gates of the city :
We will enter by and by !

Oh, may our robes be unsullied,
That the King to us may say,—
"Well done, good and faithful servant,
I'll give thee thy crown to-day !"

October 15, 1894.

GOD IS ALL IN ALL.

Oh, sing me a song
Of the ways of the soul
When billions of years
Shall over it roll.

There, free from all night,
In Jesus' own light,
We'll be sheltered in heaven above.
God's children then
Will be freed from sin,
In raptures of glory arrayed;
No sorrow will dawn
On that beautiful morn,
Or the spirits be ever dismayed.

October 20, 1894.

Annie E. Michener

MY HEART LIFE

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BIRTHPLACE OF ANNIE E. MICHENER.

PREFACE.

I HAVE preserved these "children of my brain," not for their literary merit, but because they are expressions of my heart life from early childhood.

If their presence in other homes should gladden even one heart, they will not have lived in vain.

May the joy in the heart of the writer,
While singing each song,
Re-echo in that of the reader
As he goes along.

A. E. M.

COME TO JESUS.

Come to Jesus, weary sinner;
Come and on His bosom lean:
He will pardon all your guilt
If you'll only trust in Him.

Come to Jesus, though you've wandered
Far from His bleeding side;
Lay your burden at His feet,
Then evermore with Him abide.

He has said that He will do it,
And you must not doubt, you know;
Though your sins have been as scarlet,
He will make them white as snow.

Come to Jesus, heavy laden;
Come and lay your cares on Him;
Come and seek His loving favor,
And in Him you'll find a friend.

May 5, 1871.

THE SUNSET.

The sun is sinking in the west;
The shades of night are coming on.
Come, watch this glorious sunset,
For the day will soon be gone.
The earth looks calmly beautiful;
The grass is bright and green;
The sun has sunk far in the west,
It is no longer to be seen.

The shades of night have gathered;
The dew begins to fall;
Now we see the stately mansion
And the lighted hall.
And now our thoughts go upward
To the great God above,
And we thank Him for His goodness
And His wondrous love.

April 18, 1872.

WHAT I LOVE.

I LOVE the birds and busy bees,
The springing grass, and all the trees;
I love to see their branches sway
While children underneath them play.
I love the beautiful sky above
And the sweet cooing of the dove.

I love the fields in dress of green,
And the lambs by the flowing stream;
To watch the waves of the blue sea
Is a beautiful sight to me.
I love the silent hours of night
When the moon sheds its glory bright.

I love the wind as it around me blows,
And the broad river as it onward flows,
And the mountains so grand and high,
Stretching far away into the sky.
I love with little children to be,
Merry and glad in their innocent glee.

April 19, 1872.

THE PARTING.

WHEN beneath the sod I'm sleeping,
When my eyes are closed in death,
When around my grave you're weeping,
Oh, then remember I'm at rest!

Whenever the family circle
Around the altar kneel,
You'll see my place is vacant
And you will lonely feel.

Ever think of me, dear mother,
As one who dwells above
Among the shining angels
With Jesus whom I love.

And remember, dear, dear mother,
Though your darling's lost to sight,
Her spirit hovers round you,—
Hovers round you day and night.

Yes, I know you'll miss your darling,
You will miss me everywhere;
But we'll meet again, dear mother,
I know you'll meet me there.

You will miss me in the morning,
You will miss me in the night;
But think of your child, dear mother,
As an angel clothed in white.

At the sweet hours of twilight,
Oh, then you'll miss me more!
'Tis then you'll feel my absence
More than you did before.

Do not weep for me, dear mother,
I feel God's presence here,
And I know the hour of parting
Is very, very near.

I feel that I am dying;
I cannot see you now;
The cold, damp sweat is standing,
I know, upon my brow.

Farewell on earth, dear mother,
I'm going home on high;
'Tis for a short duration
We'll have to say good-by.

July 8, 1872.

GONE.

(In memory of L. W.)

Gone to the grave in her youthful bloom,
Gone to the dark and silent tomb;
Freed from this world of sin and care,
Gone to meet her Saviour there.

While in the freshness of early life,
Before she entered its conflict and strife,
Death set its seal upon her brow:
She is dwelling in heaven now.

Only a few short weeks ago
She was among us here below;
But the Saviour loved her well,
He took her to Himself to dwell.

Through the fair realms of bliss to-day,
A white-robed saint, she soars away,
There for evermore to shine
Through the rolling ages of time.

In that city paved with gold
There are pleasures all untold,
But we know that she doth share
All the joy and glory there.

August 19, 1872.

IN MEMORIAM.

ANOTHER form is sleeping
Beneath the peaceful sod;
Another soul is resting
In the bosom of God.

Another loved one named
Among the peaceful dead;
"Come, ye blessed of my Father,"
To another hath been said.

Another freed from sorrow;
Another freed from care;
Another left this world of sin,
To dwell forever there

In the mansions of the blest,
Where streets are paved with gold
And the walls are like jasper
And joys are all untold.

Shed no sad tears of sorrow,
Heave no low, mournful sigh;
Look beyond the cold, dark grave,
Beyond the deep-blue sky.

For she has crossed the river,
Has passed the golden gates,
Has laid aside the earth robe,
And with the Saviour waits.

She has left this world of pain,
With Jesus aye to dwell;
She's left us sad and lonely,
But "He doeth all things well."

Loved ones, she's waiting for you,
Standing on the golden shore;
When like her you cross the river,
You'll meet to part no more.

June 14, 1874.

LITTLE RALPHIE.

I.

I HAVE a little brother,
With laughing brown eyes;
He is very dear to me,
Though he often cries.

He has pretty, dimpled cheeks
And soft, golden hair,
And, though he isn't a brunette,
He isn't very fair.

He has ruby little lips,
Parting in a smile,
As, full of joy and gladness,
He plays all the while.

Around somebody's neck
Well he loves to twine
Those pretty arms, so slender;
Oft they circle mine.

Such a silver-ringing laugh,
A voice so full of mirth!
'Most three years old! Dear brother,
I love you best on earth.

II.

Two little hands lie folded
Across a peaceful breast;
One more freed little spirit
Has entered into rest.

Two beautiful, shining eyes,
Expressing kindness and love,
Shine with a brighter lustre now
In the glorious realms above.

Two little feet are resting;
Their earthly mission is o'er;
They've crossed the darksome river;
They've reached the shining shore.

A sweet little face is absent,
Missing that beautiful smile;
Gone is the dear little prattler
Whom we loved so much the while.

Gone to a brighter region
Than this dark world of ours;
Gone to dwell 'mid the sunshine
And light of heaven's bowers.

In vain we list for the coming
Of those restless baby feet;
In vain we sigh for the music
Of that tender voice so sweet.

Hark! a dear voice is calling;
A step sounds on the stair;
And then the thought comes sadly,
Our darling is not there.

Beautiful, white-robed angels
Came to the river's side;
Gently they led our Ralphie
Through the billowy tide.

Upward they softly bore him
Till they reached the golden gates,
Then passed the shining portals
Where he with the Saviour waits

Till earthly strife is ended,
Finished this toil and care;
Then, far beyond the river,
We'll meet our darling there.

August, 1875.

THE SONG OF THE BROOK.

Oh, retard not my motion!
I'm going to the ocean:
I'm hastening through the land,
To mingle with its waters grand.
As I journey on my way,
I will aid you all I may:
I'll help the cowslip to come up;
On my surface may swim the duck;
On my brink the cows may stand;
I will fertilize the land.
But time flies, and so must I;
You cannot keep me if you try.

1875.

JESUS ALL IN ALL.

Jesus is all in all to me;
Dearer than else beside is He;
In Him I find a sweet relief
For all my cares, for all my grief.

To Him I carry all my fears;
'Tis He that wipes away my tears;
In Him I have a friend indeed,
One who supplies my every need.

Have I sustained some earthly loss,
I take my burden to the cross,
Calmly lay it at Jesus' feet,
And, oh, the thought it is most sweet:

To know that there is really One
Who cares for me, be others none!
Sweetly I'll trust Him to the end,
Trust Him until my voice doth blend

With others 'mid the heavenly throng
Who sing the everlasting song
Of souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Amid the angel choirs of heaven.

January 10, 1876.

WHY?

Saddened thoughts come stealing o'er me
As I gaze on each little toy
Lying now so idly before me;
Once they belonged to a dear little boy.

Oh, why are they his no longer?
Why are they laid away?
Why did he leave his playthings?
Why did he leave his play?

Why is the little chair vacant
And the little hammer so still?
When gazing at his playthings,
Why with tears do our eyelids fill?

Why are our hearts filled with sorrow,
Though mixed with a chastened joy,
When gazing on the simple drawings
Pencilled by our dear little boy?

When we're longing for the music
Which our darling used to play,
Why do we think with sadness
Of the accordion silent to-day?

Yes, silent to-day and forever,
For our darling boy has gone;
But methinks 'tis sweeter music
He plays 'mid the heavenly throng.

Though the why we cannot answer,
And the wherefore it is so,
Still the promise: not now,
But hereafter thou shalt know.

May 10, 1876.

IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM RALPH LESLIE.

WHAT is he doing in heaven to-day,
Our lovely darling who faded so soon
Out of our arms? sadly we laid him
'Neath the cold earth 'mid the roses of June.

Each sweet-scented flower was blooming,
While ours had withered and fled;
We heeded not even the roses
That graced our lovely dead.

We thought only of our loved one,
Our darling and our pride,
Our beautiful bud just opening in bloom
To think that it sickened and died!

And other Junes will come and go,
And other things decay,
And other flowers will bud and bloom,
And all will pass away,

And still his form be missing
From his accustomed seat;
And, oh, to think that never
Again on earth we'll meet!

The seed which the sower soweth
Is not quickened except it die;
Death is the only gate way
That leads to realms on high.

As the sweet June roses wither
And are brought again into life,

Even so our little Ralphie
Has only left this bitter strife

And gone to the many mansions,
With a higher mission to bear,
And if unto death we are faithful,
We'll meet our darling there.

August, 1876.

LINES TO M. L.

Dearest friend, I cannot say
What would please you most to-day;
But, as now I've leisure time,
I think I'll try my skill in rhyme;
The product of my pen I give
For you to cherish while you live.
Notice not the scanning or feet;
In errors this will be replete;
Keep it simply as a token
Of friendship I've left unspoken.
In future years, our school-days o'er,
When reading this think of me once more,
And remember that I penned these lines
Regardless of metre, feet, or rhymes.

March 27, 1878.

EASTER.

Angels rolled the stone away
From the tomb where Jesus lay;
Death of its sting was fully shorn
When He arose on Easter-morn;
The gates of heaven were opened wide
By Jesus Christ the Crucified.
Alleluia!

Chorus.—Alleluia! Christ has risen!
See, He comes from His dark prison!
Sing, oh, sing the joyful lay!
Christ arose on Easter-day.

E'en as the day had chased the night,
There stood three Marys full in sight
Of the tomb; but the angel, smiling, said,
"Why seek the living midst the dead?
Go forth; to all the news proclaim,
First to Peter, the rest the same."
Alleluia!

Let all the world lift up its voice;
Let mountain, hill, and vale rejoice;
All praise to God, our Saviour King,
Who for us dying wore the thorns
And for us rose on Easter-morn.
Alleluia!

April 8, 1878.

MAY.

O MONTH of joy and brightness!
O month of greatest sheen!
All things are filled with lightness,
For May is nature's queen.
The birds now sing their sweetest,
The air with songs is rife,
Our parterres now look neatest,
And we are free from strife.

The trees are clothed in beauty
By nature's law divine;
Shall man neglect his duty,
And murmur or repine?
Beneath the grass is springing;
Shall we ignore the sight?
To the oak the ivy's clinging,
As we should cling to right.

Bright azure far above we see,
O'er which soft clouds are gliding;
Land here, deep sea there, and we
Through fancy's realms are riding.

And busy man amidst it all
Heeds not the beauty sweet,
Hears not the voice of nature's call,
But presses on with eager feet.

True hearts are filled with gladness
In this dear month of May,
And some are fraught with sadness
E'en on this very day.
But, then, a silver lining
Lights every cloud, we find,
And shows the sun is shining
And light and dark combined.

May 17, 1878.

JUNE ROSES.

Thrice have the roses blossomed
To gladden our beautiful earth;
Thrice, in a tone that is softened,
They have whispered of boyish mirth.

A tiny rose in the dear hands lay
As we gave them a last loving touch;
We'll love these flowers best alway,—
Thoughts of our darling are linked with such.

Beautiful, beautiful roses! The story
Their life and their death portray
Is strange, but full of glory;
On them is written, "Passing away."

They whisper, "Dying! dying!"
Very softly and sadly; then,
In triumphant voices crying,
"The dead shall live again!"

June, 1878.

A LITTLE GRAVE.

To-day I stood by a little grave,
A little low-heaped mound;
A little grave, ah! yes, but I knew
I was treading sacred ground.

Only a little mound, but, oh, how
Many hopes lie buried there!
How many bright perished hopes
Lie beneath with the sleeper fair!

Dear little form! I could see it all,—
Those eyes, those hands, those feet,
The golden hair o'er the noble brow,
And those tender lips so sweet.

The Lord, in His loving mercy,
Sent an angel in dark disguise;
Our flower, too fair for earth's garden,
Was transplanted to Paradise.

August, 1878.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

One day, when in a merry mood,
I built a castle grand,
And placed it, where my others stood,
Far up in fair cloud-land,
Nor ever dreamed or cared to think
My castle would not stand.

The days went by, the others fell,
But still my grandest stood;
I laughed and whispered to myself,
I ever thought it would;
They say air castles always fall.
I didn't believe this could.

The days flew by. A change was wrought
In my castle fair; ah well,

In order to make the story short,
I'll say the building fell;
But when, why, and of what 'twas made,
I can never, never tell.

MORAL.

'Tis well enough in leisure hours
To build your castles fair,
To make them very large and grand
And place them high in air;
But if you think they'll always stand,
My friend, I say, beware!

September 12, 1878.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

SWIFTLY the happy summer days
Have glided by.
Now autumn ones will soon come round,
Soon autumn leaves will strew the ground,
And, as they lie all dead and sere,
They'll seem to whisper in our ear,
"You, too, must die!"

When lovely Autumn comes to us
In colors gay,
She gladly lifts her happy voice,
"Behold, O man, and now rejoice!"
But as she lays her robe aside
She gently murmurs, "Naught can bide:
All must decay."

Fair type of life! Bright autumn leaves,
Brief is your stay.
Our life as brief: to day we're here;
To-morrow some may drop a tear,
As, o'er our coffin bending low,
They softly say, in accents slow,
"Passing away!"

September 14, 1878.

TO EVA.

(Acrostic.)

"May angels twine a wreath for thee,"
I'll ever pray, dear sister mine.
Come and find rest and joy and peace,
Have for thy guide a Christ divine;
Ever by His side, dear sister, dwell;
Ne'er from His own unclasp thy hand.
E'en all the way thy Guide will lead
Right home at last to the better land.

September 25, 1878.

"PEACE, BE STILL!"

An angry sea, a helpless ship, and Christ
Calmly sleeping, unconscious of the
Raging storm. Anxiously the twelve
Disciples have waited its subsidence; but as
It steadily increases, and the wild waves
Come rolling o'er the ship, their hearts are
Filled with fear, and they cry out,
"Let us wake the Master."

An angry sea, and twelve eager forms
In the hinder part of the ship bending
O'er their sleeping Lord. For a moment
They watch Him as He murmurs in His
Dreams, then, o'ercome by fear, they wake
Him, saying, "Lord, save, or we perish!"

He rises, saying, in a tone of mild
Rebuke, "O ye of little faith, wherefore
Did ye doubt?" Then, turning to the
Tempest, which but now has
Reached its height, in a tone of quiet
Command, He says, "Peace, be still!"

A troubled soul, a trembling hope, and Christ
On high; but 'tis the same Christ who,
When on earth, stilled the beating tempest.
Again the cry, "Lord, save, or I perish!"

And the weary one finds rest;
For, borne by an angel, from His
Very throne in heaven, has come
The quiet command of Christ:
"Peace, be still!"

September, 1878.

TRUST AND PRAY.

If the sun shines not to-day,
And the clouds obscure my way,
Shall I cease to trust and pray?

Find I dark where I craved light,
Shall I grieve because 'tis night,
Or cease to say, "God is right?"

If pain or sickness rack my breast,
Shall I not say, "The Lord knows best,"
And quietly trust Him for the rest?

Lord, I will trust; I will not try,
By murmurings, to question why,
Since all will be right by and by.

September 26, 1878.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

(Written for a lady who had visited the school of her childhood after many years.)

Quaint the school-house stood and pleasant;
Broad green fields were on its right,
Forest to the left and background,
Whence we found our chief delight.

One great oak-tree we selected,
And beneath its spreading shade,

With my merry school companions,
Many a pleasant hour I've played.

When the busy day was ended,
Not one moment would we waste;
Homeward bound, with quickened footsteps,
To the old mill we would haste,

And, in gleeful, childish prattle,
Beg the miller us to weigh.
With a smile, he always did so,
Charging us a kiss for pay.

Then, with merry peals of laughter,
Far adown the hill we'd run;
All in vain he strove to catch us,
For the kiss he never won.

How we loved to tease the miller
As he chased us in our play!
And we thought the woods were laughing
As the echo died away.

With the past long years have blended
Since I, a gay, happy child,
With the eager feet of childhood,
Searched that woody glen so wild.

But I've seen again the school-house,
And a thrill of strange delight
Even then came stealing o'er me
As I gazed upon the sight.

Still it stands as in my childhood,—
Happy days I'll ne'er forget,—
And the forest throws its shadows
O'er the old mill, standing yet.

Still the oak-tree spreads its branches
As it did in days of yore,
But must be for other children:
We'll ne'er play beneath it more.

Bridging all the swift years over,
With their pleasure and their pain,
Thus I let bright fancy paint me,
And I stand a child again.

October 9, 1878.

I'M LEADING THEE.

My weary child, why dost thou fear?
Why droop thy head, why shed a tear?
Wilt thou not believe, canst thou not see,
Or dark or light, I'm leading thee?

The path wherein thy feet I've set
I fain wouldst have thee travel yet.
The way is dark, thou canst not see;
My child, I still am leading thee.

When thy life-journey all is past,
And thou art safe at home at last,
I will reveal, and thou shalt see
Why thus I now am leading thee.

October 14, 1878.

THE DYING YEAR.

The embers in the grate burn low,
The fleeting moments come and go;
Soon will the old year die, I trow.

The dear old year, once pure and new!
What has it brought to me and you?
Naught that is false? all that is true?

One by one the days I have found
It brought to me with blessings crowned
And strewed them at my feet around.

Still glancing back, full well I know
Some days have brought their weight of woe,
Or I, at least, have deemed it so.

I seized its gifts with an eager grasp,
But grief nor joy ne'er can last;
Now each lies buried in the past.

To some its days were Eden bowers,
With Eden fruits and Eden flowers,
Life's sweetest sunshine, gentlest showers.

Life hath its bitter and its sweet.
Some may smile, but some must weep,
And some must lonely vigils keep.

How fast the fleeting moments fly!
Alas! the old year now must die.
We greet the new, a gift from on high.

Tread softly now, it bows its head.
One moment more—while tears are shed,
Chant a requiem o'er the dead.

December 31, 1878.

LINES.

THINK it not strange if life doth bring thee trials,
And sometimes bitter tears instead of smiles.
Dream not thy future path will always be
Happy and glad, from earth-born sorrows free;
For God hath willed that each a cross must bear
Ere he in heaven above a crown may wear.

June, 1880.

FOR A LITTLE BOY'S ALBUM.

Now, Dorr, my dear little friend,
Could I wield a magic pen,
Something beautiful I'd write
On this dainty page so white.
As I cannot, let me, Dorr,
Say "I love you;" nothing more.

July 7, 1880.

THANKSGIVING.

SILENT the snow is falling,
And, like a winding-sheet,
Is wrapping hill and valley
And every quiet street;
While the great earth lies resting,
Clothed in a mantle of white,
A something seems to whisper
To my spirit, "Write."

I can with a heart of thanksgiving
Speak of all God's mercies past;
I can tell of joys He hath sent me,
Though some were too sweet to last.
But what of the heavy crosses?
What of the tears I've shed?
What of the trials of life?
What of the silent dead?

What of the disappointments
That have come one by one?
What of the hope long deferred
To which my heart hath clung?
What of prayer unanswered
As I would have it be?
What of the mystic shadows
Through which I cannot see?

Shall I not, with a heart that's thankful,
Lift my voice to God above,
And praise Him not only for mercies,
But for trials sent in love?
Praise Him not only for sunshine,
But for shadows across my path?
Praise Him as well midst tears
As in the joyous laugh?

I will, because my Father;
Sees the way I cannot see
All along the path of life
He gently leadeth me.
Though at times it may be dark,
I cannot grope or fall,
For Jesus Christ, my Saviour,
Will guide me safe through all.

When the journey's ended,
And I am safe with Him,
Washed in the precious fountain
That saveth from all sin,
The veil will be uplifted,
And show to my clear eyes
That every earthly sorrow
Was a blessing in disguise.

November, 1880.

IN MEMORY OF HARRY G. CHANDLER.

(Lost at sea, March, 1877.)

Lo! a vision clear discerning,
As my thoughts are heavenward turning,
And my heart for one is yearning:
Dear Harry, now in heaven.

Tender are the strains I hear,
Soft the music floateth near,
Beauteous is the face so dear
Of Harry, now in heaven.

Oh, how oft I long to be
From all earth-born sorrow free!
Once again my boy to see:
My Harry, now in heaven.

Earthly grief I will not borrow,
Calm I'll wait the glad to-morrow,
When I'll meet, all free from sorrow,
My Harry, now in heaven.

In those glorious realms on high,
Where none are ever called to die,
We shall meet, in the sweet by and by,
Our Harry dear, in heaven.

December 25, 1880.

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

Little ones wrapped in slumber sweet,
Pillowed on soft beds of down,
That you should smile I deem it meet,
In your dreams of Christmas-morn.

Mother's voice, as she tucked you in,
Murmured, in accents mild,
Bending low o'er each curly head,
"God ever bless my child!"

The prayer, ascending above,
Reaches His listening ear,
While the answer is carried back
By angels hovering near,—

Ministering angels, sent to watch
The little ones with tender care,
Guarding their footsteps 'gainst a stone,
Shielding from every snare.

I wonder not that you, dear ones,
Smile as you're calmly sleeping,
Dreaming of a bright Christmas morn,
Of a merry Christmas greeting.

The blast of wintry winds to-night
Is unfelt, unheeded by you;
Their chilling breath strikes death to some.
Alas! O God, how true!

Fond mothers, when you pray to-night,
Oh, pray for the homeless poor,
For whom not even a shelter waits,
As they beg from door to door!

As you clasp your darlings close to your breast,
Oh, think of the childish forms
Helplessly crouching low in the cold,
Exposed to life's bitter storms!

There are kneeling forms, with hands that are clasped,
With uplifted faces of care:
"Our Father which art in heaven,
Dear Father, hear our prayer."

I think, perhaps, they will sigh in their dreams,
And the tears will come unbid,
Stealing adown the pale, sad face,
From under the closéd lid;

But the prayer and the sigh go upward,
And God, from His home in the skies,
Looks down on such of his children
With tender, pitying eyes.

"The poor ye have with you always,
Even till the end shall be.
The least ye do unto one of these,
Ye do it unto me."

December, 1880.

IN MEMORIAM.

(In memory of an aged lady who was burned to death on New-Year's day, 1881.)

When the New-Year came to grandma,
Did a still voice seem to say,
"For years thou hast borne thy crosses,
Thou shalt wear thy crown to-day"?

Did an angel, bending o'er her,
Whisper softly in her ear,
"But one more trial awaits thee;
Fear not, for thy God is near.

"This glad, happy New-Year's morning,
Begun here on earth by thee,
With dear ones waiting for thee,
In heaven shall ended be"?

Not as we would have prayed for
Did He give His belovéd sleep,
The Father doeth all things well,
Then wherefore should we now weep?

No murmuring words escaped her
As, bowing beneath the rod,
From saddest of earthly suffering
She passed to the throne of God.

A PUZZLE.

There's a mystery enclosed
In a dainty book.
Oh, how I am longing
Just to take a look!
That little book has travelled
Over land and sea,
But where it to-night is
Remains a mystery.

And that dainty book is mine,
Still I claim it not.
All in our possession
We may claim, I wot;
But what lies beyond us,
Though still it ours may be,
We cannot truly own it.
Reader, don't you see?

Where that book remaineth,
What its lids conceal,
Still is to me a mystery
Time surely will reveal.

May 8, 1881.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

To day, while our loved are with us,
Instead of smiling, we frown;
To-morrow our tears are falling
On white lids folded down.

We clasp the pale hands in our anguish,
And moan and sob in our pain;
But the mute lips are closed forever,
They'll answer us never again.

August, 1881.

INFLUENCE.

Let us do right because it is right;
Let us shun wrong because it is wrong.
We're leaving an influence somewhere
On this busy world's great, restless throng.

August, 1881.

LITTLE THINGS.

The little sunbeams, straying,
Creep under the creviced door,
And bring a smile to baby lips
On the dreary garret floor.

'Tis the many oak- and pine-trees
That make the forest glade,
But a chestnut on the hill-side
May cast a cooling shade.

The little hill-side brooklet
Is aiming to reach the sea;
The tiny acorn in the soil
In time will become a tree.

The little rose-bud, unfolding,
Becomes a fragrant flower;
A single drop of rain that falls
Swells to a mighty shower.

The little child by mother's knee,
With its mingled hopes and fears,
Dreams of the things it will do
In the happy coming years.

A kindly word, a loving smile,
Are little things, 'tis true;
Eternity alone can tell
The good that they may do.

August, 1881.

HOLD THOU MY HAND.

FATHER, hold thou my hand.
I cannot understand,
Yet thou art just.
Though tears shall fall,
Yet through them all
My God I'll trust.

My steps uncertain seem,
I walk as in a dream
Along life's way;
And why my heart is sad,
And why I can't be glad,
I cannot say.

I feel that I'm undone,
As dear friends, one by one,
Pass from our sight,
And trials sore
Do press me more and more,
Till day seems night.

Let sorrows come what may,
Let clouds drift o'er my way,
I'll own thee still;
And, with my hand in thine,
Oh, may this heart of mine
Thy will fulfil!

Why thou dost now withhold
Some day thou wilt unfold,
And I shall see
That partings, pain, and strife,
And all that's sad in life,
Were good for me.

February 21, 1882.

AN ACROSTIC.

May thy life indeed be happy,
And care rest lightly on thy brow
Trials waiting? bear them bravely.
Tears? Jesus wept and so must thou.
I would wish they might be few.
Ever much-loved friend, adieu.

February 21, 1882.

"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD."

(In memory of Georgiana Pyle.)

Blessed, thrice blessed,
The tidings how sweet,
Coming to lonely ones
And hearts that weep!

Blessed, thrice blessed,
Our Christ hath said;
Blessed, yea, blessed,
The holy dead.

Blessed, thrice blessed,
Calm to the broken-hearted,
Rest to the weary,
Light in the darkness,
Hope to the dreary.
Sweet are the words He said:
Blessed, yea, blessed,
The Christian dead.

Blessed, thrice blessed,
Sweetly they rest
Now from all labor,
Home with the blest;
Free from all sorrow,
With Christ the adored,
Blessed, yea, blessed they
Who die in the Lord.

Blessed, thrice blessed,
Where's thy victory, Grave?
Blessed be the Lord who taketh,
Blessed be the Lord who gave.
Sweet and holy words of comfort,
Coming through the ages thus;
Blessed dead, we have not lost them;
They with Christ will wait for us.

July 24, 1882.

"AS THY DAY THY STRENGTH SHALL BE."

Give us strength for to-day, O Lord, we plead,
As strength for to-day is all that we need!
Give us strength for to-day, though hard our lot;
Strength for to-day, as to morrow cometh not.

August, 1882.

CAPE MAY, AUGUST 16, 1882.

We've met; we'll part—to meet again,
Ah, who shall say just how or when?

Gayly we've joined the busy throng,
Chatted and laughed, 'mid music and song,
To our hearts' content, the whole day long.

Again and again, happy and free,
Blanche and Agnes, with Violet and me,
Idly have wandered down by the sea.

A sweet short week will soon have fled
Into the past, with centuries dead,
And farewell must then be said.

Oft we'll think of the glad time when
We wrote our names in the sand, and then
Saw the tide creep slowly in.

And perhaps in long after years
Some of us may smile through our tears
As the echo of laughter falls on our ears;

And we'll think of the names written that day,
Half in earnest, half in play,—
Written only to be washed away.

Perhaps the names of some of the three
Penned so gayly down by the sea
Carved on tablets of stone may be;

For we cannot know what lies in store
For us who are now the Merry Four;
Hence we feel the parting more.

But if those names, now washed away
By rolling surf and tossing spray,
Are written in God's book to-day,

We shall meet, though death shall sever,—
Meet again to part, oh, never,
In the bright, the bright forever!

IN MEMORIAM.

THROUGH heartaches, sadness, and sighing,
We pass onward to the goal;
Through sickness, sorrow, and dying,
Up to the home of the soul.

Through more of shadow than sunlight
Our weary feet may be led,
Yet we've naught to fear in the dark night,
With God and heaven o'erhead.

Our dearest earthly treasure
May lie in the dust at our feet,
All earth seems robbed of pleasure,
While winds chant a requiem sweet.

O bitter tears, cease falling!
O aching hearts, grow calm!
'Tis only Jesus calling
Back to the fold a lamb.

He carries them in His bosom,
Wearied of earth, as of play;
He never will leave nor lose them,
But keep them for us alway

Till He calls us home forever
To meet them, all sorrow past;
There sadness and parting come never,
There our joys forever last.

December 27, 1882.

AFTER.

THOUGH life may be full of trials,
God knoweth best.
After earth's weary self-denials,
Heaven's sweet rest.
Cometh the glad eternal day,
So full of light,
After the clouds have passed away
Of earth's dark night.

Tuesday, January 4, 1883.

IN MY DREAMS.

HIS arms were clasped around me,
His cheek pressed to mine own;
His kindly love had found me,
And tender was his tone.
The lovelight shone above him,
And all the while
His gentle smile
Seemed wooing me to love him.

My heart had sadly missed him,
Kind friend and lover true;
Why should I not have kissed him?
Aught else I could not do.
The glitt'ring stars shone o'er us;
To him and me
It seemed to be
They shimmered only for us.

As he fondly bent to kiss me,
The thought rose in my mind,
Perhaps he ne'er would miss me
Were he less true and kind;

And as our voices gently blend,
My heart stilly
Asketh will he
Love me to the very end?

Life is strange, and passing new
Seem the words so often told:
Some are false, but some are true,
For love cannot grow old.
Though we know not what it mean,
In dark or light
It's still all right,
And our life is but a dream.

January 4, 1883.

IN MEMORY OF SISTER FANNIE.

"All our life is mixed with death,
And who knoweth which is best?"
E. B. BROWNING.

PALACE grand or humble cot,
Angel death, thou heedest not;
Take thy choice!
Knowing that 'tis hard to part,
Thou hast stilled the beating heart
And the voice,

Freed the sufferer from pains,
Chilled the life-blood in the veins
Warm till now.
Mute and still the loving lips,
Cold and white the finger-tips
And the brow;

'Mid the silence and the gloom,
Robed and coffined for the tomb
Lies the dead.
In the loving hands so sweet,
Round the head and at the feet,
Flow'rs are spread.

And forever, 'neath the lid,
Soon the dear face must be hid,
The last kiss given.
Let them bear the loved away;
Tears may fall, but we can pray
To meet in heaven.

Though our hearts are sad and lonely,
Yet it is the casket only
Lying there,
Calm and still, beneath the sod,
For the jewel's safe with God,
Pure and fair.

January 19, 1883.

HIDDEN GRIEF.

Bury it deeply, hide it with care
Down in thy inmost heart,
So that the world may never know,
Keeping it sacred from all apart;
Thou must wear a smiling face,
Though the pain may still be there,
Guarding it well to the very last,
A grief that none can share.

The world cares not that thou suffer so
As the weary years go by,
And it indeed must never know
Of the unshared tears or sigh.
Then bury it deeply in thy breast
And turn to the world with a smile;
It perchance will never guess
Of the pain at thy heart the while.

Turn from the frivolous world aside,
For God thy grief can share:
It shall be light at even-tide,
And He *does* answer prayer.

He may not take away the pain,
Having willed that it should be,
But He will make thy duty plain
And He will comfort thee.

Or, if He grant thy heart's desire,
Oh, dear one, thou must know
It will be, as it were, through fire,—
God tries His children so!
Still, let no thought of bitter doubt
Pale thy lips in mute despair,
But let the words of hope and trust
Rise on the wings of prayer.

Sunday, January 21, 1883.

ONE DAY NEARER.

THE sun sinks low, day glides apace;
One day nearer the end of our race.

One day less of sorrow and sin,
As falls night's curtain and shuts us in.

One day less of temptation and care;
One day nearer our home over there.

February, 1883.

MAN PROPOSES; GOD DISPOSES.

WE plan our future glad and bright,
Without an earnest thought
That all our dreams of days beyond
Perhaps may come to naught.

To-day, to-morrow,—thus and so,—
We reason, little knowing
The stream of life goes quickly by,
The tide is ebbing, flowing.

The things that we prize most dearly
Are swept from our grasp away;
How oft in life we wake to find
Our cherished idols clay!

What will it matter though our plans
Should end in bitter weeping?
God marks our ways and counts our steps;
Our lives are in His keeping.

1883.

HOPE.

Sweet Hope, the guiding star of life,
Leading us near or far!
We follow thy steps as men of old
Followed the Bethlehem star.

We reach a promised something,
A phantom we have met;
The star of hope moves swiftly on,
The prize lies farther yet.

With eager, restless footsteps,
We chase the phantom fair,
Till a mocking voice within us
Whispers, "Castles in the air!"

And glancing quickly upward,
We find we've wandered far,
And soon retrace our footsteps
Back to our guiding star.

But it shineth not so brightly,
Though it moveth onward still,
And we, without the knowing,
Follow it whither we will

Through many a weary winding.
  But why do our tear-drops fall?
'Tis they that dim our vision,
  And not the clouds at all.

When the real clouds do hang o'er us
  And the mists do roll between,
The star still lies beyond them,
  Moving steadfast, though unseen.

Just as we fain would falter
  And turn away in pain,
The mists roll back in splendor,
  The star shines forth again,

But with a softened lustre,
  For it shineth o'er a grave:
"Blessed be the Lord who taketh;
  Blessed be the Lord who gave."

And now, with trembling brightness,
  It points through the clouds afar
To where the gates of heaven
  Stand even now ajar.

And it will lead us through them
  To a peace earth ne'er can mar,
At the feet of Christ, as men of old
  Were led by the Bethlehem star.

Hope guides our restless footsteps
  Through the years of life at its will;
Not till we're safe at home with Christ
  Shall we see the star stand still.

Sunday, March 18, 1883.

O BEAUTIFUL world whose maker is God,
  I gaze upon you in wonder!
A tiny speck in the universe,
  Space around you, above, and under.

ONLY SEEMING.

Only seeming to be happy,
Only seeming to be gay,
While a weight of strange oppression
Weareth heart and life away.

Only seeming to be heedless,
Only seeming not to care;
Underneath the only seeming
Deep and dark despair.

Only seeming God-forsaken,
Only seeming left alone;
Not a sparrow falls unnoticed,
Jesus ne'er forgets His own.

Only seeming to neglect thee,
He is leading all the way,
And through all the seeming darkness
He will guide to perfect day.

Only seeming thus to smite thee
When thou bowest 'neath the rod;
Only seeming not to love thee,
He is still thy Father—God.

Only seeming not to hear thee
When thou bendest low the knee,
Pleading soft His own sweet promise,
"Ask, and ye shall answered be."

Only seeming not to listen,
Only seeming not to care;
All in vain on wings of faith
Seems to rise thy prayer.

Only seeming—Jesus watches;
Only seeming—Jesus hears;
Only seeming—Jesus loves thee;
Only seeming—dry thy tears.

Only seeming, thus He tries thee,
Separating gold from dross;
Only seeming, thou shouldst count it
Heavenly gain each earthly loss.

Only seeming, wilt thou falter
Since the way is dark?
Be pure and noble; even death
Doth love a shining mark.

Only seeming, only seeming,
No matter what betide;
With only the mystic veil between,
Jesus walks close by thy side.

Tuesday, April 17, 1883.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That sweet song long ago,
While listening shepherds bent their ear
To catch it soft and low.
"Glory to God!" the angels sang;
"Glory to God!" then loud it rang
Far out upon the midnight air,
With none save shepherds watching there.

It filled their startled souls with awe;
They gazed in wonder round,
Then forward bent, with eager ear,
To catch each heavenly sound.
"Glory to God!" again it came;
"Peace upon earth!" o'er hill and plain;
While mount and valley, sweet and long,
Caught up and echoed back the song.

The centuries seemed to hear and lend
Their voices to the strain;
Now sons of men, as angels then,
Repeat the glad refrain.

"Glory to God!" how sweet the song!
"Peace upon earth!" though chanted long;
"Glory to God!" through ages still;
"Peace upon earth; to men good-will!"

Those shepherds on the hill-side there
Were startled, as the music sweet
Burst forth upon the midnight air
And light streamed downward to their feet.
The echo from Bethlehem's plains so wide
Brought peace to each troubled soul,
And joy to the hearts, on that Christmas-tide,
Of those watching men of old.

Shall the music of song borne thus afar
Fall void on our hearts to-day,
As the cycle of years hastens along
Another sweet Christmas-day?
Shall "Glory to God!" mean nothing to us,
When so much to those men of old?
"Peace upon earth!" do we care to hear
The sweet story the angels told?

"Glory to God!" e'en though the year
Has brought sorrow, sighing, and sadness,
Life mixed with death, parting, and pain,
As well as joy and gladness.

December 14, 1883.

THE TWO LOVERS.

(Partly composed in a dream.)

On he came; and there she stood,
A wealth of hair, beneath her snood,

Falling o'er her shoulders fair:
Ah! she was a picture rare.

But another soon he spied
Standing fondly by her side.

Wild his heart throbbed as in pain;
Should he turn away again?

In the sky was cloudless weather
As they, loving, stood together

Underneath the trellis there,
He so noble, she so fair.

She was list'ning, bending o'er her
The brave man who did adore her,

And her face was all aglow;
He was telling her—you know—

Just the same old touching story;
Who can rob it of its glory?

You perhaps have heard it too,—
Long since old, yet ever new.

On her face there played a smile
As she listened all the while

To each dear and tender word,
Though it seemed she never heard.

"Sweet, I love—I love but you;
To you only can be true.

"Tell me, dearest, can you say
Just the same to me to-day?

"Hope and joy will flee away,
Darling, if you tell me nay.

"Life and love will sweeter be
If you whisper yes to me."

Glancing up into his face,
Full of honor, truth, and grace;

Full of joy her own so fair,
Innocence and beauty rare;

She whispered words, so soft and low,
Only the zephyrs heard, I know,

Unless to another standing there
The answer was borne upon the air.

They turned to go; in mute surprise
They met the glance of his sad eyes.

White and worn was the face with pain;
Why he had come was all too plain.

He was noble and good and true,
Perhaps the nobler of the two.

The trio stood for a moment together
Under the sunny, cloudless weather.

"You've loved and wedded love," he said,
"While in my breast there lieth dead

"A cold, still heart that never
Can beat with love again forever.

"Sad and surprised, I feared that you
Would hear my pulses beating through,

"And yet I dared not turn away,
Lest the magic spell I'd break to-day."

'Twas a noble confession from a true heart;
Stern fate had willed that they must part.

So he mounted his steed and rode away,
And left them together that summer day.

What of the maid with face so fair
And wealth of golden, sun-kissed hair?

Did she follow with wistful eyes that day
The noble lover who rode away?

Ah, reader, this is an old story, too:
Love unrequited comes not to a few.

The bravest hearts are full of unrest;
The deepest sorrow oft comes to the best.

Saturday, January 19, 1884.

FRIENDSHIP.

If you love a friend, tell him so;
Don't wait until they've laid him low
'Neath the daisies where soft winds blow,
But tell him now, so he may know.

Can you cheer the sick by word or smile?
Can you help to lighten a bitter trial?
Don't tarry, my friend; the hours beguile;
Him and yourself you will bless the while.

THE BURIED PAST.

Is the sun still shining? yes, ah, yes!
Though the clouds hang low,
Its golden light's only hid from sight
While the storm-winds blow.

The winds moan low among the trees;
The sun's out of sight;
A sigh is borne on each passing breeze
As if it were night.

Weird and fantastic nature seems ;
Wild is the storm ;
A hush falls o'er us while watching these,
A feeling forlorn.

Watching the dull and leaden sky,
Our face 'gainst the pane,
Come sweet visions of other years,
And our tears fall fast like the rain.

Whose are the faces tender and dear?
Ye fain would ask ;
To repeat a story that brings such tears
Were no easy task.

We thought ourselves they were buried deep
And safely hid
In the silent grave of long ago,
Yet they come unbid

And cluster around us, sitting so
Silent and lone,
While the music wild of the storm without
Keeps time to our own.

We cannot name them : they come, they go,
From the dead past ;
Memory sweet is a link, we know,
That binds them fast.

Do you wonder, friend, that tears were shed
As we laid them low,
When you find us now, after years have fled,
Still weeping so?

Dear hopes, dear dreams of a golden past,
Dead did we say?
Helpless we reach out our arms and ask,
Could ye not stay?

Aroused we wake from our reverie deep
And wipe our tears away,

For the golden sun is shining bright,
The clouds have passed away.

The darkened clouds of a buried past
God lifts to day;
To the golden light of a future bright
He points the way.

March, 1884.

MY HEART AND I.

SOMETHING has carried me back to-day
To a past I'd fain forget,
Just a glimpse of the face of one I loved;
My heart, dost thou love him yet?

Years have passed since the wound was made,
And time all wounds will heal;
But why did I start as I saw him there?
My heart, thou must not feel.

'Twas the same dear face I loved so well,
And the same kind smile he gave
To another then, as he once gave me;
My heart, thou must be brave.

We met with a kindly smile and nod,
Standing in the place just where
We stood together many a time;
My heart, thou must not care.

Did thoughts of the happy other days
Come into *his* mind just then?
It were vain to think such was the case;
Well, heart, if they did, what then?

Our lives must change as the years go by,
And in looking back on mine
I cannot feel the wound at all,
'Tis only the scar I find.

September, 1884.

"WATCH YE, THEREFORE."

(In memory of Hannah L. Hollingsworth, who died August 21, 1884, after a brief illness, during an absence from home.)

WAITING, watching for the Master
Let us be;
For to some the summons cometh
Suddenly.
In the midst of youth and beauty,
By the side of age,
Walketh one who, stern in duty,
War doth wage;
Caring naught that pain or sorrow
Reigneth where
He hath trod, with sullen footsteps,
Here and there;
Triumphing o'er love and heaven,
Seemingly;
Breaking hearts that once were gladsome,
Light, and free,
To the gay, the sad, the trusting,
Cometh he.
Treading back with march triumphant,
Solemnly,
To the great and silent city
Of the dead,
There to leave a cherished treasure
Oft hath led.
Came he thus into our household
Ruthlessly;
Whispered words that brought us sorrow,
"Come with me."
To one young and pure and lovely
Thus came he,
And we saw him bear her from us,
Mournfully;
By the side of other loved ones
Laid her down,
Knowing that our loss to her is
Christ and crown.

Though her place on earth be vacant,
Yet will she
Waiting, watching with the Master,
For us be.
For we know the sternest warrior
Earth hath trod,
As to each he brings the message,
Obeyeth God.

September 12, 1884.

THE CHILDREN.

SHALL we check the happy laughter
Of the trusting little child,
Telling it that pain comes after,
Joy but lasts a little while?

Shall we hush the boyish prattle
As it dreams of future years,
Telling it that life is fleeting,
Pain and sorrow come with years?

Oft we kiss the lips, the forehead,
Smooth the sunny, silken hair;
God hath lent and we have borrowed
Precious jewels rich and rare.

Oft we clasp the darling fingers
Lovingly within our own,
Kiss away the smile that lingers
On those lips for us alone.

Oft we take the forms we cherish,
Clasp them closely to our breast;
But we know these forms must perish,
For a greater claim hath death.

Deem them thus the dearest treasure
God hath given us to keep;
Finding even trouble pleasure,
As we watch them in their sleep;

While the little brains are busy
Growing wise as days go by;
Oh, how many in God's kingdom
Wiser are than you or I!

October, 1884.

ON A MOUSE.

One night we scarce had gone to bed,
With lights put out and prayers said,
In darkness wrapped,
When, just outside the bedroom door,
And yet it seemed upon the floor,
Something tapped.

But the silence was unbroken,
For we gave no sign or token
That we heard;
Lying still in fear and wonder,
With the clothes tucked neatly under,
Never stirred.

As we could not rest in peace,
For the tapping did not cease,
We declared
The intruder should not stay,
To annoy us in this way.
Thus prepared,

Out of bed we quickly sprang,
And our voices sharply rang
Through the air,
In a tone of stern command,
"Who an entrance doth demand,
Who is there?"

Though our voices died away,
Still the stranger did not say
Why he came;

But, as soon as we grew still,
He kept knocking at his will
Just the same.

Then in anger quick I cried,
"You my question have defied;
I'll ope the door."
Something round and dark and small
Darted quick from out the hall
Across the floor.

When the stranger was announced,
Sister screamed and quickly bounced
Upon a chair;
While, sooner done than I have said,
I found myself upon the bed
In mid air.

It was indeed a comic sight
To see the very sorry plight
We were in.
The way we screamed—not with delight,
And yet you could not call it fright—
Was a sin.

When we ventured out of bed,
Very bravely we had said,
"We'll search the house!"
But to find ourselves alarmed
By that which could scarce have harmed,
E'en a mouse.

Ofttimes trifles light as air
Weigh us down,
While we bear a heavy care
Without a frown.
Are there lions in our pathway
We care not,
But to meet a mouse half-way
We dare not.

December, 1884.

LINES TO E. T.

(On her tenth birthday.)

SWEET little maid of summers ten,
Brief but happy your life has been,
Free from sorrow, care, and sin.

The days glide by on golden wings,
Each hour some new pleasure brings,
For life is full of beautiful things.

'Tis to you now but a holiday
Made for pleasure, frolic, and play,
All too quickly passing away.

And, looking down the vista of years,
It holds for you no doubts, no fears,
In your dreams there are no tears.

But, little maid, your sorrow will come,
As it does to each ere life is done;
God give you grace to bear it, sweet one.

March 23, 1885.

LOVE.

LOVE! know ye the meaning of the word?
Love! tell me have ye never heard
What love is? or, having heard, possess it not?
Heaven were not heaven without love, I wot.

Love! feel ye what love is and ye are blest;
Having naught else, ye have all that's best.
Know ye not love brings tears sometimes,
And joy oft kills where grief but blinds?

No other words while earth is trod
We'll find so sweet as love and God.

April, 1885.

OUTWARD BOUND.

GREAT white sails on the river,
Great white sails on the sea,
Drifting ever and ever,
Yet drifting silently.

What is the force that guides them
Over the bounding deep,
As o'er the waste of waters
Their path they ever keep?

Drifting ever and ever,
Silent, majestic, grand,
Till, far beyond our vision,
They reach a mystic land.

Yet danger may await them
As swiftly on they go
Over the untried waters
To the hush of death below.

What burdens are they bearing
As e'er their way they keep
O'er the treacherous waters?
Where is the port they seek?

O vast and trackless ocean,
With thy ever-restless tide,
How many thousand vessels
Upon thy bosom glide!

Thy face is deep and sullen,
Thy billows rough and wild;
Are thy white-winged ships as helpless
As are the toys of a child?

Each one seemingly helpless,
Sport of the winds at play,
Is guided o'er the waters:
A hand's at the helm alway.

July 5, 1885.

BROTHER.

THERE lingers in my mind to-day
A sweet and tender word,
And as it o'er my heart holds sway
My pulses all are stirred.
My thoughts grow fonder as I dream
Of childhood's happy hours;
Dear one, we've shared since then, I ween,
Life's sunshine and its showers.

THE sweetest flowers soonest decay,
The dearest forms fade first away
Beyond our sight to dwell in heaven;
Our babes to us are lent, not given.

July, 1885.

MEETING AND PARTING.

WE clasp each other's hands;
We meet, we part;
We look into the eyes,
But not the heart.

And yet methinks sometimes
Soul readeth soul,
That eyes speak unto eyes
Words never told.

We fill the busy days
In life's great mart;
We tread our different ways;
We meet, we part.

July 31, 1885.

"HATH GOD FORGOTTEN TO BE GRACIOUS?"

From His throne high in heaven
Looking down upon the earth
On His wayward, erring children,
Deems He them of little worth?

Does His great heart beat less kindly
Than it did while walking here
On earth, to those all about Him
Speaking words of comfort, cheer?

Healing every tribe and nation,
Lame and blind, deaf and dumb,
Sending forth with hearts of gladness
All who unto Him did come?

Think you that your earnest pleading
Reaches not the throne above?
That the holy God who listeneth
Bendeth not an ear of love?

Doubt not, oh, my waiting brother,
God is good as He is high!
Though your answer seems to tarry,
It will reach you by and by.

Never yet was faith unanswered,
Never prayer was made in vain;
What to you now seems mysterious
Some day God will make quite plain.

Like the little babe who wanteth,
Arms outstretched, some hurtful thing,
We, in erring, childish weakness,
Oft to God such pleadings bring.

But the mother, loving mother,
Takes her child away from harm;
And our Father, being wiser,
Stretches forth a saving arm.

Soon baby lips are quivering,
Big tears roll the cheeks adown,
Baby's little heart is breaking;
Who will chase away that frown?

Then the mother, blessed mother,
Kisses wet cheeks till they're dry,
Tells the child her baby prattle,
Sings to it a lullaby.

And the babe, with face upturned,
Her sweet language understands,
Knows the pretty thing it wanted
Soon would hurt its little hands.

So it is our heavenly Father,
Knowing what is best for us,
With a love beyond a mother's
Answers oft our pleadings thus.

Sends an answer all unlooked for,
Wipes our falling tears away,
Keeping back what most we wanted,
Sending what is best alway.

Saturday, November 21, 1885.

UNREST.

Many thousand hearts beat madly,
Torn with grief and fear and pain;
Other thousands, beating gladly,
Deem not life and love in vain.

Side by side walk some together,
But their lives are far apart,
And it matters little whether
Each can read the other's heart.

Others treading different pathways
Feel their hands may never clasp;
Fortune, fame, and youth may perish,
Love endureth to the last.

How oft in the world's great history
Has the word "farewell" been said!
Farewell to-day to the living,
To-morrow farewell to the dead!

"ARE YOU CRYING ABOUT YOUR SAVIOUR?"

One day, in an angry passion,
Hot tears fell upon my cheek.
"Are you crying about your Saviour?"
Said a dear voice, low and sweet,

As my darling little brother
Peeped into the room where I,
In my pride and heat of passion,
Sat me down to have a cry.

And he came and stood beside me
In his loving, gentle way:
"Are you crying about your Saviour,
Darling sister, won't you say?"

But my tears fell thick and faster
With him kissing them away;
Oh, my precious baby brother,
Empty are my arms to-day.

For your little voice is silent;
Long, long years it sure must be
Since you put your arms about me,
Having climbed upon my knee.

Oft I wonder, oh, my baby,
From your home beyond the skies,
When my cheek is flushed in anger,
Look you down in sad surprise?

For the words your three years' wisdom
Whispered to me long ago
Steal oft into my memory
Like an echo soft and low.

And I feel your sweet caresses
As you, wondering, said that day,
"Are you crying about your Saviour,
Darling sister, won't you say?"

IN MEMORY OF RETTA SMITH

(Who died in Elam, Delaware County, Pennsylvania, March 17, 1886, aged two years).

HEART-BROKEN father and mother,
Bowing beneath the rod,
Do you fail to see, in your sorrow,
The loving hand of God?

Naught can we say of comfort
In this, your hour of need;
The tenderest words we might utter
Would fall on your ears without heed.

Thrice has the reaping death-angel
Lingered o'er your household band,
And thrice, in turning to leave you,
Has carried a flower in his hand,

Plucked for the Father's bosom.
Wandering o'er the land in haste,
In order to gather the fairest,
He has laid your garden waste.

And you, in your heart-crushing sorrow,
Are sitting alone to-night,
For the fragment of flowers he left you
You've buried out of your sight.

The last one by God's hand implanted
You cherished and watched with care;
Fond mother, in your narrow wisdom,
Did you think it would always grow there?

You could not know that the angel
Would also take it away,
Your dearest and only treasure,
So your hands are idle to-day.

But now your flowers are blooming
Where earth's blighting frosts cannot come;
The Father Himself is watching,
Though they need neither light nor sun.

April 8, 1886.

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Is God so very great and good,
Beyond the blue skies yonder,
That anything a child may ask
He cannot hear, I wonder?

Is the kneeling form of a little child
Too small for His notice? say;
Is the trusting prayer of the baby lips
Borne by the winds far away?

From the throne of God in heaven
Are angels bending near
To catch each word the baby says
As they softly bend to hear?

And do they fold their snowy wings
While on earth with us they stay?
Are they coming and going as in days of old,
Backward and forward alway?

Are they bending o'er beds of death,
Whispering words of cheer?
Is that the reason the dying smile,
Because the angels are near?

Do they fold them close in their arms
And bear them far away?
Are the dead safe, happy, and glad
While we weep o'er their clay?

Do they bear them straight through the golden gate
Where they know neither sorrow nor fear?
And is it true, as the Bible says,
That God wipes away each tear?

Do the angels leave them there with God,
And come back to earth again?
And does it never make them sad
To witness sorrow and pain?

Do they watch o'er each little beggar child
Wandering through the street?
Doesn't it make them sorry to see
The cold hands and bare, cold feet?

If they follow them all the way
To their wretched, weary home,
Isn't it enough to make them wish,
Almost, that they had not come?

Couldn't the angels make them rich?
And why does the Bible say,
"Me ye have not; lo! to the end,
The poor ye will have alway"?

Are the angels standing near me,
Watching me night and day?
Do they know when I'm naughty and bad?
And do they hear when I pray?

What I ask of the dear, good Lord
Will they tell to Him anyway?
And will He send the answer back
By the angels to me? now, say.

December 11, 1886.

IN MEMORIAM.

O CRUEL Death! why did ye come
To bear away a much-loved son?
Not full enough your garnered store,
But ye must come to gather more?

Bowed, hoary heads ye have passed by,
And hearts that may have longed to die,
And taken from a mother's side
An only son in youthful pride.

But, Death, ye did not triumph here,
For pain and thou were robbed of fear,—
Were only angels in disguise
To lead triumphant to the skies.

January 8, 1887.

JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA.

"And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea."

MATT. xiv. 25.

THE tempest of life had gathered
In darkness over my soul;
Wildly my barque was driven,
Darkly the billows did roll.

I saw no light in the darkness,
And wildly aloud did I cry,
Till a voice came o'er the waters:
"Be not afraid; it is I."

And I saw my Saviour coming
Across the billowy wave
Towards my tempest-tossed vessel;
Surely He had come to save.
For my heart, so worn and weary,
Grew lighter: why should I fear,
When I heard His voice repeating,
"It is I; be of good cheer"?

My barque, so madly driven,
Grew strangely calm once more,
And I felt as safe on the water
As I might have felt on the shore.
The angry waves about Him
Seemed to know and understand
'Twas God who walked upon them,
For they rested at His command.

Densely the midnight darkness
Had settled over the deep;
The moaning surf about me
Dashed madly at my feet.
I wished that Christ were nearer,
For I thought Him far away;
I prayed the night might hasten,
I longed to see the day.

Thus I waited, worn and weary,
Till the fourth watch of the night,
Battling with the storm about me,
All impatient for the light;
Eyes strained towards the land,
Where I thought my Lord to be:
Lo! walking on the angry sea,
Behold! Christ has come to me.

January 23, 1887.

THE OUTCAST.

Low, low, she hath fallen so low
  That, wandering aimless through the street,
She knoweth neither friend nor foe.

So low hath she fallen from goodness and grace
  It seemeth God Himself hath forgotten her;
There's no room for her in His presence, nor place.

Low, so low, yet the blue skies are above her,
  The pathway of right not far from her feet,
And God hath not forgotten to love her.

So low, oh, my weary and desolate sister!
  You might pass out of life and scarce any would know,
And no one would say, "I, too, have missed her."

Low, so low that the world cannot reach her;
  Still there is One ever ready to save,
Who looketh down on each fallen creature.

Her pale face seemeth sad and aweary
  As helpless she sinks on the cold streets to die.
Hath she a heart? oh, why do you query,
  My proud, cruel sister, who passeth her by?

Your rich garments rustle, you gather them closer,
  And quicken your footsteps to hasten away;
Poor, dying sister, why do you fear her?
  She's nearer the kingdom than you are to-day.

Low, so low, yet how many are falling
  Day by day, as the years go by!
Only the thought, oh, how appalling!

The harvest is ready, the laborers few;
  Come to the rescue, my sister, my brother;
There's work for your hands, there's plenty to do.

January 29, 1887.

HAUNTED.

The ghost of my dead love haunts me to-day,
After years of parting and pain;
It will not be stilled, though I say it nay;
It thrills my soul with love again.

For my heart will be his ever and aye,
Though I never gave him my hand;
I need not tell you just the reason why,
For you could not understand.

Last night in a dream he looked in my eyes,
And held my warm hand in his own,
And, though he spoke to me never a word,
I rejoiced in his presence alone;

For I felt the soul of my soul had returned
After wandering from my side.
'Twas but a dream; I awoke to the truth
That my true love long since had died.

But the ghost of his presence haunts me to-day,
Let me reason as I will;
Waking he is ever dead to me,
In dreams he is living still.

February 3, 1887.

"AND THE VOICE WAS NOT IN THE WHIRLWIND."

Darkly do the storm-clouds lower
Overhead;
Wild and loud the tempest rages,
Sunshine's fled.

But we know the sunshine's hidden
Far away,
And we know the storm-cloud cannot
Last for aye.

Though the whirlwind sweepeth wildly,
Fierce, and loud,
Yet the Spirit comes not to us
In the cloud.

A still, small voice is whispering,
Soft and low,
"What I do, not now, but hereafter
Thou shalt know."

DELAWARE CITY, August 1, 1887.

THE ALARUM-BELL.

HARK to the clanging of the fire-alarm
On the midnight air;
We wonder in all the sleeping town
Who lies awake to hear.

By some its tones will not be heard;
In slumber wrapped,
They'll heed not its warning, though loud the call,
Clap on clap.

Others, startled, will rouse from their sleep
As peal answers peal,
But, finding the danger is far away,
Will to slumber yield.

But well we know each peal of the bell
Fills some hearts with fear,
For, as they listen, knell on knell
Tells of danger near.

Soon the lurid flames leaping up
Redden the sky,
And the streets are full of confusion wild
As the horses dash by.

Gallop on gallop, they hasten away
To the scene of despair,
And to-morrow's sun will rise and shine
On ruin there.

There's an alarum-bell that ringeth loud
For the sleeping soul;
It giveth its warning to poor and proud,
Toll on toll.

The fair, gay youth, with the glass to his lips,
Pauses to hear;
Then he laughs aloud as the wine he sips,
For he knows no fear.

That warning knell, were danger near,
He would surely heed;
But he is young and life is fair,
There is no need.

The years glide by, the sun shines fair,
As in days of old;
Do the angels weep in their home up there
O'er a ruined soul?

No need to speak of the years between,
While the mother wept,
Of the warning knell through the father's prayers,
As the gay youth slept.

No need to tell of the demon of fire
With its lurid light,
How the flames leaped upward higher and higher,
Leaving ruin and blight.

A vision of beauty comes to us now,
Loveliness replete:
A woman's lips and eyes and brow,
Nameless graces sweet.

Her musical laughter falls on our ear
In cadence soft;
Without knowing why, in after-years
We shall hear it oft.

Life has been to her but a holiday;
Pleasure, not pain,
The years have brought to her; why not for aye?
The tempter came.

Her pleasure and beauty proved her ruin.
Resisting not,
She heeded the tempter and met her doom.
Bitter her lot!

Her footsteps faltered as she turned away,
The bell pealing yet,
Little by little, day by day,
Step by step.

How loud at first the alarum sound!
And fainter then,
And fainter still as the days come round,
Till the time comes when

She heeds not its warning note at all,
Though troubled her brow;
She has drifted away beyond recall,
Deadened now.

No need to speak of her sorrow and pain;
They are written there
On the face that never, never again
Can be pure and fair.

For broken hearts cannot bring her back
To the path of right;
Naught but God can save her now with His
Power and might.

For some the wine may not tempt, the cup
May not lure;
But for every soul struggling up
We may be sure

There's an alarum-bell that warns us well
When danger is near,
Guiding our footsteps away from hell
If we will but hear.

March, 1888.

CONTENTMENT.

Earth holds for me no greater bliss
When thou art by;
With thee goes all my happiness,
I pine, I sigh.
When thou art near the world is fair,
Life a glad song;
The greenest field's a desert bare
When thou art gone.
I long to clasp thee to my heart
And hold thee there,
That henceforth we may never part
While death shall spare.

July 15, 1888.

BY AND BY.

In the sweet by and by,
Far beyond yon bright blue sky
We shall meet our own again.
When the mists have rolled in splendor
And the darkness passed away,
In the light of God's own beauty,
In the bright eternal day,
We shall meet our loved again.

1890.

A REVERIE.

This glad May-day,
While flowers bloom gay
  And sweetness fills the air,
I backward glance
O'er scenes long past,
  To me most dear.

The flowers bloom
Just as of yore,
  The paths are still the same;
Yet friends once near,
To me most dear,
  I cannot name.

The green trees wave above my head,
  The sun shines on;
And yet for me, this glad May-day,
  Something is gone:
A loving smile, a tender word,
  I once could claim.
Ah! who to me shall dare to say
  The world is still the same?

Sweet children play about me here,
  This glad May-day,
And know no fear.
I watch them pluck the flowerets gay
  And smile the while,
And cannot otherwise than pray,
  "God bless each little child!"

Yet their voices seem,
  Ah! far away,
For other thoughts beguile;
  Still I watch them in their play,
Each loving little child.

And their dear hearts may never know
The sadness in my own,
For, older grown, we hide our pain
And make no moan.

May 1, 1890.

BY THE SEA.

We have come down to the beach to say farewell to the sea, for this is our last day here. A week has quickly fled, and we have thoroughly enjoyed it.

Longport lies in the distance. Not a sailing vessel is in sight; an ocean steamer rides proudly abreast of the waves. Above us is a wide expanse of sky, painted by the hand of a divine artist, who knows no rival. From a distance there comes the sound of music, that mingles with the wilder music of the restless waves. My friend's two little boys are drawing men in the sand. Awhile ago little C. said, "Oh, mamma, mamma! see the pitty 'aves—the big 'aves!" and the waves creep slowly in.

While sitting here, there steals o'er me

"A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain,"

for there is ever a spirit of sadness in the word farewell.

To-day we start for our respective homes, leaving the gay and ceaseless throng behind us; yet who among them will heed our going? The tide of life and the tide of sea will flow on to-morrow as it does to-day, and we shall not be missed.

Some time we must say farewell to life itself, leaving behind us many that we hold near and dear, and it will be then as it is to-day. The busy world will not heed our going, and yet

"To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

We are sitting by Applegate pier under one umbrella, fit subjects, I know, for an artist, but none is near to immortalize the scene. A. still sits at his mother's feet, but C. has wandered off and is tempting the waves to come and carry him out to sea. He seems completely lost in thoughts of his own; who shall say how deep and far-reaching they may be? for "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

The past is behind us, the present fleeth, the future who can tell? Still the waves are kissing our very feet, yet we must say farewell.

Farewell,—ah, yes, we must say it!
Farewell, so to speak, for to-day;
Farewell for a short time only,
Or perhaps forever and aye.

July 10, 1890.

"FRIEND"—a little word, but who
May know its depth or meaning
Except
They measure it by the heart of One
Who, holding a universe in His
Hand, stood by a grave
And wept!

July, 1890.

SONG OF THE BIRDS.

'Tis early dawn, the birds sing gay,
They are singing their lives away,—
Chirp, chirp, chirp.
They sing their sweet songs ceaselessly,
The thought of which: "God cares for me,"—
Chirp, chirp, chirp.
In all the busy world around,
A sparrow falls not to the ground—
Chirp, chirp, chirp—

Without our Father heeds the fall,
For thus He watches over all,—
Chirp, chirp, chirp.
A lesson of faith it seems to be:
God cares for the birds; He'll care for me,—
Chirp, chirp, chirp.

Sunday, July 29, 1890.

NIGHT ON THE RIVER.

A SOUND of music floateth
Adrift upon the air,
A wide, wild waste of waters,
A sky divinely fair.

White sails are drifting ever
Afloat upon the tide,
Bearing both joy and sorrow
Far o'er the waters wide.

O deep and rolling river!
Thy waters moan and fret,
But the secret of thy heart
None have discovered yet.

Far in the distance yonder
Sinks a great golden ball;
It seems, while gazing on it,
Like God's eye watching all.

O beauty bright and tender,
Closing a day so fair!
Words cannot paint thy glory,
But the soul finds it there.

Fair is this scene before me,
Swift the boats onward glide;
But a longing steals o'er me,
Deep as the restless tide.

The tide of life, like the tide of sea,
Rolls on and on and on,
And life and death are a mystery;
All is a strange, sweet song.

August 4, 1890.

MY IDEAL.

(A true incident.)

I ONCE knew a woman in form most fair,
With large hazel eyes and bronze-brown hair.

A noble woman, full of grace,
With winsome smile and loving face.

'Twas in the Quaker City where
I met this woman passing fair.

Place—a gay ballroom; flowers rare,
Music, mirth, and dancing were there.

And many forms were fair to see
And faces sweet, yet naught to me

Till I saw, through a distant room,
A vision of loveliness come.

'Twas but a woman fair of face,
Dressed in soft folds of filmy lace.

Only a woman noble and gay,
The woman who stole my heart away.

We were introduced: I bowed; she smiled,
And with that smile she my heart beguiled.

Then, by and by—it was not chance—
I led her through the mazy dance.

And while her dainty little feet
Kept tripping time to music sweet,

I held her hand ; it thrilled my soul ;
She brought me wealth of love untold.

Beautiful hand that sealed my fate !
I learned love then ; I since learned hate.

We danced, then went to a quaint old room
Rich with exotics' rare perfume ;

A room as fair as an artist's dream,
Yet none too fair for my new-found queen.

For a queen she seemed, so sweet, so fair,
While diamonds flashed from the bronze-brown hair.

Beautiful pictures graced the wall,
Yet the living one was sweeter than all.

I cannot paint her as I saw her then
On the sofa there ; my words cannot pen

The music of voice, the beauty of face,
The lustre of her eye, the nameless grace

That chained me to the spot and held me there,
A willing captive of a woman fair.

Never to my dying day shall I forget
That silvery laugh ; I can hear it yet.

The music ceased ; other suitors came,
And I at last must forfeit my claim.

So she arose in her queenly way,
Took a proffered arm, and went away ;

While I gave my arm to one less fair,
And thus we two stood at supper there.

Soon were ended the music and mirth ;
Had my castle then fallen to earth ?

Wondering, I stood near the parlor door,
Hoping to catch a glimpse of her once more.

'Twas granted. She lingered on the stair,
Bidding adieu to many friends there,

Leaning the while on another's arm;
Would he shield her from danger and harm?

She did not bow as she passed the while,
She only gave me one strange, sweet smile.

Soon she left the throng, with laughter sweet,
But the place without her was not complete.

So I too sauntered homeward again,
With a sense of joy that seemed half pain.

Time passed, and oft we met again
As friend holds fellowship with friend.

But day by day she dearer grew:
I deemed her fair; I knew her true.

I claimed my own; but fate denied,
And she became another's bride.

I did not blame, I did not chide,
But earth became a desert wide.

I hold her still my high ideal;
My stubborn heart will never yield.

Time from my mind cannot efface
Each nameless charm, each winning grace.

Changes come with each passing year,
Still I hold her memory dear.

The past is mine without regret,
And, living still, I love her yet.

August 8, 1890.

LINES IN AN ALBUM.

STRIVE to live each day
Nobler than the last,
That at life's closing
Thou mayst without regret
Review the past.

August 27, 1890.

TO C. H.

OH, friend of mine so tried and true,
Through each succeeding year,
How sweet companionship with you
I'll whisper in your ear.
Still, as a pledge of love steadfast
Accept this token dear,
And may our ties of friendship last
For many a coming year.

1890.

SORROW.

A WHITE face, worn with care,
Sorrowful, sad;
Is there naught in this beautiful world
To make her glad?
Once she had golden locks,
Face sweet and fair,
But the pain and sorrow she has known
Left their trace there.

THE REST THAT REMAINETH.

"Come unto me all ye that labor, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

I HAVE told the touching story—
I have told it o'er and o'er;
I have told it to you, pleading;
I'll repeat it now once more.

Then perhaps you'll heed my warning,
Listen to my words to day:
Christ is waiting to be gracious;
Hasten, sinner, why delay?

Why delay, when fleeting moments
Bear the tide of life away,
Taking all that we deem precious,
Leaving naught but lifeless clay?

Come, then, come while Christ is ready,
Willing to receive His own,
And the choral throng of heaven
Will rejoice around the throne.

"Come to me,"—oh, hear the message
From a messenger of Him
Who pleads now with heart that's yearning
For the prodigals in sin!

"All that labor,"—oh, the toiling
Of each weary-hearted one!
Come, receive on earth a blessing,
Rich reward when life is done.

"Heavy laden,"—many burdens
Some are bearing by the way;
But the Saviour stands entreating,
He will lift the load to-day,

Give the rest your hearts are craving,
Fill your souls with peace divine.
Come, then, cast yourselves before Him,
Crying, "Lord, henceforth I'm thine."

August 27, 1890.

BE PATIENT.

Wait, little seeds, beneath the ground,
Patiently wait as the years come round;
Though tiny and helpless, you must know
If you wait you will surely grow.

Patiently wait, little girls and boys,
All too soon you'll be women and men;
And, in the busy whirl of life,
Often and often you'll wonder then

Why the time so slowly passed
When you were children, careless and free;
For the added weight of years will bring
Added burdens to bear, you see.

So, merry-hearted girls and boys,
Live out your happy life to-day,
Dreaming less of what lies beyond,
Let your future come as it may.

A future for some there will never be,
Instead lilies white and the casket lid,
For dear little forms we fain would keep
Must oft from our sight forever be hid.

While we miss them and mourn and grieve,
They've a crown of life and a harp of gold;
So we patiently wait for the years to pass,
That we may meet them in the heavenly fold.

But many little, gladsome hearts,
That know not the meaning of pain to-day,
In future years will be bearing their cross,
With furrowed brows and locks of gray.

So patiently wait, my girls and boys,
And God your future will unfold;
How much He will give of sorrow or joy
You may not know till your life story's told.

But this you may know, my girls and boys,
Whether at work or whether at play,
You're building a character by word and act
That will last when the future becomes to-day.

So build on, little ones, in your play
Dreaming dreams too old for youth,
Only, as you build, oh, seek alway
To lay the corner stone of truth!

April 28, 1891.

BABY BYE!

All my own, to love and keep,
Baby bye, baby bye!
Oh, what joy! why should I weep?
Baby bye!
Those sweet lips to mine are pressed,
Baby bye, baby bye!
Your bright life to mine brings rest,
Baby bye!
Dear little voice, I love it well,
Baby bye, baby bye!
What joy you've brought I ne'er can tell,
Baby bye!
I look into those winsome eyes,
Baby bye, baby bye!
And know you've come from Paradise,
Baby bye!

1891.

MY FRIEND'S JEWELS.

(In reply to a poem sent to me by Mrs. R.)

I have a friend both fair and sweet,
Loving, gracious, and kind;
Two darling boys play at her feet,
Each one of noble mind;
While "Aunt Nannie all alone"
Goes her way and makes no moan.

My friend once dwelt on Sweden's shore,
  But hers was a bright mind,
So she crossed the seas, to return no more,
  And, lo! did a husband find.
Now eyes of deep softened brown
Chase away each tear and frown.

But strange things happen day by day,
  And thus the fates decreed
That, as we two went our way,
  One might the other need;
So I with friends dear but few
Found another brave and true.

We hear the tread of footsteps fall,—
  The years are passing by;
How swift they go beyond recall!
  Who can keep them? not you, not I.
Now brother one and sisters two
Are wedded, and I'm alone, 'tis true.

For my fair friend and sisters sweet
  Children's voices fill the air:
Dear Francine, with restless feet,
  Big blue eyes, and flowing hair.
From my eyes no tear shall fall;
Darling babes, I claim them all.

My Archie boy, with serious mien,
  Dear, loving face, and thoughtful way,
Eyes that of far-away things must dream,
  A little boy too wise for play,
A mother's love is strong and true,
But, little one, I love you too.

And laughing Charlie, bright and gay,
  With loving lips a ruby pair;
Their smiles can chase the frowns away;
  An angel's scarce can be more fair;
A pretty, wilful little boy,
Papa's "sunshine," mamma's "joy."

Then comes Georgie, scarce six months old,
Our own, our darling son;
We have gathered him into the fold
Of our hearts, our boy, our only one;
Grandpa, grandma, soon found that they
Had room for him once and for aye.

Then in fear we held our breath,
For an angel stood at our door awhile;
We knew not if his errand were life or death
Till he gave to our keeping a little child:
Baby Evelyn, with such winsome eyes
She seems only fit for Paradise.

So, dear friend, in your happy home,
Call me not alone to-day:
Though no dear babes my very own
Look up to me from their play,
Though eyes of brown nor eyes of blue
Speak words of love pure and true,

I am not alone, I am not sad,
As I whisper a sweet good-by:
I've the great wide world in which to be glad,
And above me the bright blue sky.
I leave my future to God above;
I am not alone, for God is love.

Thursday, August 27, 1891.

THE EMPTY NEST.

I HOLD within my hand to-day
An empty nest:
The little ones have flown away,
Yet that is best.

God teaches the birdies how to build
In bush and tree;
Each little one on flying wing
Is wiser than we.

Some bits of stick and hair and twine
I see in it,
Yet it makes a nest so very fine
That the birdies care not a bit.

If the rain comes down and the wild winds blow,
They're safe under mother's wing:
She will shelter them, for she loves them so,
Each tiny, downy thing.

It matters not that her wings are wet,—
Such is mother's love;
She cares not if the wild winds sweep
Down from above,

So that her babes, as she counts them o'er,—
One, two, three,—
Are cuddled safe in the snug home nest
In the leafy tree.

She sings and works the summer long,
Teaching them day by day,
That they too may grow wise and strong
For work instead of play.

I know, as I gaze at this empty nest,
The birdies have flown;
In some far-away, sunnier clime
Have homes of their own.

We too, like the birdies, must some day leave
The dear home nest;
Earth for us is not an abiding-place,
So full of unrest.

'Tis only a home of shelter and love,
Under a Father's care,
Till we are fitted through faith and works
For our home over there.

So let us learn to work and wait
For that glad time
When we can soar on wings of faith
To a happier clime.

Then we can leave without regret
The dear home nest,
To live forever where parting comes not,
For that is best.

October 27, 1891.

GOING TO NOD-LAND.

SOMEBODY'S going to Nod-Land just now;
Soon those peepers from the light
Will be closed fast and tight,
And our little baby bright
Will be in Nod-Land.

Sunday, December 6, 1891.

AMONG THE DAISIES.

THROUGH a field of daisies,
One bright summer day,
Filled with love and sunshine,
Roamed our baby May.

"Did Dod up in heaven
Make 'ese sweet f'owers,
And from His world above
Frow 'em down to ours?

"I fink I'll fill my apron
For mamma, you know;
I'll tell her Desus sent 'em
'Cause He loves her so."

Yes, our own sweet baby,
Pluck them without fear;
Just fill your apron full;
God sent them to you, dear.

Millions of bright-eyed daisies
Scattered through the land,
To gladden the hearts of all,
Are gifts from God's hand.

Saturday, December 12, 1891.

"SUFFER THE LITTLE ONES TO COME UNTO ME."

Somebody's heart is aching
This glad winter day,
Some mother's heart is breaking
As her babe is laid away.

Yonder the cortège is winding
Towards the city of the dead;
"Suffer the little ones to come unto me"
Are the words the Saviour said.

Not without tears of anguish
Are the little ones given to God;
Not without sobs and heartaches,
Yet we fain would bow 'neath the rod.

Fond mother, your darling is safe
In the sunshine of heaven to-day:
The dear form robed in the casket
Is a piece of beautiful clay;

The bright, loving soul has risen
Above and beyond your care,
And now in the realms of heaven
It waits to welcome you there.

February 10, 1892.

TRIFLES.

Only a rain-drop
So light and so small,
As you fall to earth
You count not at all.

Millions of rain-drops,
Mighty in strife,
Bring a universe
Into new life.

Only a snow-flake
From the great sky,
And when you reach here
You're lost where you lie.

Millions of snow-flakes
Work all the night,
And Earth hath a robe
Beautiful, white.

A kind word or smile
Is small for one to give;
Let the multitude help
And all men will live,

Lifted to a higher plane
Up from the common sod,
To walk with a broader view
In the clear light of God.

February 11, 1892.

WHAT CAN I DO FOR THEE?

What can I do for thee, Jesus?
Not much, it seems to me;
Yet all I have I would gladly
Bring and give to thee.

My dearest and purest treasure
I will lay at thy feet,
And count earth's losses pleasure,
Pain for thy sake sweet.

I feel that all my efforts
Are so weak, compared with some,
That when the golden sheaves are brought
I may not carry one,
Instead a few stray gleanings
Gathered here and there
Through hours of weary pain and toil
And patient work and care.

I fear that my heart is selfish,
At least it seems so to me,
For I do not walk in the fulness
Of light I fain would with thee.
Give me strength to fling back the shutters
Of this heart, dear Lord, oh, wide!
That the glorious light of heaven
May enter, a golden tide.

We fill our houses with sunshine
From yon great ball far away,
Yet can rest if into our hearts
There comes but a glimmering ray
Of the great light all about us,
Radiating from God above.
Oh, may I open my heart wide
For the holy light of love!

Then perhaps my few stray gleanings,
Like the widow's wisp of hay,*
May gleam with as bright a lustre
As the golden sheaves that day;

* THE TWO CHURCH-BUILDERS.—A famous king built a church, and, that he might have all the glory, he commanded that none should aid in the work. When the work was done, he carved his name in letters of gold within the dome. That night he dreamed that an angel came and erased his name and put a woman's in its stead. Three times he saw the vision. In the morning he sent to find the owner of the name. She

For thou wilt know, O Jesus,
That, like the widow old,
I did it for thy glory
And left my work untold!

February 11, 1892.

"YE ARE RISEN WITH CHRIST."

We'll rise again, we'll rise again,
Our blessed Lord hath said;
We lay our loved ones in the tomb,
Yet do not call them dead,

Because we know they only sleep
The long, last, sacred sleep;
They'll rise again, they'll rise again;
Ay, nevermore to weep.

They'll rise again, they'll rise again,
Who sleep in Christ our Lord;
They'll rise to everlasting day,
So says God in His word.

We'll rise again, we'll rise again,
Though laid in earth away;
We'll rise to reign with Christ our King
Through an eternal day.

Easter, 1892.

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

About four hundred years ago—
I don't remember it; do you?—
There lived a man far, far away,
Who wished to find a country new.

---

proved to be a poor widow, who had given the horses that drew the stones a wisp of hay.

"Ah! now I see," the king exclaimed,
"Self-glory was my aim;
The woman gave for love of God,
And not for worldly fame:
'Tis my command the tablet bear
The pious widow's name."

So three tiny ships were made,
To sail the wide seas o'er;
Yet the people did not think
He would reach another shore.

But the little ships came safely,
For this man trusted God;
And after many weary days
He knelt on new-found sod.

Do you wonder why we honor
This great man, good and true?
'Tis because we love our country
And the Red, White, and Blue.

The joy Columbus must have felt
As he knelt, from home far away,
Surely could not have been as great
As the joy of our hearts to-day.

October 2, 1892.

ADDRESS.

(For a little boy to recite at the hoisting of the school flag.)

TEACHERS AND SCHOOLMATES,—We to-day present to you these noble veterans, who fought under the stars and stripes to defend our country. If this land was dear to the heart of Columbus, who under the guidance of God landed here four hundred years ago, a stranger and almost alone in a strange country, how much dearer it must be to us who, American born, are surrounded by beautiful homes and loving friends!

All honor to Columbus, all honor to these veterans, and all honor to the stars and stripes that shall float forever over this glorious land of liberty!

October 2, 1892.

"HE KNOWETH OUR FRAME."

LORD, thou knowest, oh, thou knowest
Just how frail thy children are!
And thou lookest down in pity
From thy home above us far.

Lord, thou knowest, oh, thou knowest
All the trials that we must bear!
And thou feelest for our sorrows,
In them all hast had thy share.

Lord, thou knowest, oh, thou knowest
All we fain would give to thee!
And thou knowest our shortcomings,
Dying Lamb of Calvary.

Lord, thou knowest, oh, thou knowest
We would consecrate to thee
These poor hearts, with all their failings,
That from sin we might be free!

October 3, 1892.

I CAN hear the song of the ransomed
When the gates of heaven swing wide
To welcome home a trembling soul
Brought safe to the Father's side.

WE SHALL BE LIKE HIM.

"When I awake in thy likeness I shall be satisfied."

CRUSH me, O thou mighty God,
My sins are so great!
Bow me beneath the chastening rod;
Let me suffer, wait.

It matters not if my heart does break,
  It matters not if I die,
If thou wilt only give me at last
  A home on high.

Like the dying thief on the cross,
  To-night I plead with thee:
Thou didst comfort him in days of old;
  Speak peace to me.

It will matter not, as the years roll on,
  What my sorrow has been,
It will matter not when I am gone,
  If only then

Thou wilt take me to Paradise with thee
  And give me a place
At thy feet, where I, dear Lord, at last
  May behold thy face,

And find in my own a type of thine,
  Dear Lamb, who died;
For until in thy likeness I awake
  I shall never be satisfied.

Saturday Eve, October 29, 1892.

ALONE.

My soul stands all alone to-night,
  With only God;
If it is saved from sin and blight
  The paths I've trod

Will show at last, when all is o'er
  And I am dead,
With cold hands folded, work all done,
  The last prayer said.

Then friends whom I loved will silently come
And perchance will say,
As they softly bend to kiss my brow,
"How we miss her to-day!"

And tender hands at the very last
Will lay me low;
Forgetting all the wrong I've done,
Their tears will flow.

They will sadly turn away
And leave me alone in the gloom;
Then, perchance, the little birds will come
And sing above my tomb.

The winds will whisper, soft and low,
"She did her best,
And, knowing this, can we not leave
With God the rest?"

'Neath skies of blue with sunshine warm
Tall grasses green may wave,
And wild white snows in winter-time
Will sweep across my grave.

The patter of rain, whether loud or soft,
Will not wake me there,
Where I am sleeping far below,
Away from all care.

For my soul will stand, as it stands to-night,
Alone with God;
It matters not that my body must sleep
Under the sod.

I care not whether soon or late
My work is done,
If my life will only show at the last
A crown well won.

October 29, 1892.

THE STORY THE FAIRIES TOLD.

THE fairies came to me last night,
And, do you know? each little sprite
Whispered gayly in my ear,
"We bring a story you must hear."

The little elves! I do declare
It really does not seem quite fair
That they should bring a book to me,
And lay it quaintly on my knee,

Expecting me to take a peep
When I, indeed, was sound asleep.
Now, do not smile, for this is true,
And I will tell the rhyme to you

As best I can, just as I read
While I was fast asleep in bed.
And yet I cannot give to you,
Although I claim the story's true,

The quaint, sweet spirit of the rhyme
That seemed to breathe in every line,
Because the fairies took the book;
For when I awoke and rose to look,

Book and fairies both were gone,
Naught was left save the power of song.
They seemed to guard the book with care,
For it was full of pictures rare,

Such as none but the fairies keep,
To show to people when fast asleep.
I saw a lad and lassie fair,
Dark-brown eyes and gold-brown hair.

And thus it seemed the story ran:
Each little laddie makes a man;
She proudly tossed her gold-brown head,
"I'll be a woman some day," she said,

Dreaming, perchance, of that day, I ween,
When she would be a crownéd queen.
They were full of mirth and glee,
As the fairies meant they should be;

He archly smiled, and lightly said,
"When you're a woman, suppose we wed."
What happened next, do you suppose?
Perchance she blushed as red as a rose;

You eagerly ask, "Does the story now close,
Or is there a sequel that every one knows?"
I'll turn another page and see
Just what the fairies disclosed to me.

Really, fairies, you make me pout,
I scarce can make the story out;
I find the laddie is not there,
Nor do I see the lassie fair,

But a beautiful woman, robed as a bride,
While a royal prince stands by her side.
The sunshine glints the gold-brown hair,
She forms a picture wondrous rare.

Dark-brown eyes, trusting, known,
Look lovingly into her own.
Moving closer, I lend my ear,
"Till death us part" is all I hear.

"This happened fifty years ago,"
The fairies say, and they must know.
And now another page I'll turn,
To see what further I can learn.

Behold a noble palace grand,
Where reigns the queen of all her land,
With beauty, grace, power, and gold,
And, better than these, wealth of love untold;

Subjects to bow at her command;
She must surely hold a fairy's wand.

A crownéd queen, great and good,
But greater, the crown of motherhood.

Oh, happy mother, wife, and queen,
Aught of sorrow have you seen!
I see a picture so dark and dim,
There's scarcely any light within;

A royal palace wrapped in gloom,
A cortège winding to the tomb.
Dark eyes are closed forever now,
Soon will be hid the noble brow.

As from his grave she turns away,
"Till death us join" I hear her say.
But she is England's queen, you see,
And, in her royal majesty,

She rose to meet the grave demand,
And gave her love to all the land.
I look again, the page is fair,
Children, children, everywhere.

One, two, three,—as I'm alive!—
They surely number sixty-five.
I see that God has blessed her reign,
For she's been crowned and crowned again.

These are the jewels she deems most rare,
Children and great-grandchildren fair;
Yet in her matron's crown so rare,
Some of the jewels are missing there;

Some of those of the richest worth
Have been laid in the darkened earth.
As the years roll on, one by one,
They'll pass away, their mission done.

Many and many a time she's been glad,
Yet more than once has her heart been sad.
I do not know whether the fairies said
That turned to gray is the gold-brown head,

For Time on rapid wings has sped,
Through changing scenes her feet he's led.
But the last page in the beautiful book,
As they held it closer for me to look,

Was full of angels very fair,
Weaving a crown for our queen to wear,
And I thought I heard one angel say,
"She'll come to wear this forever, some day."

Just then the fairies closed the book,
Each scampering away to his own little nook;
But I believe they fully knew
That I would tell the rhyme to you.

November 16, 1892.

COME UNDER THE BLOOD.

COME under the blood, oh, sinner,
Which Jesus shed for thee,
As He cried aloud, "It is finished!"
Dying on Calvary.

CHORUS.—Under the blood, come under the blood;
Oh, why for a moment delay?
'Tis the precious blood of Jesus;
Why not plunge under to-day?

This blood will wash thee whiter,
Whiter than snow beside;
Art thou sin-stained and weary?
For such as thee He died.

'Tis flowing for thee, oh, sinner,
This fountain, deep and wide!
Thy sins have stained thee wholly;
Plunge 'neath the crimson tide,

And thou wilt find, oh, sinner,
The depth of love divine,
Beneath the crimson fountain,
Which saves from guilt like thine!

He opened this stream, that ever
Will flow from His piercéd side,
As He cried aloud, "It is finished!"
And bowed His head and died

For thy guilt and mine, oh, sinner,
And the guilt of the world beside!
But He left the fountain flowing,
Through which we are justified.

November 28, 1892.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.*

Down through the ages comes to us
The song the angels told,
As they sang it there on the starlit air
To the watching shepherds of old.

A marvellous sight on that starry night
Was that band of angels fair;
What wonder, then, if those humble men
Bowed down in the darkness there,

And listened, with faces full of awe,
As far their voices rang
O'er the stillness deep and a world asleep,
While "Glory to God!" they sang.

"Peace upon earth;" oh, tidings sweet!
Brought by those angels fair,
When, clear and long, that beautiful song
Broke over the stillness there.

* It was nearing the hour of midnight when, just before retiring, I went to the window and looked out. While standing thus, out from the silence of the wondrous starlit night this little poem rushed into my heart like a swift message from heaven.

"Glory to God!" through the changes of time,
As of old on that midnight clear,
Each Christmas-tide, far and wide,
It falls on the listening ear.

December 5, 1892.

RESTLESS.

Soul, why art thou restless?
Why art thou sad?
With the world so beautiful,
Thou ought to be glad.

Soul, why art thou struggling?
Why dost thou care?
There's a mansion building
For thee over there.

Soul, why art thou weary?
Why not be at rest?
Life will soon be ended,
And God knoweth best.

1892.

"I'M GOING HOME."

(A true incident.)

The streets were thronged with people,
All hearts seemed full of cheer,
Though the day was dark and dreary,
For Christmas-time was near.

I was hurrying quickly onward,
Filled with thoughts of my own the while,
When suddenly beside me
I spied a little child.

The big rain-drops were falling
On the round uncovered head:
"Where are you going, baby?"
"I'm going home," she said.

No outer wrap whatever
Sheltered the little form,
But cold, forlorn, and weary,
She was wandering in the storm.

The big tear-drops were falling
As fast as the chilling rain;
Through the surging sea of people
She would have hurried on again;

But it quickly closed about her,
And, with many questions kind,
From the quivering baby lips
Sought in vain her home to find.

She was tired, cold, and frightened;
Wet was the tangled head;
But to all the kindly questions,
"I'm going home," she said.

"I can't bear to see her in the storm,"
I heard a sweet voice say,
And my tears came all unbidden,
Though I tried to drive them away.

"To the police station won't you take her?"
Said another to a stranger mild;
So he kindly took the baby hand
And led away the child.

I can hear the cry of anguish
That broke from the mother's heart
When she found her child had wandered
Forth into the busy mart.

I can picture the restless longing
That filled her soul with pain;
I can picture the joyful meeting
When they brought her home again,

Back to her mother's bosom,
To the heart she loved the best;
Away from the sea of faces,
She was "going home" to rest.

Are we, like the straying baby,
Wandering home to day?
Do we know where our feet are leading,
Or have we lost the way?

I think the heart of the Father
Throbs with love so great for His own
That He'll cause some angel of mercy
To guide the wandering home,

Through the mazes of sin and sorrow,
Through the bitterness and strife,
Down through the darksome valley
Up to the gates of life.

In the years that lie before us,
In the mystical path we must tread,
May our hearts re-echo forever
The words the baby said.

December 19, 1892.

ONLY A BABY.

Only a baby sweet and fair
With ruby lips, a laughing pair,

Winsome eyes of darkest hue,—
Oh, baby dearest, I love you!

Little ringlets of golden brown,
Not yet falling o'er the shoulders down.

What shall I say of each baby hand?
It is surely the sweetest in the land.

Oh, sleeping baby, why do you smile
As I whisper these words the while?

Do you think an angel is bending near
Whispering sweet notes in your ear?

You are the angel, baby love,
Sent to us from heaven above.

Let us cherish you well, with care,
So you may always be sweet and fair.

May the coming years you live to know
Be pure and white as untrodden snow.

May these little feet, so tenderly sweet,
Forever walk in paths discreet.

This is my prayer for you, baby dear,
As I whisper softly in your ear.

December 20, 1892.

REDEEMED.

They quietly folded the tired hands
And closed the weary eyes.
"How sweetly she sleeps to-day!" they said;
"She'll waken in Paradise."

Then they went away and left her there
Alone in the darkened room;
In a few days at the very best
They must bear her to the tomb.

They spoke with voices subdued and low,
And stepped with a gentler tread,
It seemed, than was their daily wont,
As they passed the door of the dead;

For they felt the presence and power
Of one who walks apart;
He had laid his cold hand on her brow,
He had stilled the beating heart.

On Christmas-eve they laid her low
In the cold and silent tomb;
With weeping eyes they turned away
And left her there in the gloom.

And yet they said, as they left her there,
"She liveth evermore;
This beautiful piece of cherished clay
Is but the dress she wore.

"Hers is a soul redeemed to-night;
We should not sorrow even;
Beyond the bounds of earth and time,
Her Christmas will be in heaven."

Christmas-eve, 1892.

THE MISTLETOE.

From grand old trees of the forest
Tossing proudly to and fro,
Happy youths and maidens
Gather the mistletoe.

Their voices are full of laughter
As they talk of the magic spell
The mistletoe weaves about them, —
At least, so the legends tell.

Oh, youth is full of gladness,
But the years will quickly go;
So they plight their troth together
Under the mistletoe.

I turn from the sweet superstition
That clings to this beautiful vine;
Perchance another lesson
I may be able to find.

Wild winds sweep over the forest;
The trees toss to and fro;
Scarcely a breath of the storm-cloud
Reaches the mistletoe.

No harm can come to it ever,
Because it clings, you see,
Through all the years of its being,
Close to the parent tree.

Among its green leaves growing,
Half hid away from sight,
Are clusters of berries rare,
Spotlessly pure and white.

Clinging close to the Master,
As the swift years come and go,
May our lives bear fruit as rare
And white as the mistletoe.

1892.

SNOW-FLAKES.

Beautiful flakes of falling snow,
Whither, ah, whither do you go?
Drifting, drifting so silently
Over mountain, vale, and sea,
Strangely mute, white, and cold,
Falling downward, fold on fold,
Robing Earth in a dress of white,
You make her thus a bride to-night.

1892.

THE PASSING YEAR.

The year is growing very old;
The ground is white, the air is cold;
As one by one the moments fly,
Ring out, wild bells, against the sky!

Forgetting pain and grief and care,
Ring out upon the frosty air,
Ring joyously a little while,—
The old year passes with a smile.

Into the centuries long dead
He follows with faltering tread;
We loved him well, he fain would stay,
But the years are crying, "Away!"

Beautiful year, born of the night,
You come to us now pure and white,
A sweet gift from heaven above;
Great God, we thank thee for the love

That has kept us safe through the year
And given a new full of cheer;
Oh, may we use thy gift aright
And keep it holy in thy sight!

Ring out, ye bells, loud, clear, and cold!
Your message will from pole to pole
Proclaim the passing of the year
And greet the new with joyous cheer.

December 31, 1892.

LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL.

How beautiful is babyhood!
Adown the years it cannot see,
So it claps its tiny hands in glee;
Who would check it if they could?

How beautiful is childhood!
The music of this grand old earth
Is children's voices full of mirth
Resounding through the wildwood.

How beautiful is hopeful youth!
But youth will quickly fly,
So soon the years go by,
Yet we need not mourn, forsooth!

For beautiful is womanhood.
It comes with gentle air and mien,
And woman surely reigns a queen
When she is truly good.

And beautiful is hoary age,
For wrinkled brow and silver hair,
That steal upon us unaware,
Belong only to the sage.

And beautiful is death:
An angel, though in stern disguise,
To bear us home to Paradise;
God's holy word so saith.

January 7, 1893.

ALL MY SINS.

All my sins, O Jesus,
I pray thee forgive!
All my sins, O Jesus,
Each day that I live!

All my sins, O Jesus,
I bring to thee!
From my sins, O Jesus,
To thee I flee!

At thy feet, O Jesus,
I lay me down,
And pray that thou, O Jesus,
Withhold thy frown!

All my sins, O Jesus,
The sins of each day,
Wash away, O Jesus,
Keep me pure alway!

January 13, 1893.

TO A FRIEND IN SORROW.

Beyond this vale of tears,
Where time is marked by years,
Thy loved are dwelling;
More beautiful, perchance, and fair
Is heaven since thine own are there,
God's praises telling.

Beyond the touch of life,
Beyond its pain and strife,
Their lives flow on forever.
No breath of earthly sorrow
Can sadden their to-morrow
And death no more can sever.

Thy heart is sad and lonely
Because thou lovedst them only
To see them fade and die.
Perchance this touch was needed there
To make thy own great soul more fair
To dwell with them on high.

With smiles serene and joy divine
They'll greet thee in that sunny clime,
Then sorrow no more;
Thy darlings wait for thee to come
And join them in their happy home
When thy work is o'er.

January, 1893.

A BALLAD.

They made the Lady Eloise a gown
To wear on her wedding-day;
Beautiful things they brought from the town
For her who was bright and gay.

Never a stitch in the gown took she,
For she was Lady Eloise;
As fair and sweet as a maid could be,
And her life was full of joys.

Gayly she talked and sweetly she smiled
As she thought of her future fair,
And many happy hours beguiled
As she dreamed of her lover where

He wandered alone beyond the sea
In strange foreign lands awhile;
"But he will surely come back to me,"
She said, with a happy smile.

Her maids oft gazed on her fair young face,
Full of love so true and sweet,
And wondered, too, with what royal grace
He proudly knelt at her feet.

And she must have read their thoughts, I deem,
For she smiled, and quaintly said,
"As you stitch my gown you talk and dream
Of the lover I shall wed.

"Well, he is handsome and brave and gay,
With eyes of the darkest hue,
That looked into mine when he went away,—
Into mine that are only blue.

"In their dark depths I could read the truth,
Had he said never a word;
As it was, I must, I must forsooth
Confess that I scarcely heard;

"For my heart beat with a sudden thrill
As he whispered words that day,—
Words that my glad heart shall cherish still
Until he comes back for aye."

* * * * * *

They dressed her in her wedding-gown,
And she was very fair;
They smoothed the golden tresses down,
And then they left her there.

The same sweet smile was on her face
As in the days of old,
And all her form was full of grace,
Though it was still and cold.

* * * * * *

Were dark eyes false while the blue were true
When the waters rolled between?
Were there fairer maidens than he knew?
Did his past become a dream?

Or were they as true as true could be,
And was it fate that decreed
Lady Eloise he no more should see?
A hard, cruel fate indeed.

When the dark eyes came, not as of old
They looked into eyes of blue;
And this is the tale her maidens told:
"She died all for love of you."

Lady Eloise, in her silent place,
Answered him never a word,
As he sorrowing bent o'er her face
And whispered as though she heard.

He touched the folds of the lovely gown
And he smoothed the golden head;
A fond, tender kiss he pressed him down
On the lips of his fair dead.

Then he turned with a low, bitter cry
From the stillness of the place;
And, though no tears bedimmed his eye,
The memory of a face

That long he had loved and cherished well
Would dwell in his heart for aye.
Sleep, Lady Eloise, for who can tell
Why the fates part you to-day?

January 20, 1893.

LINES ON LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

Oh, thou wast truly great and good,
Born to a nobler womanhood
Than thou didst own;
Thy soul, full of wondrous power,
Struggled upward hour by hour
To heights unknown;

And when the top thou erst did gain,
After hope long deferred and pain,
Thou wert as of old;
Not for the praise the world could give,
But for thy loved ones, thou didst live,—
Thy own dear fold.

The world might praise, as thou didst own,
If it would let thee quite alone:
That could not be.
Thou didst to freedom quite incline,
Freedom of soul and heart and mind,
And thou wast free.

So, like the eagle in the air,
Reaching a height that few could share,
Soaring in song,
Away above, beyond the blue,
Yet ever to thine own wast true,
The whole way long.

Oh, thou wast nobly brave and true
To thy dear home and country too,
Both far and wide.
When the war-cry broke o'er the land,
Thou couldst not fight, but thou didst stand
By the sufferers' side.

Thy name is now a household word,
In almost ev'ry land 'tis heard,
So great thy fame.
The children said, "Why must she die?"
And older ones took up the cry
Just the same.

All thy great life-work now is done,
For thee the final victory's won,
Thou art at rest.
With thine own loved ones by thy side,
Perchance thou still dost lead and guide
Among the blest.

January 28, 1893.

ON MY BIRTHDAY.

I HAVE not reached the heights I would,
My restless feet have never stood
Where in days of yore
I ever dreamed and planned they should,
On noblest heights of greatest good
For evermore.

Ever and anon, alway,
A voice within me seems to say,
"The heights are not for thee;
Thou must tread a lowlier way,
And patience learn day by day
This task from me."

On the heights hear the storm-god sweep
And wild waters dash and leap
With boom and roar.

My soul has sought to reach that place,
But my feet have faltered in the race,
Weary and sore.

If I could rise on eagles' wings
Above the common round of things,
I'd cleave the air;
I'd find the place I long have sought
Of greater good and nobler thought,
The great may share.

And yet I ought to be content
If in the years as yet unspent
My life is hid with God;
We need not falter by the way
If we are treading day by day
The path the Christ-child trod.

March 3, 1893.

When my tired feet rest and my lips are still,
Mine will be only a name
To live in the hearts of a very few,
Forever unknown to fame.

March 3, 1893.

ONLY A BEGGAR.

Only a beggar, blind, by the way,
Asking alms day by day.

Only a beggar, friendless, old;
Oh, how oft has his story been told!

Only a beggar in the darkness of night,
Forever groping, still hoping for light.

Only a beggar, blind, you see,
On the shores of the blue Galilee.

The scent of the roses comes to him there;
Naught can he see of their beauty rare.

The golden rays of the glorious sun
Fall kindly upon him one by one;

Then in the dusky shades of night
The moon shines soft with a radiant light;

Kindly does each glimmering ray
Fall on the beggar old and gray.

All the beauties of earth and sea,
Poor blind one, are hidden from thee.

Sitting alone by the way-side there,
Lost in the bitterness of despair,

There falls on his ear an eager cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

He cries, perchance on bended knee,
"Thou son of David, have mercy on me!"

The crowd rebukes him; why should he
Bow before such majesty?

He heeds them not, but cries aloud
(Eager himself to join the crowd).

But Jesus hears and answers now
His piteous pleading: "What wilt thou

"That I should do unto thee?"
"Only this, Lord, that I may see."

"Go thy way;" oh, joy untold!
"Thy faith to-day hath made thee whole."

The beggar, seeing, goes his way,
Following Jesus day by day.

Mine is the prayer of the beggar old
Whose wondrous faith thus made him whole:

Only this, Lord, that I may see
Thy hand is daily guiding me.

March 7, 1893.

I AM only filling the tiniest niche,
I am only an atom in space,
I am only doing the smallest work,
Yet, perhaps, I am filling my place.

March, 1893.

JORDAN'S FLOOD.

IN a dream I stood on the bank of a turbulent river, over which I must cross. Before stepping into the stream, with hands clasped and eyes upturned, I began singing the first four lines of the following poem. Then I awoke.

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Jesus all the way,
Save me now, O Jesus,
Or I am lost to-day!

I stand on the brink of a river
Whose rolling, restless tide
I must cross to meet my Saviour,
Forever with Him to abide.

I stand alone and waiting,
But I find no pilot near;
I must step into the darksome waters
Alone, but why should I fear?

For my Pilot, I know, is yonder,
Across on the other shore,
With arms outstretched and waiting
To shield me evermore.

As my feet touch the chilling waters,
I shrink in dread dismay,
Crying aloud, "O Jesus,
Save, or I perish to-day!"

And I hear my Pilot answer:
"'Tis only Jordan's flood;
Beyond is a land of beauty,
Filled with the pure and good.

"Fear not to plunge into
These waters deep and wide,
For I will safely guide thee
Across to the other side."

April 3, 1893.

THE SABBATH.

THE Sabbath-day dawns again
Sweet and fair,
Bringing to the hearts of men
Rest from care.

The Sabbath-day dawns again
Holy and bright,
Sweet emblem of an endless day
Without a night.

Sabbath on earth dawns again
For you and I,
But Sabbath in heaven has dawned for those
Who sleeping lie

With folded hands beneath the sod,
From our sight hid away;
For us the night closes quickly in,
With them it is ever day.

For you and me, soon or late,
These Sabbaths too must cease;
May each one prove a stepping-stone
That leads to endless peace.

April 16, 1893.

PETER BEJEZ.

I WANT you to hear what my story says:
I'm going to tell of Peter Bejez,

Who lived in a cottage down by the sea;
Oh, a bonny, blithesome laddie was he!

He was a fisherman's lad, it is true,
With curly locks and eyes of wistful blue.

Sunbronzed was his face and freckled his hands,
As he wandered one day over the sands.

But a royal heart beat under the vest
All neatly mended, yet ragged at best.

Looking into the wistful eyes of blue,
They seemed to have caught some of heaven's hue.

Sweetly sad was the sunburnt face that day,
As he wandered over the sands at play.

About him the expanse of ocean spread,
With the vaulted dome of heaven o'erhead,

While the wild waves rose and fell at his feet;
Oh, to him the moan of the sea was sweet!

I can see him now, the brown, barefoot lad,
In his summer garments so loosely clad,

As all at once he ceased his play
And, shading his eyes, gazed far away.

Bright little Goldielocks, happy at play,
Wandered far o'er the shining sands that day;

Singing snatches of a gay little song,
Unconscious of danger, she roamed along.

The restless waves kissed the wee, dainty feet;
The breezes fanned each rosy, dimpled cheek;

The gay sunbeams played with the locks of gold,
Then kissed the sweet baby, just four years old.

She was a dream of beauty pure and sweet,
From the golden head to the dainty feet.

Caught thus in the arms of a cruel wave,
With no one to see and no one to save,

A wild, piercing cry from the baby fair
Arose on the breath of the summer air,

Arose far above the moan of the sea
And woke Peter Bejez from his reverie.

Standing thus lost in thought, it seems to me
He must have dreamed of the great jasper sea,

For he heeded not the dear child at play
Who had wandered so far from home that day;

But when the sad cry broke over the air
And fell on his ear thus standing there,

As quick as thought, he sprang into the wave
And swam far out, the sinking child to save;

For bright little Goldielocks struggling lay
A sportive toy of the wild waves at play.

* * * * * *

Dear little Goldielocks lay white and still,
Her baby feet roaming no more at will;

And they smoothed back the tangled curls of red,
For brave little Peter Bejez was dead;

But the look of heaven was on each face,
As they laid them in their resting place.

What I say unto one I say to all:
In the hour that ye think not, Christ will call.

June 7, 1893.

HOME.

In princely palace with lordly dome
Or in some cot of a mountain home,
Through forests wide, from sea to sea,
There are no sweeter words to me
Than "Home, sweet home."

Among the mountains, July 14, 1893.

APART.

The stars shine just the same,
The sky is blue,
And God is just as near
As when with you.

But I am far away
From you, my dear;
My heart would happier be
If you were here.

Last night rays from the moon
Fell on you, love,
Its shining light as well
On me from above.

I felt this difference quite,
Beneath its golden sheen,—
Its rays might fall on us both,
But mountains lay between.

My heart is all your own, love,
While I am far away;
'Tis true as the stars above,
'Tis yours now and for aye.

I feel the grasp of your hand
On mine ere I came away;
The kiss you laid on my lips
I cherish still to-day.

God watch between you and me
While I am far away,
And take me back to your arms
At no far distant day.

July 15, 1893.

LINES TO AMBLER.

A WEEK ago I knew thee not,
My cousin, friend,
And yet to-night in converse kind
Our voices blend.
I look into those eyes of brown,
I see a face that scarce can frown,
And, gazing thus, I wonder then
If we shall ever meet again;
If not in the years God shall give
To thee and me,
I fain would linger in thy heart
A memory.

July 21, 1893.

TO SARAH.

THOU hast seen the dew of the morn
Melt 'neath the noontide's glow;
Thou hast seen the changing seasons
Through swift years come and go.
Through years as sweet, though full of change,
I pray thy feet be led
Till the rays of a bright sunset
Fall on a silver head.

July 26, 1893.

ELSIE.

LET thy life be pure and holy
In the years as yet untrod;
Strive to meet thy life-work nobly,
Giving all thyself to God.

July 26, 1893.

VIOLETTA.

THINE is
A winsome face, with wistful eyes
That shine when pleased with glad surprise,
From which the tears will ready flow
When touched by any pain or woe.
I pray that thou, my precious one,
Mayst learn to know the holy Son
Of God, who died on Calvary,
From all thy sin to set thee free.

August 2, 1893.

CARRIE.

SWEET little cousin, I wish thee well;
In the years that lie before thee,
May thine be a pure unclouded life,
Few shadows falling o'er thee.

August 2, 1893.

MORE LIGHT.

(For Renie.)

Give me more light, O Lord, I pray!
Give me more light from day to day,
That I may plainly see the way
That leads to thee.

The path may be a thorny one;
Yet I would tread it, Holy One,
And gladly say, "Thy will be done,"
If I could see

That thou art daily leading me,
And know thou diedst on Calvary
To set my soul at liberty
To come to thee.

But, Lord, I stumble in the dark;
I cannot see one ray or spark
Of light that seems the way to mark
Upward to thee.

And yet I fain would see the light;
I'm tired of groping in the night;
My heart thus yearns to know the right,
And thus know thee.

So my soul cries out unto thee,
Thou dying Lamb of Calvary:
Give me more light, my only plea,
That I may see.

August 3, 1893.

ESTELLA.

Our paths diverge, and we perchance
May meet on earth no more;
If so, we'll clasp each other's hands
Upon a better shore.

August 10, 1893.

ANNIE.

THINE
Is just a face sweet and fair,
With a quiet, gentle air
And patient way,
Taking up the round of things
As each hour its duty brings
Day by day,
Taking all God wills to send
With a grace that He doth lend.

August 10, 1893.

ONLY BELIEVE.

(For A. R.)

WHY should I question or doubt?
Why should I know
He's leading me all the way
Where'er I go?

'Tis just by promise and faith
That I can see;
He has hidden many things
Wisely from me.

I place my hand in His own;
Lord, I believe
All good that unto me comes
From thee I receive.

August 13, 1893.

HANNAH.

WHATE'ER of pain or sorrow
God sends thee as thy share,
Remember with the sending
He'll give thee grace to bear.

August 31, 1893.

THE SINGERS.

THERE'S a picture in my mind to-night,
A picture sweet and rare;
'Tis that of a loving mother true
And daughters sweet and fair.

Oh, Bess and Nell, with your eyes of blue
And wondrous golden hair!
As over the keys your fingers flew,
What mystic spell was there

That made my tears all unbidden start,
And my heart throb so wild,
As I listened to those singers fair,
Each scarce more than a child?

Never again in the years to come
Shall I that trio see,
But the music, song, and singers fair
Dwell in my memory.

Oh, Bess and Nell, with your eyes of blue
And wondrous golden hair!
In the years to come I pray that you
May be as sweet and fair

And pure and true as you are to-night,
With youth and beauty rare,
Touching many other hearts than mine
As songs die away on the air.

By couches of pain, at beds of death,
In halls of song and mirth,
With wonderful voices rich and rare
You will gladden the earth.

August, 1893.

HOME AGAIN.

BACK to hearts that are dearest,
Back to the old home nest,
Back to those who are nearest,
Back to the haven of rest.

September 2, 1893.

IN MEMORIAM.

AFTER the long life-struggle
Comes the passing of the breath;
After the pain of parting
Is the solemn hush of death.
After the bitter anguish
There comes a quiet calm;
After the placing of flowers
Come the solemn prayer and psalm;
And when the prayer is over
We cover the silent dead,
Then loving hands and tender
Bear them with quiet tread.
With reverence deep and holy:
"Dust to dust" and a prayer said.
We turn with sorrowing hearts
Away from the peaceful dead.
After the parting is over
For them a beautiful rest;
For loved ones who are waiting
A void; yet God knows best.

October 8, 1893.

BROKEN IDOLS.

I WHO dreamed of poetry,
Power, and art;
I who deemed love the greatest
Treasure of the heart;

I who planned work of such
Noble grace
That time itself might not
My work efface ;
I see my idols shattered
In the dust ;
I bow before my fate,
Because I must.
Yet when I turn from earth
And earth born things,
I feel my spirit mount
As if on wings.

November, 1893.

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

One golden day in summer,
A mother sweet and fair
Knelt beside a couch of pain ;
Her child lay dying there.

On a tree near the window
Some little birdies gay
Filled the air with music sweet
On that glad summer day.

The dying boy turned to hear
The carol low and sweet ;
Smiling he heard the echo
Of the warble, tweet, tweet.

At last the song was ended ;
Pluming their wings for flight,
In just another minute
The birds were lost to sight.

"See, mamma!" he quickly cried,
"The birds have left their play ;
I, like them, on wings of faith
Will rise and soar away.

"I'll soar and soar and soar till
I reach the gates of heaven;
When the angels open them,
They'll know that I am seven.

"I'll tell them I was so tired,
I longed to dwell within
The home of God, where there is
No pain nor death nor sin."

"Darling boy," the mother said,
"The gates will open wide;
Jesus too will welcome you,
My precious child, beside."

With tender hands and loving,
She smoothed the golden head.
Giving her a look of joy,
He in her arms lay dead.

December 3, 1893.

WHAT DO WE ADMIRE MOST IN MAN?

(By request.)

You ask for a picture of manhood
As it comes to my mind to-day,
And from the truest flight of fancy
I will paint it the best I may.

I have looked into eyes that are blue,
Into those of darkened brown;
I have seen the tender, smiling lip,
I've marked the gathering frown.

I've listened to words that are sweetest
Falling from a lover's lip;
My soul has thrilled with a touch divine
From a kiss on the finger-tip.

I have seen undying devotion,
I have heard the muttered curse;
I've looked upon things that are darker,
Ay, upon things that are worse.

I have seen the noblest manhood
Fall under the curse of wine;
I have seen the veriest beggar
Uplifted by grace divine.

I have felt the power of beauty,
I've noted the greed of gold;
To-day the sorrow man causes man
Is wide-spread from pole to pole.

Not in the brightest gilded ball-room,
With all its music and glare,—
Were I seeking a type of manhood,
I would not seek for it there.

For we must delve as delves the miner
Down in the depths for his gold,—
We must look far beneath the surface
For hidden treasures untold.

Under cloth of the finest texture
Beat hearts that are hard and cold,
While 'neath a ragged jacket
We may sometimes find a heart of gold.

I care not what honeyed sweetness
Falls from charming lips of red;
I care not what tender caresses
Rest on brown or golden head;

If the heart be not true that tells it,
If the lips be false that speak,
Far better the fond, loving beauty
Suffer in silence and weep.

I care not if the hands be brawny,
Nor how bronzed the cheek may be;
If the strong, beating heart be loyal,
Then it is enough for me.

Whether in palace or cottage low,
Whether on land or by sea,
Or digging in far depths of darkness,
Give the loyal heart to me,—

Loyal ever to man his brother,
Loyal to his God above,
Seeking to uplift and strengthen all
With true sympathy and love.

January 26, 1894.

"WHERE HAST THOU GLEANED TO-DAY?" *

The fields are white for the harvest;
Say, brother, what will you do?
There comes a cry for the reapers,
"But the laborers are few."

The fields are white for the harvest;
The beautiful, golden grain
Lies waiting to be garnered
Ere come the wind and the rain.

The fields are white for the harvest;
Behold, there comes the cry,
"Come hither and join the reapers;
Why stand ye idly by?"

* The above poem was suggested on reading the touching accounts of want and suffering in *The Christian Herald*. It was published in that paper on April 4, 1894, from which it was taken and set to music by Professor J. G. Dailey, the song evangelist, of Brockwayville, Pennsylvania. In copying for the press, it was slightly altered from the first composing.

If you can't toil with the reapers
'Neath rays of the harvest sun,
Then why not work with the gleaners,
As beautiful Ruth has done?

Then in the sweet coming twilight,
Folding your hands for the day,
You'll hear the words of the Master:
"Where hast thou gleaned to-day?"

Though others may stand beside you
With wonderful golden sheaves,
Remember your simple gleanings
May please Him as much as these.

Not with the strength of the reapers
You toiled in the summer sun,
But, for the sake of the Master,
Your work with love was done.

When the reapers meet together
In the peaceful by and by,
With them will come the gleaners
To the Harvest Home on high.

January 31, 1894.

"EVEN AS GOLD IS PURE."

Remember, oh, weary-hearted!
The refiner sits by the fire,
He sees the cruel flames
Leaping higher and higher;
Yet not for a single moment,
Though heated sevenfold,
Till he sees his face upon it
Does he remove the gold.

Crushed by the weight of affliction,
Bowed down by sin and care,
Remember, though faint and weary,
The Refiner is there.

'Tis God who sits by the furnace
Of pain in which we're tried;
When He sees His face upon us,
Then we are purified.

Remember, oh, weary-hearted!
Of this we may be sure,
The Refiner will sit beside us
Till we are pure as gold is pure;
From the furnace of deep affliction
And disappointment and pain,
With His image stamped upon us,
In His likeness we shall remain.

January 31, 1894.

NATURE'S VOICES.

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork."—PSALM xix. 1.

"VOX POPULI, VOX DEI." The voice of the people is the voice of God; and yet it seems to me that it might be said with as great an emphasis, the voice of Nature is the voice of God.

To day I look out upon a white world, and cannot help thinking,—

"Tiny little snow-flakes,
Floating in the sky,
Are you little preachers
From the world on high?"

Little preachers indeed are they, each one with a voice as powerful, though silent, as the voice of the greatest preacher in our land. What is the sermon that each tiny snow-flake brings to us as it falls, seemingly direct from the bosom of God, to the bosom of Earth? From the million flakes that have robed the Earth in a beautiful dress of bridal white there comes but one cry, "Be pure—be pure!" How pure? Up from the human heart goes the cry to the God who sends these mes-

sengers, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Snow is, then, an emblem of purity,—a voice of God.

Looking out again over the beautiful earth, beyond the broad, unbroken fields of spotless white, I come to a little deep-dug grave. The earth has been thrown up, and the loveliness of the scene marred, as it were, by this one dark spot. As I stand thus silent and sad, I hear but one voice. It is a voice of waiting. Yes, the little grave is waiting to bury in its bosom a thousand hopes; waiting to hide the lovely form from those who cherish it; waiting to hear the broken sobs from a mother's heart. How dark and unrelenting!

While waiting thus, the gate-way of the quiet grave-yard is opened and the sorrowing procession comes in. What a solemn hour! With faltering step and slow, with voices unbroken save by sobs, they come. Tenderly as strong hands can do it, the little white casket is lowered to its last resting-place, and "Dust to dust" the preacher reads; but the mother's heart cries out, "Oh, give me back my loved one!" The grave, from the depths of its unbroken silence, seems to send forth this message: "Wait till the resurrection."

Yet this is only one mother's cry, for

> "There is no flock, however watched and tended,
> But one dead lamb is there;
> There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
> But has one vacant chair."

Letting fancy run riot, we ofttimes stand spellbound while watching a snow-storm. The hurrying flakes rush hither and thither, tumbling from heights unknown, seeking they know not what, till at last they lie all silent and still beneath our feet. And is this, then, the end of their little life,—to be crushed beneath the foot of man? Not at all!

We may not know through what mysterious process they turn, under the power of the sun-god who watches over them, back to their natural element; through what dark windings of earth they wander, or what obstacles they overcome; but we do know that, lost in the mysterious bosom of Nature, from brook and lake and river,

they are waved upward even by the great sun-god himself.

How like the snow-flakes are we! Whence did we come? Whither are we going? As pure and fair as a snow-flake the babe lies on its mother's breast, a sweet and holy gift from God. Yet how often in after-years there comes the cry from broken hearts,—

"Once I was fair as the beautiful snow"!

Fallen from the heights of love and usefulness, down, down, down, they are crushed under the feet of humanity, and again they cry,—

"The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too nigh;
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow."

Oh, when will humanity learn to "Rescue the perishing"?

The vast multitude of people who throng the earth to-day shall some time lie as silent and cold as the snow-flakes that cover them in the mysterious bosom of Nature. Again, we may not know or understand through what winding ways of pain and strife and disappointment—ay, even through the valley of death itself—we are led up to the river of God. "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face."

We look around us and we see that change is written on the face of Nature everywhere. We look backward over ten, twenty, or thirty years, and it seems like one long yesterday, yet where are those who in the yesterday of our lives walked beside us? Some are with us still, some are in foreign lands, and some "sleep the sleep that knows no waking" till the last trump shall sound. It is in looking backward that we realize

All our life is full of change;
All our life is passing strange.

We have looked around and backward; let us look above and behold "The heavens declare the glory of God." It is God, the infinite, who has spread above

us the magnificent canopy of blue, studded with its myriad stars, each one of which seems to be a sentinel, silent yet true, guarding the gates of the Eternal City. Age after age they proclaim to man that "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

He in His eternal patience waits for His erring children, and, in ways they know not of, He leads them through this world of change. He wounds that they may come to Him for healing. Oh, how often with bleeding feet and faltering step His children follow on! And how often they turn aside and seemingly forget their God, notwithstanding that "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge"!

January, 1894.

VEILED.

I AM closely wrapped and hidden
In this brief mortality;
Should the veil be rent asunder,
How free my spirit would be!

On and on and on forever
Through God's vast eternity,
Should my spirit grieve? oh, never
For this frail mortality.

Then, O loving little sister!
Again with thee I would be,
And with our darling brother
We'd walk by the jasper sea.

January 31, 1894.

SIDE BY SIDE.

DEAR little brother and sister,
Of our home the joy and pride,
For a long time you've been sleeping
Quietly side by side.

In the very heart of summer,
With the roses all in bloom,
Little brother left our presence
And we laid him in the tomb.

At the time of the Christ-Child's coming
Our fair sister left the fold,
And in the midst of winter
We laid her out in the cold.

But to-night they've come back, surely,
For I see them standing near,
Darling brown-eyed baby Leslie
And our blue-eyed Fannie dear.

Then I suddenly start, and remember
That the little graves are white,
And I have been merely dreaming
While snow is falling to-night.

February 4, 1894.

THE EMPTY TOMB.

The whole wide earth awakes to-day,
Having burst its prison;
Each little trembling blade of grass
Has gladly risen;
The trees awake to glory new,
Proclaiming thus to me and you
A greater lesson.

Each fair flower that blooms to-day
Lifts up its little voice to say,
"Christ has risen!"
Awakened from the darkened gloom,
There lies behind an empty tomb
Whence it has risen.

With tearful eyes we gaze apace
On some loved form in death's embrace
And dread the tomb,

Forgetting how the Crucified
Is a risen Lord, for He died
To rob the grave of gloom.

Forgetting, in our bitterness,
While clinging still with fond caress
To the silent dead,
The precious form of lovely clay
Is but an empty tomb to day
Whence the soul has fled.

Arise, my soul, and join the lay
That ushers in this Easter-day,—
Come from thy prison;
Break through the seal of care and sin,
Lift up thy happy heart, and then
Sing, "Christ has risen!"

March 22, 1894.

AN APRIL SHOWER.

MERRILY falls the April shower,
Pit, patter, pat;
Aerially drift the darkening clouds
This way and that.
Sending over hill and plain
This glad message by the rain:
April showers have come again,
Pit, patter, pat.

April, 1894.

THE DREAM OF AN HOUR.

SHE came into his presence, gracious, queenly, beautiful. As she stood before him, she held in her hands an exquisite bunch of lovely roses.

He spoke of their beauty, and compared their subtle

fragrance to the nameless charms that had won for her his admiration and his love.

His heart was all aglow with the great, undying love which he cherished for this beautiful and gifted woman. He spoke in a quiet, low, but impassionate voice, and his words burnt into the heart of the woman before him, for she loved not.

The roses had filled the room with their fragrance, yet they were only an emblem of the loveliness of her who held them. The folds of her drapery fell about her matchless form, and the subtle charm of her presence, too, filled the room. She listened to the words of the man before her, yet she neither moved nor spoke. Her eyes were upon the roses, but, when he was done speaking, she lifted those great, luminous, violet eyes and gazed into his face.

Gazing thus, she read how great is the love of a noble man. Then, with a gesture of despair, she crushed the roses in her hands and flung them away.

There was melody in her voice, though she spoke scarcely above a whisper, and her whole frame quivered with the intensity of her emotions. "Thus, too, must I treat your love. In my own heart I know not what love is. Until to-day I knew not what it meant in another. Let us forget this moment, and be the old-time friends we were in the yesterday."

He felt that her words were true, that for his love there was no more hope than for the crushed petals at his feet.

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still."

For answer he stooped and, gathering the crushed flowers, tenderly touched them with his lips, and she knew that for her his love would never grow cold.

The roses of many summers have bloomed above his grave, but she still lives. As gracious, as queenly, as beautiful as ever, to her have come love and happiness, yet there ofttimes comes the memory of a past hour.

And the fragrance of roses crushed
Steals o'er her with old-time power,
While violet eyes grow sweetly sad,
As she recalls the dream of an hour.

April 16, 1894.

WHILE SOOTHING A LITTLE CHILD TO SLEEP.

How like a little child,
O Lord, am I!
As in thy mighty arms
Helpless I lie,
Rebelling 'gainst thy will
While thou art nigh.

I cannot know the way
That I should go,
But thou dost kindly lead
Through weal and woe,
And yet my stubborn heart
Wills not it so.

Lord, make me know and feel
Thy holy will;
Speak to this longing heart,
Peace, peace! be still!
With thy pure love divine
My spirit fill.

Ah! in the years to come
I then shall know
That my Lord and Saviour
Willed thus and so,
Keeping my wayward feet
Where they should go.

April 22, 1894.

AN INCIDENT.

'Twas just among the little things,
That meeting with two old-time friends,
With kindly smile and greeting;
A clasp of the hands, a word or two,
Yet the greeting was earnest and true
While the moments were fleeting.

Eyes I had not looked into for years
Smiled back into mine again,
While my own felt strangely full of tears,
Thinking of the past; but then,
In a shorter space than I can tell,
Greetings were o'er and we'd said farewell.

I knew that soon the swift-winged train
Would bear my friends from me again;
Thus it is with life ever:
The "Exchange of signals" life is, at best,
Oft brings to us sweet feelings of rest,
For naught can true hearts sever.

I fell to musing; my thoughts ran thus:
God will some time reveal to us,
In a land unknown,
Each dear and fond-remembered face
Missed so long from its old-time place,
Yet still our very own.

June 1, 1894.

THE BEAUTIFUL YEARS.

How swift the years flee into the past
On the rapid wings of Time!
Beautiful years, too brief to last,
Given by hands divine;
Each one laden with joy and tears,
Still we deem them beautiful years.

Beautiful years, coming one by one,
Let us use them wisely and well,
For how soon the years may cease to come
Neither you nor I can tell.
One by one from His hand they fall;
One by one they're beyond recall.

Your past lies behind you, friend, to-night,
Perhaps like a lovely dream;
Your future, so closely veiled from sight,
God's hand will guard, I ween;
The present is yours, this day, this hour;
Use it as God shall give you power.

June 4, 1894.

RESTING.

(While passing the Friends' burying-ground, Fourth and West Streets, Wilmington, Delaware.)

WHILE passing a quiet graveyard
In the midst of the city's din,
I compared the life and bustle
With the silence that reigned within.

Above hung the arching tree-top,
Below lay the sleeping dead,
Yet the hush was broken by songs
In the leafy boughs o'erhead.

The splendor of early morning
Illumined the sacred place,
Filling my heart with peace divine,
Which cares of the day must efface.

Here, in this beautiful silence
Of rest and sacred repose,
God's children now lie sleeping,
Untouched by earth's bitter woes.

Some time we too shall grow weary
And, closing our tired eyes,
They'll bear us out from the living
To rest 'neath the sunny skies.

Yet we need not fear nor falter,
For God will each promise keep,
The sweetest of all among them,
"He gives His belovéd sleep."

June 8, 1894.

SISTER, my own little sister,
If I've failed in my promise to thee,
From thy beautiful home in heaven,
Oh, now whisper pardon to me!

Perchance the cares round about me
Have caused my heart to grow cold;
It seems I've forgotten the promise
Once given to thee, dear, of old.

June 14, 1894.

WHILE SHE SLEEPS.

"She turned over and sweetly went to sleep." *

HER work has gone far and wide,
While she sleeps,—
O'er the deep and rolling tide,
While she sleeps;
Far across the mountains blue,
While she sleeps,
Speeds her message sweet and true,
While she sleeps.
Apollo sheds his golden rays,
While she sleeps,
As he did in other days,
Still she sleeps.
Warm sunshine and silent dew
Fall where she sleeps;
God speed her message sweet and true,
While she sleeps.

June 20, 1894.

* This quotation was the title of the last poem written by my sister, the late Fannie L. Michener.

A LITTLE BOY'S POCKET.

How large it looks! Surely it is filled with something that cannot fail to interest. So, with considerable alacrity, we draw forth its contents,—not one by one; oh, no! we have not patience enough for that; we simply turn the pocket inside out.

Perhaps you are trying to guess to whom this wonderful pocket, with its still more wonderful contents, belongs. To whom, indeed, could such property more rightfully belong than to a boy?

In this case the said "boy" is no other than a brown-eyed, rosy-cheeked little urchin of six years. He has scarcely left off wearing dresses, and now begs his mamma to cut off the long golden curls, "because people may think I'm a girl."

His cheeks are flushed with pleasure, and we wish you might see the pretty picture he makes just now. The summer winds of June toss and kiss the golden curls. How cool and sweet he looks in his little suit of white! We cannot refrain from catching him to our arms and kissing him, at the same time begging to see the contents of that priceless pocket which bulges out so conspicuously. Let us not smile as we name its contents: strings, papers, pennies, a well-worn pamphlet containing the following hymn:

THE BEAUTIFUL PATH.

"There's a path for your feet, little children,
Made soft by the Good Shepherd's hand;
It will lead through the sunlight and shadow,
Safe into the beautiful land,
Where the still waves glide in their sweetness,
And the pastures are fragrant and fair;
Oh, come to this path, little children,
For beauty and blessing are there.

"CHORUS.—'Tis a beautiful path, little children,
The path that the Saviour has trod;
It will lead through this changeful earth valley,
Up, safe to the bosom of God.

"There's a hand that is waiting to lead you,
A hand that will tenderly guide;
There's a form that along the bright pathway
Will lovingly walk by your side;

There's a voice that is sweeter than music,
A smile that is bright as the day;
Oh, tread in this path little children,
For Jesus Himself is the way.

"In the city whose walls are of jasper,
Whose palaces shine like the sun,
You shall wear the white robe of the ransomed,
And rest when your journey is done.
There's a harp and a crown that await you,
A mansion that's glorious and fair;
Oh, follow this path, little children,
And Jesus will welcome you there."

But tell me, dearie, why has that far-away, serious look crept over your face, as we have been reading aloud the oft-repeated lines of your favorite hymn? You are so sweet and lovely, in your dress of earthly white, that we cannot doubt that you will some day wear the "white robe of the ransomed." Why, you are only six years old, dearie. But he laughingly declares that he is "six years young."

Now we find a piece of yellow glass; who shall say how many times the little owner, lifting it to his eyes, has wondered why the world is yellow? Another treasure, and perhaps the greatest, is the tiny pocket-book, which contains a few pennies, a lead-pencil, and a knife. That little white-handled knife has a history in itself.

Long years ago a young girl was called upon by her teacher to choose between two prizes, a pin-cushion and a knife. She chose the latter, and kept it carefully many years in memory of the giver. When the owner of this little pocket asked to have it for "his very own," she willingly assented. So he in turn has treasured it until the blade has been broken, and now it is carefully stored away in his purse.

But here comes Jack, and a very valuable Jack, too, for he cost the marvellous sum of nine cents and has always been his owner's special pride and delight. Poor Jack! he looks truly as if he had fought bravely for his country's sake, for he is minus both legs and one arm. At one time no one would have hesitated to call him a fine-looking Jack, but "time changes things as well as men." His master prizes him more highly as he sees the days passing away and with them his darling, which his pocket

will scarcely hold. Just as soon as Jack meets with a fresh accident this little boy goes to the doctor—his papa—to have him restored to health, but poor Jack's strength is failing, and ere long the pocket will lose a treasure and Jack's name will become a thing of the past. As we hold him up to view we cannot refrain from a merry laugh; but when the little face looks rueful we chase away the clouds by telling him that there are plenty more, and the little heart is satisfied, and we too are happy and satisfied in the love of a priceless treasure.

The blue sky is above us, the white clouds float on, the breezes kiss our cheeks, and the music of a perfect June is all about us.

June, 1875.

"IT was enough: no words were needed;
The silence was itself the sweetest tune.
I watched, and through the ever-silvery vapors
Came silently the month of roses,—June.

"Beneath her feet were brightest roses scattered,
And buds were woven in her golden hair,
While fell around her form a cloud of sunshine,
And rippled lightly o'er her arms so bare.

"'I am the month of June,' she said;
Then lightly bowed her golden head,
And dropped one rose-leaf fair and sweet,
And then passed on with noiseless feet."

With the passing of this lovely month the little boy who was only "six years young" exchanged the "earth-robe" for the "robe of the ransomed." We who only a few days before had been so gay and happy now gazed into eyes grown wondrous beautiful as they perhaps caught glimpses of the "walls of jasper."

How our hearts throbbed as we held him while he, with arms clasped close about our neck, whispered "Annie Lovie!"

That bright June day when he took sick, he asked for his pocket-treasures, saying, simply, "I will keep my purse here, mamma, till I get well." Then, upon second thought, "No, mamma; thee take it and keep it." And thus it has been kept through the long years that have

come and gone since then. Looking backward, we recall how, during that brief but fatal illness, he had an endearing word for each member of the household, even calling his little dog Lady to his bedside to caress her. After five days his life-journey was ended and he was wearing "the white robe of the ransomed."

How little we dreamed on that summer day,
When you and I were busy at play,
That soon from our midst you would steal away
To enter the realms of endless day!

Oh, how many fair Junes have come and fled
Since we sadly whispered, "He is dead!"
After "Dust to dust" was tearfully said,
Sorrowing we laid you in your bed.

The scent of roses is borne to me now,
The summer sunshine falls o'er my brow.
And you, darling boy, are standing by me
As in that glad time of mirth and glee.

For your dear brown eyes, so sweetly divine,
I feel are gazing straight into mine;
With the light of heaven still in your eyes,
You must have stolen from Paradise.

June 25, 1894.

EVENING.

The calm of a summer night
Quietly rests over all,
While from a wonderful height
Rays of the stars kindly fall.

Forget-me-nots of the angels,
They twinkle and shimmer above,
Yet to us below, like evangels,
They whisper, "God is love."

June 25, 1894.

Oh, my heart will sing, my heart will sing,
In spite of sorrow and pain!
For the darkest hour's before the dawn,
And the light will shine again.

July 2, 1894.

THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

It comes to me in the night-time,
It comes to me in the day,
Whispering sweet words of comfort,
Messenger of peace alway.

It comes to me through the sunshine,
As well as in darkest hours;
I hear it in the voice of birds,
I see it in the flowers.

In the majesty of mountains
And in the gay, laughing rill,
Or out upon the darksome deep,
I can hear its sweet voice still.

July 3, 1894.

A SUMMER IDYL.

My mind goes back
To a summer day
With the subtle scent
Of new-mown hay.

To the song of birds
And the hum of bees
'Neath the cooling shade
Of leafy trees.

My heart goes back
To that glad time
On a perfect day
In summer's prime.

* * * * *

With eyes of blue
And light-brown hair,
A sturdy young man
Was Frank Plansayer.

Just home from college
With laurels won,
He had already
Tasks begun;

For busy at work
In the summer heat,
He was in the harvest
Cradling wheat.

His was a heart
Noble and true,
Dreaming of good
He meant to do.

Busy at work
In the field that day,
His thoughts were straying
Far away.

He meant to labor
In the field of fame;
The world should some day
Proclaim his name.

Two ladies clad
In gay attire
Came slowly by,
Having ridden far.

You might have smiled
At their idle chat
As they gayly talked
Of this and that.

Just why they reined
  Their steed that day
Close by the fence,
  I need not say.

Frank was a friend
  Of the lady fair,
But a stranger to her
  Of the darker hair.

Both were winsome
  And bright and gay,
With hearts as glad
  As that summer day.

Perchance one gave him
  A coquettish smile,
As she idly toyed
  With her whip the while;

For the crimson mounted
  The sunbronzed cheek;
His eyes fell 'neath the
  Gaze of a maiden meek.

He couldn't help falling
  In love, I ween,
With the sweet maid
  Just sixteen.

But my story is told;
  Its sequel is brief:
A circle of gold
  And a wedding wreath.

July 15, 1894.

STRENGTH, dear Lord, just to do and be
Is all I ask to-day of thee.

July 18, 1894.

LORD, I will take the gift from thee
Thou seest best to send to me;
I may not great or famous be,
But I will do my best for thee,
Who gavest all for me.

Sunday, July 22, 1894.

I KNOW not, Lord, from day to day
What lies in store for me;
Only I know that more and more
I long to sing for thee.

July 23, 1894.

SINGING FOR JESUS.

SINGING for Jesus every day,
Singing for Jesus all the way,
Singing, singing for Jesus.

Singing for Jesus who died for me,
Singing for Him who died for thee,
Singing, singing for Jesus.

Singing for Jesus who died for all,
Singing for Jesus,—oh, heed His call!
Singing, singing for Jesus.

Low at His throne let us humbly bow,
Singing for Jesus who saves us now,
Singing, singing for Jesus.

July 23, 1894.

NAUGHTY SWEET.

(A true incident.)

"What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch."

A GENTLE mother one summer day
Tucked four-year-old in her crib away.

"Dear, thee's just as sweet as thee can be;
I'm going to sing a song to thee."

Catching her up in a fond caress,
Kiss after kiss on her cheek she pressed.

"Cuddle close; in my arms thee may lie
While I sing to thee a lullaby.

"Hushaby, hushaby, my baby dear;
Hushaby, hushaby, no danger is near."

Drooping, the eyelids quickly closed;
Baby soon lay in a soft repose.

Close to her heart her dear one she pressed,
Lovingly the golden curls caressed,

Kissed lip and cheek and brow so fair,
As baby lay in slumber there.

At last she awoke, happy and bright,
And soon she was robed in dress of white.

"Thee's just too lovely," mamma said,
Smoothing the while the golden head.

For answer caresses, tender, complete.
"Now run and play, my dearest sweet;

"I never loved thee so much as to-day;
Why, I cannot let thee go away.

"Come and pick some berries with me;
Papa will soon be home to tea."

Into the garden gayly they went,
Mamma and dear ones, on pleasure bent.

"Thee pick the berries," four-year-old said,
"And I will water the flower-bed."

Right through the flowers went Naughty Sweet,
Leaving the print of little feet.

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" the children cried,
"She's ruined our pretty flowers beside."

"Thee's just too sweet for anything;
Come here till I kiss thee, naughty thing."

But Naughty Sweet, laughing, ran away
After a tin of water that day.

They picked the berries one by one;
The minutes passed, she did not come.

"Dears, you finish the berries for tea;
I must see where Naughty Sweet can be."

Soon she passed through the wide hall door;
Naughty Sweet lay there on the floor,

The fair face hid by golden curl.
"Why, come to mamma, dearest girl."

For answer only a sob of pain.
Mamma was quick at her side again,

And, lifting her gently on her arm,
She found there was cause for great alarm.

Baby sought pellets, not stopping to think;
She had found a box of chloride of zinc,

And, ere a brief half-hour had fled,
Naughty Sweet lay in mamma's arms dead,

Lay like the flowers she had laughingly crushed.
O God, what agony, with the dear voice hushed!

With broken hearts, the beautiful clay
Of Naughty Sweet was laid away.

And, though God will heal the wound some day,
They'll never forget how she went away

Out of their midst in mirth and play,
To enter the courts of heaven that day.

July 24, 1894.

A FACE FOR A SCULPTOR.

A FACE comes into my mind to-day,
Beautiful, fair;
With speaking eyes of the darkest hue,
Tender and rare,—

Eyes that would lift your soul above
With but a glance;
Smiles that, whether they would or not,
Enthrall, entrance;

A brow with honor stamped thereon;
A heart that's true:
Try as I may, I cannot paint
This face for you.

'Twould have to be given to a sculptor rare,
That he might mould
Lip and cheek and brow and hair
Like Cleopatra of old.

But even he, with his sculptor's art,
Would fail, I ween,
For he could not to his work impart
The soul unseen.

July 28, 1894.

HEART and soul and body free,
I would give them all to Thee;
Consecrated let them be,
That my service be for Thee.

COURAGE.

Tears are so idle,
  Why should they flow?
Courage is our watchword;
  Onward let us go,
Looking ever upward
  To a God of love;
Courage is the watchword
  Sent us from above.

Regrets are useless;
  Why should we yearn
For a slow-dying past?
  Forward let us turn.
Courage is our motto;
  Let us look aloft;
Though to-night be dreary,
  Stars are shining oft.

Life is so fleeting,
  There is much to do;
Is the past a failure?
  We'll begin anew.
Courage is our banner;
  We'll put the past away;
By our Captain's orders,
  We forward march to-day.

Let the march be weary,
  Through surging waters deep,
O'er low and dusty plains
  And up the rugged steep;
Our banner floats o'er us
  In colors firm and fast;
We'll brave trials and dangers
  And victory gain at last.

July 29, 1894.

CLIMBING THE LADDER.

ONLY a step,—'tis very short,—
But a step will lift you from the ground;
And surely, having taken that,
You can mount the ladder round by round.

Yes, round by round, up, up, and up,
Climbing the ladder carefully, slow,
Only to step on a broken round
And tumble to the ground below.

Some one climbing in front of you
May have seen and skipped that very one,
While you, slow climbing all the way,
Are sure to step on the broken rung.

But broken rungs in a ladder will mend,
And, unless you are wounded by the fall,
You'll mend that ladder and mount it at last,
Or I am mistaken now,—that is all.

July 29, 1894.

JEWELS FOR THE KING.

A THOUGHTFUL woman, yet happy and gay,
In a crowded thoroughfare one day

Saw something lying in the mud and clay,
Sparkling, at her feet, right in the way.

Stooping to look at the beautiful thing,
She found it to be the heart of a ring.

She hastened to reset the lovely thing,
That it might adorn the hand of her king.

I think there are jewels by the way
That we perchance may find to-day,—

Rare jewels whose beauty is only dim
Since lost in the mire of guilt and sin.

May we at least one jewel bring
To adorn the hand of Christ our King.

July 29, 1894.

Bowing the knee to say a prayer
Is not prayer to me:
I fain would lift my heart to God
Where'er I chance to be.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

There's nothing in this world beside
Like a mother's care;
'Twill follow you far and wide
With love and prayer.

Your wilful feet perchance may stray
From the path of right;
Her prayers will follow all the way
With love and might.

The door of her heart stands open wide
To welcome you in,
Though you have wandered far from her side
In guilt and sin.

There's nothing in this world beside
Like a mother's love;
'Tis as deep as the ocean wide,
Next to God above.

July 30, 1894.

THE SENSES.

A THOUSAND sounds fall on the ear,
  A thousand sights meet the eye,
While sweet flowers of varied hue
  At our feet all scattered lie.

Hark to the roar of Niagara,
  List to the low-babbling rill;
What thousand stars adorn the night
  While the voice of the world is still!

Wild is the rush of cyclonic wind,
  Soft the breath of zephyrs mild,
Loud the noise of the cataract,
  Sweet the prattle of a child.

Sad the moan of the dying wind,
  Sad the moan and sob of the sea;
A thousand sounds, a thousand sights,
  Are hourly brought to thee.

The roar of the angry lion
  In the forest may be heard;
O'erhead in the leafy tree-top
  Note the twitter of a bird.

Hark to the voice of mighty Steam
  Loud thundering in the night,
As, rushing on his thousand ways,
  He screams to the left and right.

Behold the work of the silent Sun,
  With his thousand golden rays;
What luscious fruit, when his work is done,
  In our waiting hands he lays!

Watch the ray of the lightning flash;
  Hear the boom of thunder loud

In the darkened arch of heaven;
'Tis the voice of God in the cloud.

Fast fall a thousand drops of rain,
Mark the work of the silent dew;
The same wise God who ruleth all
Careth for me and you.

Man with his fingers' lightest touch
Makes symphonies divine,
That lift our souls from sordid earth,
To dream, O God, of thine!

July 31, 1894.

My path may steep and toilsome grow
And I may weary be,
Yet I would climb those rugged heights
Because they lead to Thee.

THE FLOWING STREAM.

Sweet, limpid stream,
Flow on;
Thy waters are fair, serene,—
Flow on;
Ducks upon thy bosom glide,—
Flow on;
Thy beauty is intensified,—
Flow on;
Thy banks are skirted with trees,—
Flow on;
No fairer scenes than these,—
Flow on.

August 2, 1894.

THE ELDEST SISTER.

TO ELLA.

THOU movest with such gentle grace
Thy presence seems a charm,
I look into thy winsome face
And pray that none may harm;
Thou'rt mother's best and dearest friend,
Father's counsellor and guide,
While thou hast loving smiles to lend
To brother and sisters beside.

August 2, 1894.

A VISION OF DEATH.

WAKING early, I arose and looked out of the window, but, as the dawn was scarcely breaking, I lay down again. All was silent, when suddenly I heard sweet music. Startled, I lifted my head from the pillow and listened. No sound broke the beautiful stillness that precedes the dawn. Again I lay down, and immediately the music continued, as it were, beside me. I stirred not for fear. It was sweet, entrancing.

As the sound died away, some one moved behind me, and hands such as I have never seen, so beautiful and tender were they, were placed about my neck. I felt the divine presence of Christ as I had never felt it before. Unseen, yet with His arms around me, He spoke tender, loving words, but I cannot recall them.

While He was still speaking, the indefinable presence of a woman appeared at my right side. Bending her face close to mine, she whispered:

I would bear thee over the sea,
And sing thee a song of melody.
Shall I take thee in my arms so free?
Or shall I say farewell to thee?

Then she stooped to press her cold lips to mine; but I turned my face away and cried out, "Let me work a little

longer for mother." So she passed on and lay down beside my little brother who died long ago, and I awoke.

Vision or dream I know not, but no words of mine can convey the awed, yet sweet, feeling of Christ's presence, as He summoned Death to my side.

Her bearing was tender yet indefinable; her face lay half in shadow, yet the lips were pale and firm.

In the distance appeared a dim outline of marble palaces, overarched, as it were, by a sky of surpassing loveliness. With Christ by my side and heaven in view, I felt it were sweet to obey the summons of Death, yet I longed to live.

May Death's reality be as beautiful as was the vision.

August 7, 1894.

BOWED DOWN.

She was beautiful as a dream,
And proud and haughty too,
With form and features of a queen,
Yet she was brave and true.

Diamonds flashed from the golden head,
Diamonds flashed from her eyes;
You listened to each word she said
With wondering surprise.

Sorrow came, but he moved her not;
She prouder, colder grew,
Yet with the pride that seemed her lot
Was winning sweetness too.

Then Sorrow laid his hand again
Upon the golden head;
She turned and smiled upon him then;
"I will not weep," she said.

He came again; she made no moan;
Her child in death lay cold;
It seemed that she had turned to stone,
Like Niobe of old.

He took her husband from his place
In manhood's youth and pride;
She lifted up her pale, pure face;
"I come to thee," she cried.

August 13, 1894.

THE COXEYITES.

They are men with hearts, oh, my brothers!
Starving, for there's no work to do.
Suppose they are ragged and dirty,
They have souls to be saved, like you.

In this beautiful land of plenty,
With the bluest of skies o'erhead,
Just for want of work these tramps must beg
Or else may go hungry to bed.

"We must drive them out of our borders;
They are worthless and poor," you say;
By sending them out of your borders
What good are you doing them, pray?

Is it naught to you that they suffer,
Oh, ye in your purple and gold?
As you feast at tables of plenty,
Remember Lazarus of old.

When Christ walked on earth among us
The hungry were ever fed,
Yet to-day ten thousand voices
Are crying aloud for bread.

Starving in a land of plenty,
Wanting work and wages too;
Oh, ye with your hoarded millions,
What is God asking of you?

August 13, 1894.

THE hairs of your head are numbered.
Fear not, as the days go by,
For God the Father is watching
From His home beyond the sky.

LINES.

OH, dear one, thou canst not know
What the years hold in store for thee;
God veils thy future and keeps it so,
And gives to thee of joy or woe
As He sees is best for thee.

August, 1894.

TO CLARENCE D.

LITTLE one, thou canst not know
All the pleasure thou dost bring
To loving hearts about thee,
In thy bud and blossoming.

August, 1894.

THE OLD-TIME STAIR.

LONG years ago a fair young bride,
With sunny silken hair,
Walked softly through these wide, cool halls
And up this old-time stair.

And fondly too, with noble grace,
Her husband lingered near;
The echo of their voices still
Resounds through many a year.

Pattering feet of children ten
Went gayly to and fro;
They wandered up and down this stair
With happy hearts, I know.

Silence has reigned within these halls,
For thrice the angel came
To bear from out their happy midst
Brother and sisters twain ;

Then down the stair and through the hall,
With measured step and slow,
They bore their precious burdens forth
With saddened hearts, I trow.

Still, time, with never-ending tread,
Moves on the while apace,
And once again around the board
Was found a vacant place.

The fair young bride of years ago
Wore then a silvered crown,
While o'er her husband's noble form
The lid was fastened down.

Then soon they bore her from her place
And laid her with the dead,
And nevermore upon the stair
Would echo mother's tread.

Then back unto the old home place,
With wife and sons grown tall,
Came, once again the board to grace,
The eldest son of all.

And still the years sped swiftly on
Until the angel came,
And then a loving mother slept,
Though long since worn by pain.

Again, as in the days of old,
A bride both young and fair
Treads softly through these old time halls
And up this old-time stair.

August 22, 1894.

THE KING OF TIME.*

An ancient clock stands near the door,
Reaching quite from ceiling to floor;
As ever in its place it stands,
It points and beckons with its hands,
Crying, in solemn tones and slow,
As swift the seasons come and go,—
"Tick—tock—to—fro—
Come—Time—come—go."

Suns have risen and set as well;
Brave men have fought while nations fell;
Great kings and queens have had their sway,
Then, like others, have passed away;
But this old clock, now as of yore,
Is still repeating o'er and o'er,—
"Tick—tock—to—fro—
Come—Time—come—go."

Old clock, we bow in awe to-day
Before thy antique rule and sway;
With not a smile upon thy face,
Where Time has scarcely left its trace,
Ever, through joy, sorrow, and tears,
Thou hast called the minutes and years,—
"Tick—tock—to—fro—
Come—Time—come—go."

While crownéd heads uneasy sleep,
While lonely ones their vigils keep,
While Innocence, in soft repose,
Oft smiles because untouched by woes,
While golden locks shall turn to gray,
Thou still wilt hold thine iron sway,—
"Tick—tock—to—fro—
Come—Time—come—go."

August 25, 1894.

* This ancient timepiece has been an heirloom in the family for more than a hundred years, and at present is in the possession of Uncle William Pyle, who resides on the old homestead, near Avondale, Chester County, Pennsylvania.

DON'T GROW TIRED OF YOUR BOYS.

"ARE you tired of little boys' play, mamma?"
I heard dear golden-head say;
And very earnest were the big blue eyes,
As he came to her that day

And laid his elbow on her knee
In his quaint and winning way,
As he sweetly smiled up into her face:
"Are you tired of little boys' play?"

"What a question, my three-year-old!
You're mamma's pride and joy;
You are worth just your weight in gold,
My own dear little boy."

Ah, mothers, worn with toil and strife,
"Are you tired of little boys' play?"
All too soon they may weary of life
And steal from your midst away.

Then, in the silence of heart and home,
You will long for the racket and noise
Many a time while sitting alone;
So don't grow tired of your boys.

September 28, 1894.

OPENING ADDRESS.

(For the Junior Auxiliary of the Christian Endeavor Society.)

KIND friends, who have gathered here to-night on this occasion of our meeting in the work of the Christian Endeavor Society, we bid you welcome.

The doors of this Society stand ever open, and at any time we will gladly welcome others who may care to join us in this work for our King.

For my co-workers I have a word of welcome and encouragement also. We are but children, it is true; but

"Jesus bids us shine,
You in your small corner
And I in mine."

Small though we may be, there is much that we can do in the service of our King; therefore, let us ever labor in His name."

"Suffer the children,"
Was what Jesus said
When unto Him there
The children were led.
And I think perchance
That He must have smiled
As He stooped to bless
Each dear little child.

"And forbid them not;"
That blessing, you see,
Extends down ages
Till it reaches me;
And I am glad that
His love is so free,
Though as deep and wide
As eternity.

"Of such is the kingdom."
He was good the while
To open the kingdom
For each little child.
And we as members
Of this happy band,
May widen His kingdom
Throughout all the land.

We want a blessing
From this Christ of old,
Who suffers the lambs
To enter the fold.
And we are coming
To His feet, you see,
As members of this
Auxiliary.

1894.

"THE WHITE CITY."

I.

BEAUTIFUL city of palaces rare!
The art of the world was gathered there,
Within thy precincts so wondrous fair.

Thy lovely grounds with their thousand flowers
Thrilled and delighted this heart of ours
While we wandered through thy gay bowers.

The spray of fountains, with their shining light
Flashing far upward into the night,
Thrilled us with raptures of pure delight.

The soft murmur of lakes so wondrous clear,
Their gay boats gliding, now far, now near,
Fell like sweet music upon our ear.

The gleam of many lights along the lines,
Keeping time to our low-whispered rhymes,
Flashed and sparkled full ten thousand times.

In the "Court of Honor" 'neath starlight fair,
With a sea of faces round us there,
We stood in the summer twilight air.

Oh, marvellous beauty of that city fair!
Its thousand lights, gleaming pure and rare,
Seemed to dim the rays of stars up there.

II.

Within each palace was grandeur untold,
Sent by nations brave, brought by sailors bold,
That day by day to the eye did unfold.

And curious gifts from our own fair land,
Since the day Columbus, with his brave band,
Giving thanks to God, knelt low on the strand.

Gifts were gathered there from every clime,
Wrought by skilled hands into unique design,
That well pleased the eye yet surprised the mind ;

And it seemed that the great and mighty sea
Had gladly yielded up her best to thee ;
Lo ! we marvelled at the mystery.

The Old World searched all her galleries there,
And sent works of her master-painters rare,
Thus to adorn and beautify "The Fair."

To the "Dream City" she willingly brings,
Among other rare and beautiful things,
The rich robes and jewels of queens and kings.

Then the New World, from her diamond mine,
With swift, willing hands and a heart most kind,
Sent the rarest jewels that she could find ;

Also, from her great and wonderful store,
The finest of coal and the richest ore,
Till the "Dream City" seemed to need no more.

From Delaware Bay to Pacific coast,
She sent fruits and grains, a wonderful host ;
States vied with each other to send the most.

Then her many workmen, so skilled and brave,
Soon to the wide world a great wonder gave,
And "The White City" flashed over the wave.

Then, above this marvellous beauty rare,
The flags of all nations floated in air
From every wonderful parapet there.

Then to the "Dream City," not one by one,
But by the thousands, the great nations come
From every climate under the sun.

III.

Hark! the clang of bells and the cry of fire!
The cruel flames leap higher and higher;
The "Dream City" forms a funeral pyre,

While a hundred rare statues leap the while,
Like things full of life, from the peristyle
And plunge below into the waters wild.

Why must there come into that city fair
Wreckage and ruin and great plunder there,
Destroying much that had been wrought with care?

O man, of wonderful genius and thought,
All that thy marvellous brain hath e'er wrought
By fire must perish! thus God's Word hath taught.

IV.

Its walls are jasper, its streets are of gold,
And in that "White City" are joys untold
That God to His own will one day unfold.

And glad hallelujahs ever shall ring
Through those fair courts, while the nations bring
All glory and honor to Christ our King.'

1894.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE river is deep and dark and wide
That lies betwixt us and the golden shore,
And those who embark on the mystic tide
Sail away to return to us no more.

We may go to the verge of the stream
And watch them embark with the boatman pale,
With oft not a ripple of waves between
As into the veiled mist we see them sail.

Thus once again we've been called to go
With a dear loved one to the water's side,
And with the care tender hands might bestow
We gave her to the keeping of her guide.

We might not see, yet we held our breath
As she caught a glimpse of the light so sweet
That oft shines across the river of Death
To lighten the way for the weary feet.

And when safe over the mystic tide
The silent boat might touch the golden shore,
There were fond loved ones waiting there to guide
And gladly welcome her home evermore.

There, in the fulness of light and love,
Her sweet voice joins in the choral strain
Of the numberless host of saints above,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain!"

November 29, 1894.

LINES.

(On Lizzie Pyle's tombstone, in Union Hill Cemetery, Kennett Square, Pennsylvania.)

FAREWELL, dear husband and children all,
From you a mother Christ did call.
Weep not for me, it is in vain
To call me to your side again.

LET ME SING.

LET me sing, let me sing,
Though I bow beneath the rod;
Let me lift my thoughts above
To that land of light and love;
Let me sing
Of the holy Lamb of God.

Let me sing, let me sing
Of my home beyond the blue;
There are many mansions fair
In that world so free from care;
Let me sing
Of my home so pure and true.

Let me sing, let me sing
Of the glory I shall share
When I reach that far-off land,
Treading on its golden strand;
Let me sing
Of the glory over there.

December 27, 1894.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

O CHRISTMAS bells! sweet Christmas bells!
How joyously your music swells
In our hearts to-day!
While we catch, though faint and far,
Gleams from Bethlehem's bright star,
That points the way
Where the Christ-child, pure and holy,
Lay within a manger lowly
On His natal day.

O Christmas bells! sweet Christmas bells!
How joyously your music swells
O'er the world to-day!
While the rays from yon bright star,
Shining through the ages far,
Still point the way
Where the Christ-child, pure and holy,
Reigns a King o'er great and lowly
On this festal day.

December 27, 1894.

A DREAM.

"For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not.
"In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed."

JOB xxxiii. 14, 15.

TWICE in a dream, dreamed years apart, I have been going on a long journey, when suddenly there appeared in my way a deep and dark whirlpool, beyond which lay a steep hill whose summit was the limit of my journey. Deep, dark, and dangerous, yet all going that way must plunge into the whirling tide, or else retrace their steps without having reached the place whither they were journeying.

In the second dream I had a curious sense of having seen the place before. How I shrunk from descending into the whirling waters! I remember having done so, and of coming safely out upon the other side, yet I awoke ere I reached the summit of the hill.

So great was the impression of the first dream that when I dreamed it again, years afterwards, I told it to a friend, who said, "Thy dream is easy of interpretation: thee is in the whirlpool now; it is the whirlpool of life."

Last night, in a dream, I wandered alone along a strange yet seemingly familiar highway. At last I came to an old homestead, the surroundings of which appeared at once both strange and familiar. I inquired of a man who chanced to be passing, if he could tell me what place it was. "Yes, it is the home of your childhood," he replied. I wondered much that I had not remembered it then, and yet I only gave it a passing glance, with the thought,—

> How could I be content, even as a child,
> To wander, thoughtless, through those woodlands wild?

By and by I came to a dark wood. I felt that I had passed this way before, yet now I did not know which path to take. While I was pondering, a young woman came to my rescue. "Will you come with me?" she

said. It seemed that I had known her too in the days gone by, and I gladly followed.

After a little while we came to a door, which she opened, and then, bidding me tread carefully, she led me along the narrow, precipitous ledge of a mountain. At last she paused, and bid me turn and look.

Far below us, deep, dark, and dangerous, lay the rapid whirlpool which I had seen twice before.

I turned to her and said, "Why, that is the very stream through whose dark waters I once passed."

"Have you forgotten that I guided you through?" she replied. "Know you not that I am daily and hourly leading hundreds through the same dark stream?"

While she yet spoke others appeared, and, like myself, seemed lost in contemplation as they gazed from the wondrous height upon the dangers through which they had safely passed. From no other point save on the verge of the cliffs overhanging the whirlpool could it be viewed.

She smiled and bid us follow, and unconsciously we obeyed. Down, down, down, while every step seemed to mean death and destruction. Yet so intense became our interest that we forgot to fear, and at last our feet rested on the verge of the darksome stream. Yet we realized that we were on the safety side. One woman read aloud the inscription, "Plunge in and be saved."

While I marvelled at the wonder of it all, lo! I beheld, here in the heart of the earth, as it were, the tomb of the Christ cut deep in the rock. It seemed that He had been sleeping here for ages. The wonderful face showed clear and plain, while a veil of spray fell over His feet. Not far away, carved in rock also, was a band of angels, and the deep, dark stream still flowed between.

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

As if in answer to the thought, the white hand was slowly lifted and rested for an instant on my head in blessing.

While my heart overflowed with joy because I had found the place men had been seeking for centuries, even the feet of Jesus, I awoke.

Light radiates from Jesus' tomb,
And lessens the darkness and gloom
Of the river deep.
Some day, amid the white and tried,
Having crossed to the other side,
We'll kneel at His feet.

1894.

FINIS.

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